DEADPOOL

KILLOGY

MARVEL

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CLASSIC
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KILLOGY

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DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE

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THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST COMIC MAGAZINE

DEADPOOL® KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE

MARVEL

1

PARENTAL ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!

BUNN
TALAJIĆ
LOUGHRIDGE

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I AM--THE *WATCHER!*
LIKE THE OTHERS OF MY AGELESS RACE, I WANDER THE *MULTIVERSE* IN OBSERVATION OF COUNTLESS WORLDS AND COUNTLESS REALITIES!
YES! COUNTLESS WORLDS...AND UPON EACH OF THESE WORLDS COUNTLESS *STORIES* UNFOLD...
I HAVE WITNESSED THE ASCENSION OF GODS AND THE DESTRUCTION OF CELESTIAL BODIES...THE BIRTH OF ENTIRE WORLDS AND APOCALYPTIC ENDINGS OF CIVILIZATIONS.
TO ALL THINGS MUST COME AN *ENDING*...
...BUT SUCH CESSATIONS MAY BE QUIET AND PEACEFUL...THE PASSING OF ONE EXISTENCE TO MAKE WAY FOR THE NEXT...
...WHILE OTHERS ARE FILLED WITH NAUGHT BUT PAIN AND TERROR.
YEEEAAAAGGGGGGHHHH!

"WITNESS, IF YOU WILL, THE BEGINNING OF THE *END.*
"IT WAS THE *FANTASTIC FOUR* THAT GAVE BIRTH TO THIS WORLD'S AGE OF HEROES, AND IT IS WITH THEM THAT THE FIRST OF MANY HEROES FALL!"
OH--
OH, GOD! *REED!*
NOT LIKE THIS...YOU CAN'T DIE...NOT LIKE THIS...
I WON'T LET YOU...
NO.
NO... SUE...
IT'S TOO LATE...TO WORRY ABOUT ME...
YOU HAVE TO GET TO SAFETY.
HAVE TO WARN...

HE'S STOLEN...
...STOLEN...
WHAT IS IT, REED?
WHAT WAS STOLEN?
WHO COULD DO THIS?
OH, REED...
GONE... EVERYTHING DESTROYED...
EVEN BEN... REDUCED TO ROCKS AND DUST...
I...I CAN'T JUST LEAVE YOU, REED... I CAN'T JUST LEAVE--
THE *CHILDREN!*
THEY'RE *GONE,* SUE.
HE CAN'T GET TO THEM.
I SENT THEM INTO THE NEGATIVE ZONE...WHERE HE COULDN'T TOUCH THEM...
BUT THE PORTAL...
...DESTROYED...
CAN'T GET THEM BACK...

SHHBRAKOOOOOM
JOHNNY!

OH, NO.
OH, NO... *JOHNNY!*

HRRRGH
I'VE GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, HOT-HEAD--
YOU PUT UP MORE OF A FIGHT THAN I GAVE YOU CREDIT FOR.
AND I'VE GOT THE THIRD DEGREE BURNS TO PROVE IT!
SHAME TO TRASH SUCH A SWEET RIDE, OF COURSE, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT OMELETS AND EGGS.
...
SHHRRRK
WELL! PEEK-A-BOO!
RED'S DEFINITELY YOUR COLOR.
I'M GLAD YOU SHOWED UP.
LET'S SEE IF YOU'RE HALF AS MUCH FUN AS YOUR--
HKKK!
RGGGH!
REEEAAARRRGGHHH!

DEADPOOL...I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'VE ATTACKED MY FAMILY.
MAYBE YOU'RE WORKING FOR ONE OF OUR ENEMIES.
MAYBE YOU IMAGINE THE FANTASTIC FOUR HAS WRONGED YOU SOMEHOW.
IT DOESN'T MATTER, BECAUSE EITHER WAY...
YOU WON'T BE HURTING ANYONE ELSE--*EVER!*
POP
FWUMP
EVER...

HHHK!
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF SUPER-HERO-ING AROUND THE WORLD, YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER, REALLY.
YOU DON'T RUN WITH SCISSORS...
YOU DON'T SPIT INTO THE WIND...
AND YOU NEVER, EVER TURN YOUR BACK ON A DEAD ENEMY--ESPECIALLY NOT ONE WITH A *HEALING FACTOR!*
AND SO, THE FANTASTIC FOUR--THE FIRST FAMILY OF AN AGE OF MARVELS--PASSES INTO THE VOID.
YET, THIS IS NOT WHERE OUR STORY TRULY BEGINS.
TO WITNESS THE TRUE INCEPTION OF THESE TRAGIC EVENTS, WE MUST TURN BACK THE CLOCK...
...AND TURN OUR ATTENTION TO *RAVENSCROFT ASYLUM,* A PLACE OF HEALING FOR SHATTERED, TORTURED SOULS.
"IT IS HERE THAT *DR. BENJAMIN BRIGHTON* HAS INTRODUCED *RADICAL* NEW TREATMENTS DESIGNED TO EASE TROUBLED MINDS...
"...AND TURN MALICIOUS SOULS TOWARD THE PURSUIT OF PEACE."
LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT!
I'LL RIP YOU APART!
PLEASE! PLEASE! I'LL BE GOOD!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS!
FOR PITY'S SAKE--WE'RE HUMAN BEINGS!
EXCUSE ME, DR. BRIGHTON.
YOU WANTED TO BE INFORMED WHEN *HE* ARRIVED.

"THEY JUST BROUGHT *DEADPOOL* IN."
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! YOU GUYS *GOT* ME! YOU REALLY HAD ME FOOLED!
NOW, LET ME UP AND I'LL TIE ONE OF *YOU* DOWN.
STORM, YOU'RE FIRST.
I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS, CHUCK. I DON'T LIKE IT.
WADE MAY BE A LOOSE CANNON, BUT TURNING HIM OVER TO THESE *QUACKS* AIN'T THE RIGHT MOVE. I DON'T CARE HOW HIGH PROFILE THIS DOCTOR IS.
I'M AFRAID THIS IS NO LONGER OPEN TO DISCUSSION, LOGAN. WADE NEEDS HELP THAT WE CANNOT PROVIDE.
I ONLY HOPE HE CAN FIND THE CARE HE NEEDS HERE.
YOU SHOULD BREATHE EASY, PROFESSOR XAVIER.
MY TECHNIQUES ARE UNORTHODOX, BUT I'VE HAD A GREAT DEAL OF SUCCESS IN REHABILITATING INDIVIDUALS JUST LIKE MR. WILSON.
I HAVE METHODS OF MY OWN, DR. BRIGHTON, AND I ASSURE YOU--
YOU'LL FIND THAT DEADPOOL IS A *UNIQUE* CASE.
YOU GUYS! REALLY!
I DON'T DO WELL WITH INSTITUTIONS.
I HAVE SEVERAL ANNULLED MARRIAGES...
I'M OVERDRAWN AT THE BANK...
I BURNED THE SMITHSONIAN TO THE GROUND...
HMM. I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.
BUT DON'T WORRY.

"MR. WILSON WILL RECEIVE MY *PERSONAL* ATTENTION."
...ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT IF YOU CONSIDER THIS APPROPRIATE AFTER-DINNER WEAR, YOUR FUTURE IN THE FASHION INDUSTRY IS GONNA BE SHORT...
SPEAKING OF DINNER--IT CAN'T BE CALLED MEAT*LOAF* IF YOU DRINK IT WITH A STRAW.
BUT--EITHER WAY--I'M KNOWN FOR BEING THE PICTURE OF HAUTE COUTURE, AND THESE SLEEVES ARE SIMPLY WAY TOO LONG.
Not to mention, puke-stained white just washes you out.
C'MON, DOC. WE'RE SIMPATICO ON THIS, RIGHT?
I LOOK RIDICULOUS, DON'T I? BE BRUTALLY HONEST.
LIKE JOAN RIVERS HONEST.
I UNDERSTAND YOU PUT UP QUITE A FIGHT WHEN THE STAFF TRIED TO REMOVE YOUR COSTUME, MR. WILSON.
DUNCAN... VINCENT...YOU CAN LEAVE NOW.
SEE YOU AROUND, BOYS.
PLEASE, MR. WILSON.
HAVE A SEAT. LET'S GET TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER.
I THINK HE WANTS TO BE BESTIES.
YOU MEAN, LIKE, I TELL YOU ABOUT MY CHILDHOOD AND LOOK AT INK BLOTS AND STUFF?

HOT DOG!
YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT'S BEEN SINCE I HAD A GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED ONE-ON-ONE THERAPY SESSION?
I MEAN... ONE THAT DIDN'T END IN GRATUITOUS BLOODSHED?
WHERE DO I START?
Not the *"I was born poor and oppressed"* story again.
YEAH. TRY SOMETHING *NEW* THIS TIME.
I WAS BORN A COAL-MINER'S DAUGHTER.
MY MOTHER NEVER BREAST FED ME.
IN FACT, NONE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD MOMS GAVE ME THE TIME OF DAY.
HEY...AREN'T YOU WRITING ANYTHING DOWN?
BELIEVE ME, THIS STUFF IS *GOLD.*
YOU'RE A TRAINED *ASSASSIN,* ARE YOU NOT?
SKILLED IN ALL MANNER OF ARMED AND UNARMED COMBAT.
A CAPACITY FOR REGENERATION THAT MAKES YOU NEARLY *UNKILLABLE.*
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT UNKILLABLE...
Although a lot of your best friends have tried...
UH...LOOK, DOC--

NO--*YOU* LOOK!
IT'S YOUR INABILITY TO FOCUS...YOUR INCESSANT JABBERING...THAT MAKES YOU AN INEFFICIENT KILLER.
WHAT DR. BRIGHTON CAN'T FIX...*PSYCHO MAN* WILL.
HEY! THERE'S NO NEED TO BE *RUDE!*
I'M VERY EFFICIENT.
YOU'RE AN *INATTENTIVE* KILLER.
Also, you're selfish in bed.
YOU AND I HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF WORK TO DO, DEADPOOL.
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, MY GOALS HAVE *NOTHING* TO DO WITH SOLVING YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL INADEQUACIES.
LET'S FIRE UP THE OLD *CONTROL BOX*, SHALL WE?
YEEEAAAAAAGGGGHHH!

I'D TELL YOU TO RELAX... THAT IT MIGHT EASE THE PAIN...
BUT THAT WOULDN'T BE TRUE.
THE PAIN IS A NECESSARY RITE OF PASSAGE. IT STRIPS AWAY *RESISTANCE*.
GGGGGGGG
GRR-YYEEAAGG-GGGGHHHH!
RESIST...DON'T LET HIM...MAKE HIM...
Stopitstopit stopitstopit
EXCELLENT!
YOU'RE RESPONDING QUITE NICELY.
Killing...He's killing you... killing *us*...
WHEN I DECIDED TO ABANDON MY CONQUEST OF THE MICROVERSE FOR MUCH...*LARGER* TARGETS, I KNEW I'D NEED AN ARMY TO HELP ME ATTAIN MY GOALS.
LUCKILY FOR ME, THE HEROES OF THIS WORLD ARE OH-SO-WILLING TO JUST HIDE THEIR MOST TROUBLED ENEMIES AWAY.
"ONCE I'M DONE CONDITIONING YOU--AND THOSE LIKE YOU--I'LL HAVE AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE OF WILLING *SOLDIERS*."

YOU SHOULD FEEL IT WORKING NOW...MY *CONTROL BOX* TEARING DOWN YOUR BARRIERS AS *MY* WILL BECOMES YOUR OWN.
GGHHHHHHH
HURTS...MAKE IT STOP...GET OUT...
Get out of my head!
GET OUT!
THERE.
ALL DONE NOW.
Hello, wade.
DONE?
DOC--YOU MIGHT WANT TO GET A SECOND OPINION!

I'M JUST GETTING STARTED!
AAH!
YOU REALLY SHOULD TEACH YOUR TEAM HOW TO PROPERLY SECURE A HUG-ME JACKET.
NO!
WAIT!
LISTEN TO ME!
ZZZ-KKK-ZZZ
OBEY ME!
FSSSSST
OBEY YOUR MASTER!
OBEY PYSCHO MAN!
WHIRRRRRR
CH-CLICK

You heard the man.
Obey.
ACK!
LET GO!
SORRY, DOC. I CAN'T DO THAT JUST YET.
I STILL NEED YOU.
SEE...
THIS IS A RELEASE FORM...A CLEAN BILL OF MENTAL HEALTH...
ALL IT NEEDS IS YOUR STAMP OF APPROVAL!
STAMP
STAMP
STAMP
STAMP
STAMP
Good... Good...
WHO--
You know who I am. You've been waiting for me.
You've killed one of them...

Finish the job.
YOU! DEADPOOL, MON AMI!
OPEN ZE DOOR! LET ME OUT!
FREE US!
I CAN PAY YOU!
LET'S MAKE A DEAL!
NO.
NO DEALS.
I'M PUTTING YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY.
BELIEVE ME, YOU DON'T WANT TO BE AROUND FOR WHAT'S COMING.

BRRAWOOOOM
NOT TO BE RUDE, BUT WHERE ARE THOSE OTHER GUYS?
THE *OTHER* VOICES?
Don't worry about them.
You don't need them anymore.
And I was *hungry*.
"IN SOME WORLDS, THE PSYCHO MAN WOULD SUCCESSFULLY BUILD HIS ARMY OF VILLAINS."

IN SOME WORLDS, HEROES ALIGNED AGAINST HIS FORCES AND CAST THEM DOWN. IN OTHERS, PSYCHO MAN SEIZED DOMINION OF THE EARTH.
BUT HERE-- IN *THIS* REALITY-- THE MACHINATIONS OF THE WOULD-BE CONQUEROR AWAKENED A *KILLER* UNLIKE--
SHHHZZZZKOW
NNNNNNG!
NNNN
W-WHAT IS HAPPENING?
THIS LITTLE GADGET I STOLE FROM MR. FANTASTIC'S LAB SEEMS TO BE DESIGNED WITH GUYS LIKE YOU IN MIND.
MUST BE A KICK IN THE INTERGALACTIC STONES TO FIND OUT DR. RICHARDS WAS BUILDING SOME SORT OF COSMIC *TASER* TO BRING YOU DOWN, HUH?
BUT...I... I DID NOT *INTERFERE*. HOW DID YOU--
SEE YOU?
I DON'T SEE THINGS THE WAY OTHER PEOPLE DO. THERE'S SOMETHING *WRONG* WITH ME.

Ask him!
NOW...I ONLY WANT TO KNOW ONE THING.
WHO WERE YOU TALKING TO?
UH-HUH.
WELL WHOEVER THEY ARE--THOSE LITTLE PEEPING TOMS OUT THERE IN *NEVER-NEVER LAND*--THEY'RE GONNA WANT TO KEEP THEIR EYES PEELED.
THEY'RE GONNA WANT TO SEE WHAT'S NEXT.
THEY'RE GONNA WANT TO WATCH THIS WORLD *BURN!*
CONTINUED...

NEXT:

AVENGERS: ASSASSINATED!

THE WORLD'S MOST KILLIEST COMIC MAGAZINE

DEADPOOL® KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE 2

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DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE

PART II

Deadpool. You know him, you love him, you've had inappropriate dreams about him. The Merc with a Mouth! The Regeneratin' Degenerate! In other words, the crazy-talking gun-for-hire who can heal from any wound. He's funny, right? Makes jokes, gets shot, gets better, drops zinger, everybody laughs. Except he's not laughing anymore. After having his brain prodded one too many times, he's...changed. Now, something drives him on, compelling him to kill. Heroes, villains, anti-heroes, anti-villains (is that a thing?)—they're all in his crosshairs, and he won't rest until he's killed the entire Marvel Universe... because you demanded it.

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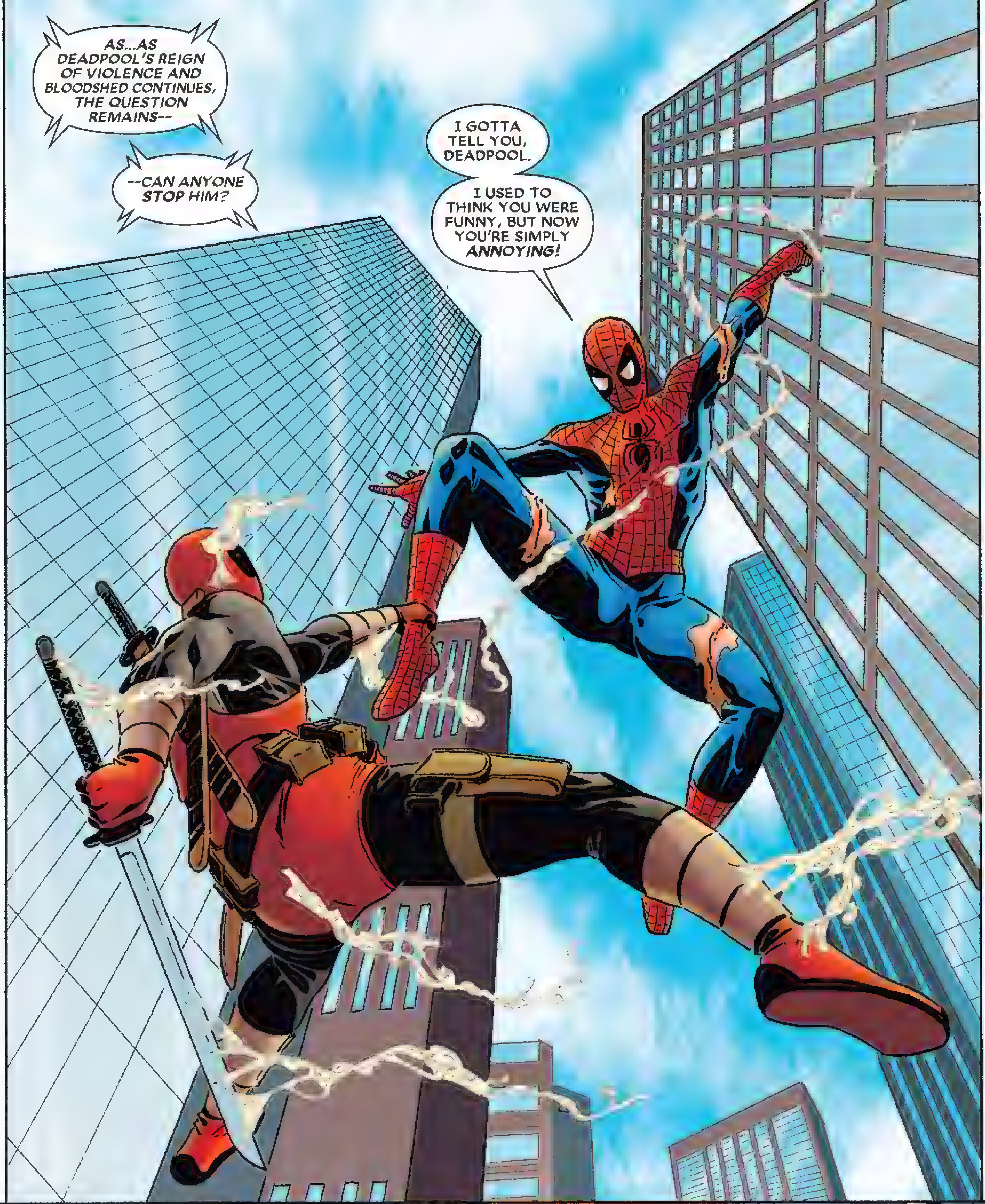
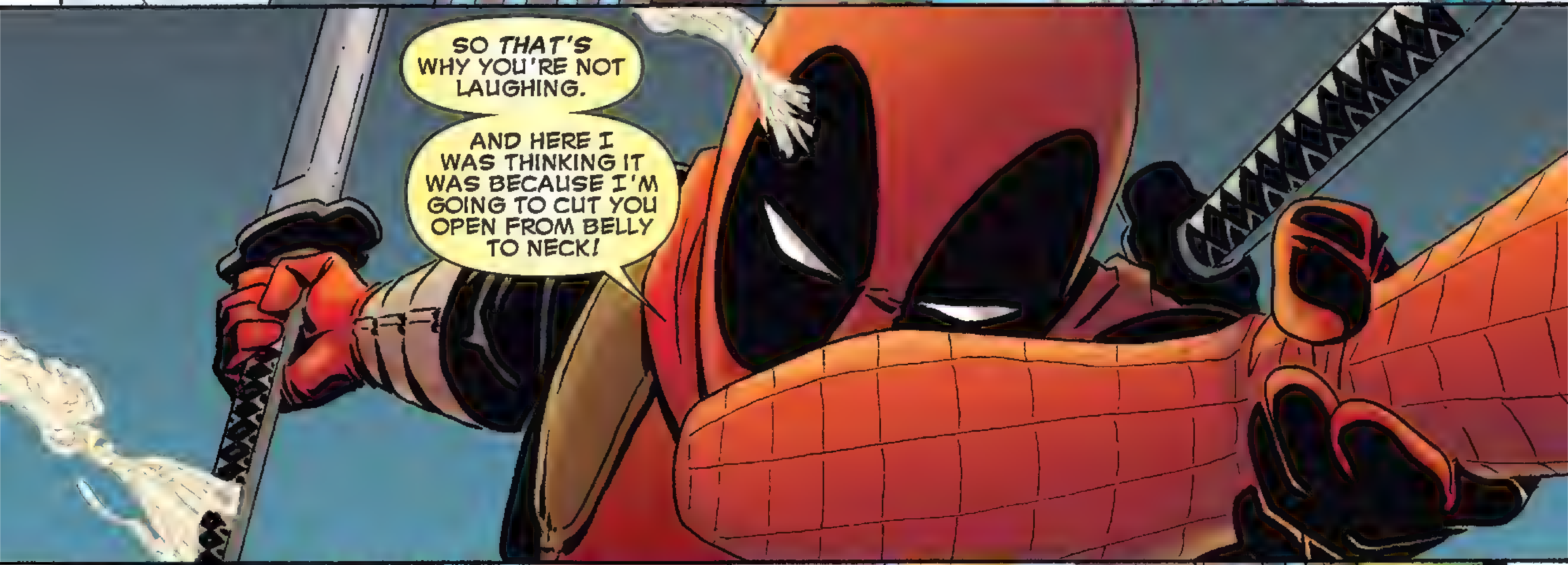
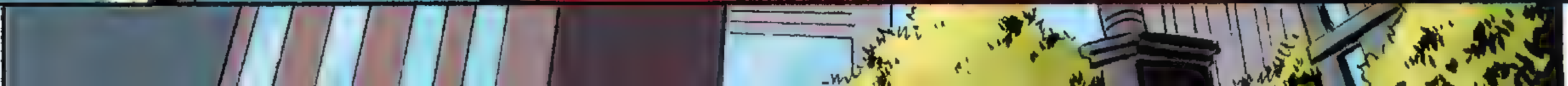
THANK YOU FOR JOINING US TONIGHT. I'M TRISH TILBY.
OUR TOP STORY CONTINUES TO BE THE BRUTAL AND SENSELESS KILLING SPREE THAT APPEARS TO BE FOCUSED ON THE WORLD'S SUPER HEROES AND SUPER VILLAINS.
NO HERO IS SAFE FROM THIS BLOODY RAMPAGE.
NO VILLAIN IS OUT OF HARM'S WAY.
EVEN THE MOST INNOCUOUS OF CREATURES HAS FALLEN PREY TO THE BLOODLUST OF THE MURDERER KNOWN AS DEADPOOL.
THE FANTASTIC FOUR...SOME MEMBERS OF THE AVENGERS...AND EVEN MEMBERS OF THE X-MEN ARE COUNTED AMONG--
OH.
OH, HANK.


AS...AS DEADPOOL'S REIGN OF VIOLENCE AND BLOODSHED CONTINUES, THE QUESTION REMAINS--
--CAN ANYONE *STOP* HIM?
I GOTTA TELL YOU, DEADPOOL.
I USED TO THINK YOU WERE FUNNY, BUT NOW YOU'RE SIMPLY *ANNOYING!*


SO *THAT'S* WHY YOU'RE NOT LAUGHING.
AND HERE I WAS THINKING IT WAS BECAUSE I'M GOING TO CUT YOU OPEN FROM BELLY TO NECK!



BETTER PSYCHOPATHS THAN YOU HAVE TRIED, PAL!
MAYBE YOU SHOULD WORRY LESS ABOUT KILLING ME...
...AND MORE ABOUT THE RAPIDLY APPROACHING ASPHALT!
SHCCLUMP
HRRRRR

OUCH!
THAT'S GOTTA HURT!
GOOD THING YOU HAVE THAT HEALING FACTOR OF YOURS...
...WHICH IS MORE THAN CAN BE SAID ABOUT ALL THE PEOPLE YOU *SLAUGHTERED!*
YOU'RE LUCKY I'M NOT LIKE YOU.
YOU'RE LUCKY I DON'T *KILL* YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE.
AM I?
DO YOU THINK *THEY* WOULD LET YOU BREAK CHARACTER EVEN IF YOU WANTED TO?
WHAT?!
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE OF YOUR BANTER, OKAY?
YOU STOLE THAT WHOLE *"MERC WITH A MOUTH"* ROUTINE FROM ME. YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?
AND YOUR SLICE-AND-DICE ROUTINE HASN'T SERVED YOU WELL SO FAR, SO FORGET THREATENING TO GUT ME.
Y-YOU'RE RIGHT.
I'M NOT GOING TO CUT YOU.

BLAM
HHH
SPIDER-MAN NO MORE, HUH?
YOU KNOW WHAT ALL THOSE "BETTER PSYCHOPATHS" YOU WERE BRAGGING ABOUT SHOULDA TRIED?
A GUN.

HE KILLED SPIDER-MAN!
SOMEBODY HAS TO STOP HIM!
OHMIGOD!
LET'S GET HIM!
THAT WAS FUN...AMAZING EVEN.
WHO'S NEXT?
It doesn't matter.
They all have to die.
IT--
IT MATTERS.

THIS IS NICKEL AND DIME STUFF.
I NEED SOMETHING MEATY. SOMETHING BIG.
No.
That's the old Deadpool talking.
You don't need to impress anyone. Now you have me.
I'VE ALWAYS HAD YOU, THOUGH, HAVEN'T I?
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THERE, LURKING DEEP INSIDE ME.
I THINK IT'S YOU WHO'S BEEN ROTTING ME FROM THE INSIDE OUT FOR ALL THESE YEARS.
Keep it simple.
KR-CHGK
Spectacle is what they want. You don't have to play their game anymore.
I THINK I'VE ALREADY PROVEN THAT I'VE BROKEN THOSE CHAINS.
OTHERWISE THEY WOULD NEVER LET ME KILL THEIR BELOVED SPIDER-MAN.
SPECTACLE... THAT'S MY STYLE... AND SO--

"SOMETHING BIG."
ALL RIGHT.
I GUESS WE SHOULD GET STARTED.
ARE YOU KIDDING? THIS ISN'T EVEN HALF THE ACTIVE ROSTER, LET ALONE THE RESERVE MEMBERS.
WHERE IS *EVERYONE?*
DEADPOOL HAS ALREADY KILLED *BLACK PANTHER, TIGRA,* AND *IRON FIST.*
IT'S POSSIBLE HE'S KILLED *OTHERS* WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT.
IT'S A SAFE BET SOME OF THE OTHERS ARE *IN HIDING.*

AVENGERS DON'T *HIDE*, LUKE.
THEY DON'T DIE, EITHER, BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP DEADPOOL FROM KILLING SPIDER-MAN, DID IT?
WE'RE ALL HURTING. WE'VE LOST SO MANY.
BUT WE NEED TO FIGURE OUT WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO ABOUT--
THERE AIN'T BUT ONE THING TO DO.
IT'S KILL OR BE KILLED.
SNIKT
THAT MANIAC MURDERED DANNY. I WANT A LITTLE *PAYBACK*.
WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT, I THINK WE ALL AGREE THAT THIS FRUITCAKE'S GOTTA DIE.
FIRST THINGS FIRST, WE NEED TO DETERMINE HIS NEXT TARGET--
DR. PYM IS MISSING!
WHAT'S WRONG, JARVIS?
IT'S DR. PYM. HE'S BEEN IN HIS LAB ALL DAY, BUT NOW I CAN'T FIND HIM.
HE WAS CONCERNED THAT HIS SUPPLY OF PYM PARTICLES WAS DEPLETED, AS IF SOMEONE *STOLE* THEM--
PYM PARTICLES...
SNIFF *SNIFF*
AW...
I KNOW WHO DEADPOOL'S NEXT TARGETS ARE...

US!
AVENGERS!
TAKE COV--

KTHOOM

HEH.
IT'S RAINING MEN...
...AND WOMEN...
...OR BITS AND PIECES OF THEM AT LEAST.
GONNA TAKE A BROOM AND DUSTPAN FOR YOU GUYS TO "ASSEMBLE" NEXT TIME.
NOT SO FAST, %&$#%&#!
YOU NEED MORE THAN A COUPLE OF BOMBS TO TAKE DOWN SOMEONE WITH UNBREAKABLE SKIN.
I FIGURED A COUPLE OF YOU TOUGH GUY TYPES MIGHT BE PROBLEMATIC.
THAT'S WHY I SHRUNK DOWN A COUPLE OF EXTRA BOMBS FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES.
YOU GUYS DRINK A LOT OF COFFEE, YOU KNOW THAT?
GGHGHGG--
PHWMF

ONE DOWN.
ONE TO GO.
YOU'LL FIND THE ODINSON MORE OF A CHALLENGE, VILLAIN.
SHAKKA-CHOOOOM
DEFEATING YOU IS NOT ENOUGH.
KILLING YOU IS NOT ENOUGH.
I'LL *SCOUR* YOU FROM THE FACE OF MIDGARD!
YOU'RE AN INTERESTING PROBLEM, THOR, AND NOT JUST BECAUSE YOUR PHYSIOLOGY PROTECTS YOU FROM THINGS LIKE EXPLOSIVE DEVICES.
THE WHOLE MYTHOLOGY ANGLE RAISES A LOT OF QUESTIONS.
HARD TO FIGURE OUT WHO PULLS YOUR STRINGS.
RIGHT NOW, THOUGH, ME AND MY LAST BATCH OF PYM PARTICLES CAN ONLY THINK OF ONE QUESTION THAT REALLY MATTERS.

WHAT'S STRONGER?
YOUR *HAMMER* OR YOUR *FLESH?*
BY ASGARD--
BRAKKA-KOOM
M-MJOLNIR...
THIS IS... NOT HOW... GGG...
WHAT...OF... RAGNAROK?
WHAT CAN I SAY?
HAVE AT THEE.
BOOP.

Are you satisfied?
SHOULD I BE?
Never.
I'M...
I'M SORRY IT HAD TO BE THIS WAY. I'M SORRY THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND.
THEY ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS CRAZY...BUT THEY NEVER REALIZED I SAW THE WORLD THE WAY IT REALLY IS.
You just weren't willing to do anything about it until now.
THEY NEVER REALIZED THEY WERE PUPPETS... MADE TO DANCE AND LOVE AND DIE AND SUFFER...JUST LIKE ME.
You're doing them a mercy.
And you just killed "Earth's Mightiest Heroes" in one fell swoop. Everything from here on out--

--Should be a cakewalk.
RRRAAAAAAGHHHHHH!
YOU HURT HULK'S FRIENDS!
YOU KILL HULK'S ENEMIES!

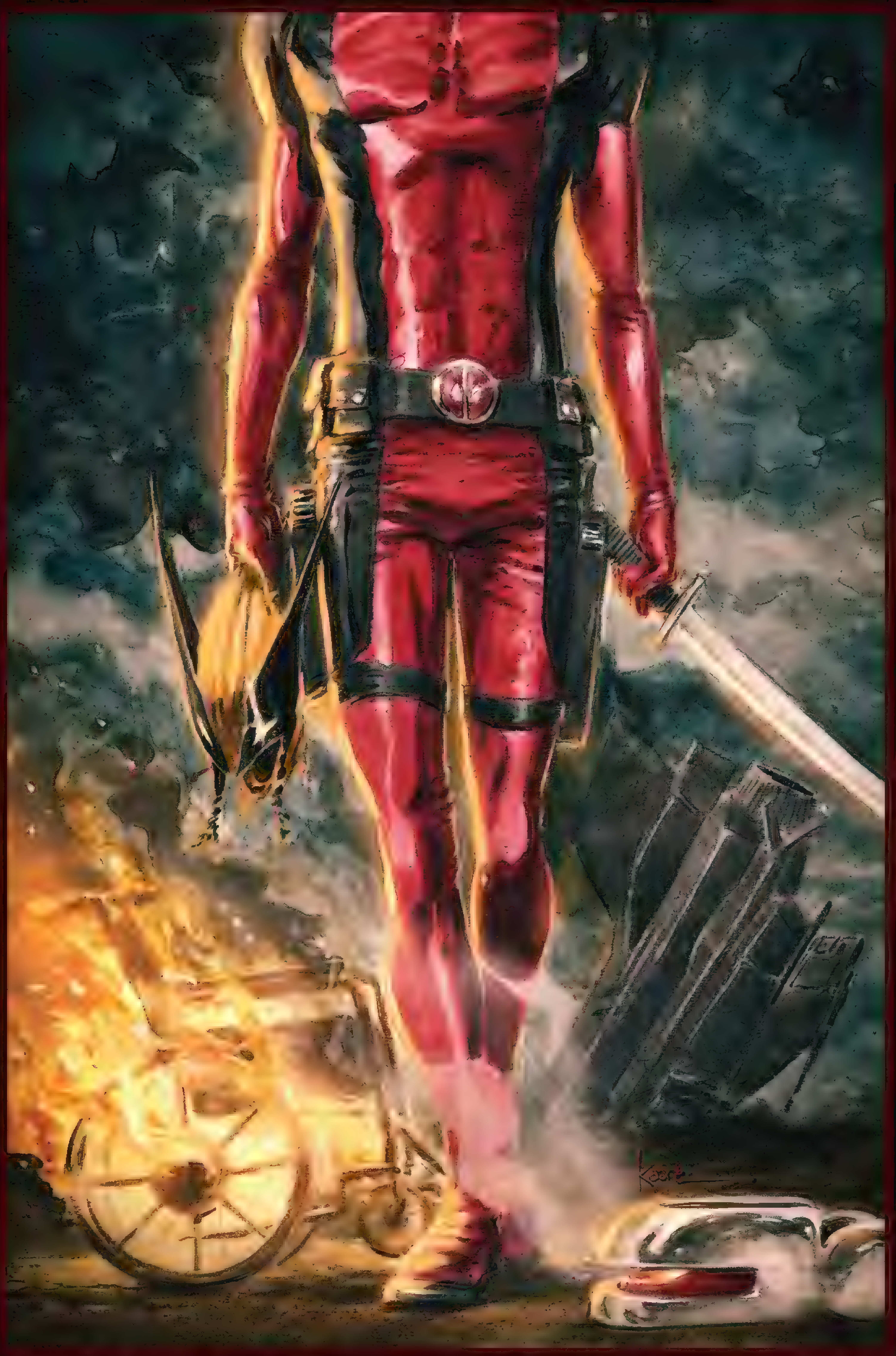
ONLY HULK GETS TO KILL HULK'S ENEMIES!
HULK DOESN'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED BY ANNOYING, STABBING MAN.
HULK JUST WANTS TO BE LEFT *ALONE*.
ALONE.

YOU SHOULDN'T RIP ME APART AND THEN TAKE A NAP.
YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME WHEN I'VE BEEN RIPPED APART.
HNNNK!
SLSSSSH
Spider-Man, the Avengers, and the Hulk.
Not a bad tally for a few days' work.

I WANT TO THANK YOU ALL FOR COMING. I KNOW THIS IS A PAINFUL TIME FOR ALL OF US.
EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US HAS LOST SOMEONE NEAR AND DEAR TO THIS...MONSTER'S RAMPAGE.
MS. TILBY'S FRIEND HENRY MCCOY.
MS. MASTERS' FRIEND BEN GRIMM.
MS. GARNER WAS CLOSE TO THE X-MAN WOLVERINE.
MR. JONES BACK THERE WAS A DEAR FRIEND TO MANY OF THE FALLEN HEROES.
AND MARY JANE AND I LOST MY NEPHEW PETER.
IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN ABOUT HIS SECRET. I MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO--
SO WHY AM I HERE?
I THOUGHT THAT WOULD BE OBVIOUS.
WE'VE COLLECTED EVERYTHING WE HAVE OF VALUE.
WE WANT TO *HIRE* YOU.

WE WANT YOU TO KILL THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF OUR LOVED ONES.
WE WANT YOU TO *KILL* DEADPOOL.
NOT A PROBLEM.
TO BE CONTINUED.

NEXT:



THE EX-X-MEN!

THE WORLD'S MOST LETHAL, BLOODIEST AND GORE-RIFIC COMIC MAGAZINE

DEADPOOL® KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE

3

MARVEL
BUNN
TALAJIĆ
LOUGHRIDGE
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DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE

PART III

THE FANTASTIC FOUR HAVE BEEN SUBTRACTED. SPIDER-MAN IS NO MORE. THE AVENGERS ARE DISMEMBERED. THE HULK RESTS IN PEACE. YOU'VE SEEN ALL THAT, AND YOU'RE BACK FOR MORE? WELL, GOOD ON YOU—YOUR OLD PAL DEADPOOL'S GOT MORE KILLING TO DO BEFORE HE'S THROUGH. SOMETHING IS SPURRING HIM TO KEEP UP THE MINDLESS MURDER…AND YOU WON'T HEAR US COMPLAIN, WILL YOU? SOME OF HIS VICTIMS' LOVED ONES DISAGREE. THEY'VE HIRED THE TASKMASTER TO TRACK AND KILL DEADPOOL BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE. BUT OUR PAL WADE HASN'T EVEN KILLED THE X-MEN YET! HE'S GOTTA GET THROUGH PAPA XAVIER'S MERRY MUTANTS BEFORE HE'S KILLED THE ENTIRE MARVEL UNIVERSE…
BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT.

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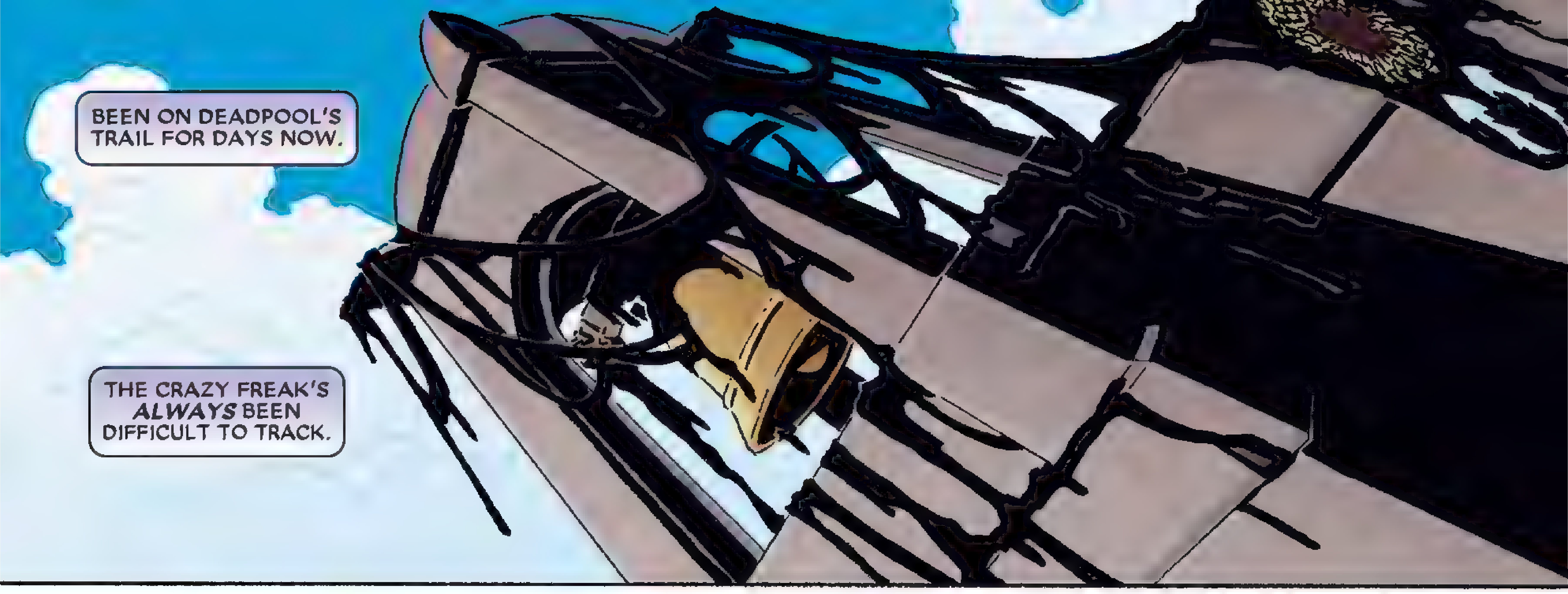
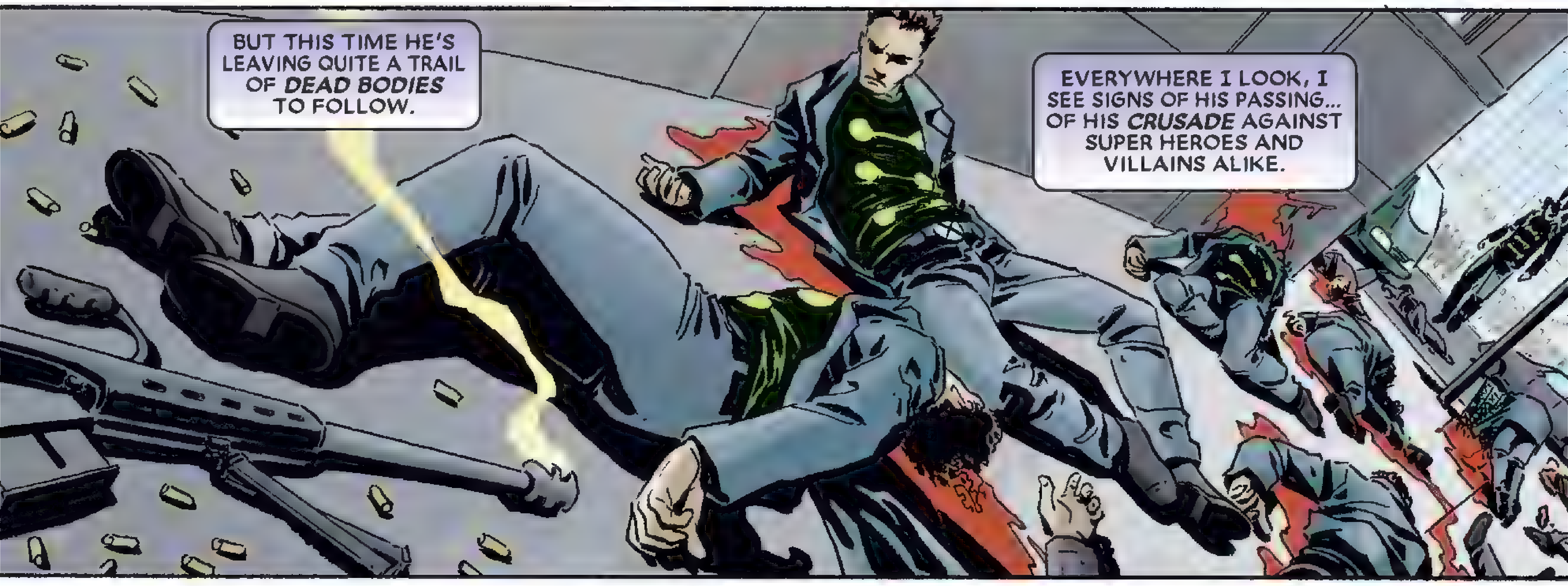
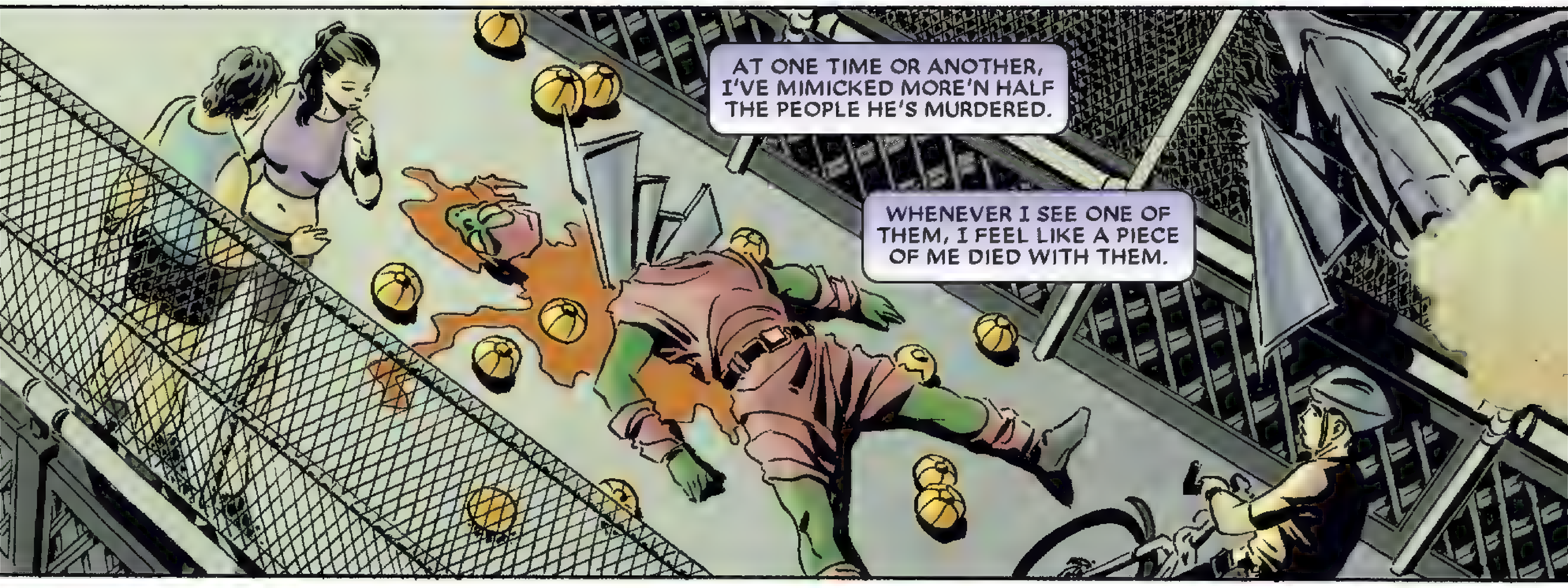
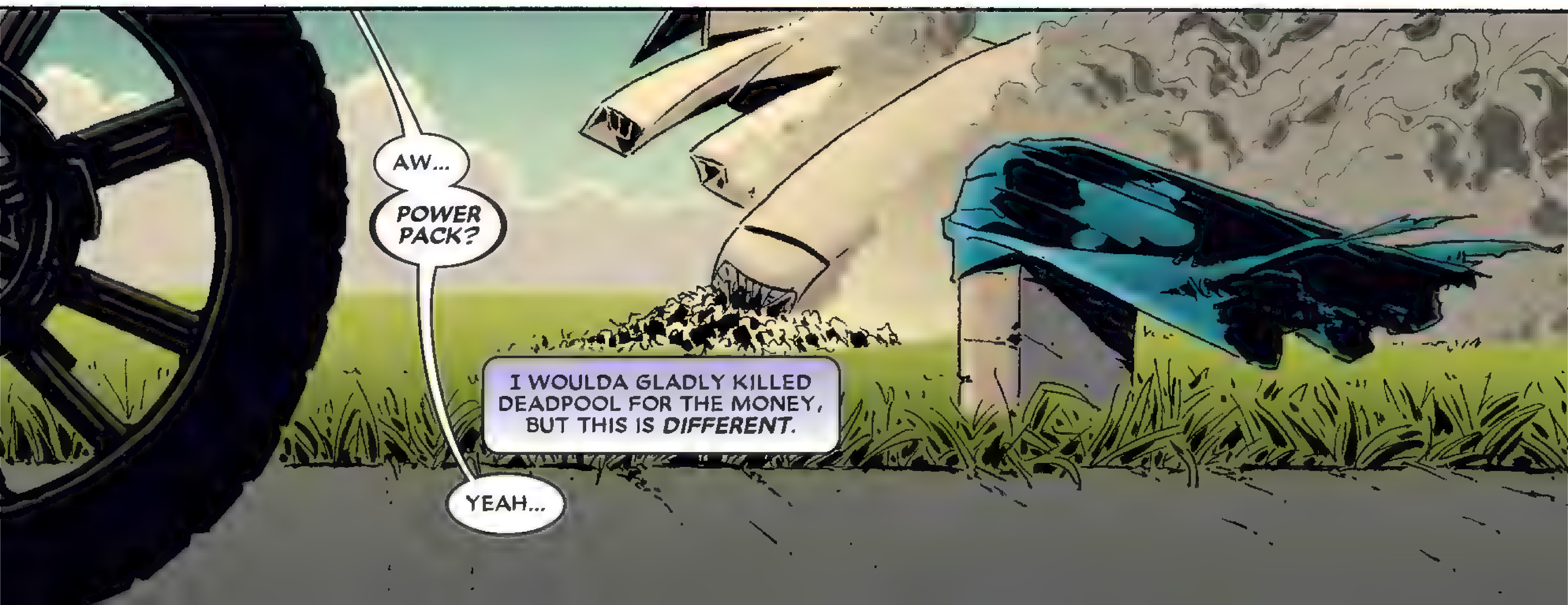

BEEN ON DEADPOOL'S TRAIL FOR DAYS NOW.
THE CRAZY FREAK'S *ALWAYS* BEEN DIFFICULT TO TRACK.


BUT THIS TIME HE'S LEAVING QUITE A TRAIL OF *DEAD BODIES* TO FOLLOW.
EVERYWHERE I LOOK, I SEE SIGNS OF HIS PASSING... OF HIS *CRUSADE* AGAINST SUPER HEROES AND VILLAINS ALIKE.


AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER, I'VE MIMICKED MORE'N HALF THE PEOPLE HE'S MURDERED.
WHENEVER I SEE ONE OF THEM, I FEEL LIKE A PIECE OF ME DIED WITH THEM.


AW...
POWER PACK?
I WOULDA GLADLY KILLED DEADPOOL FOR THE MONEY, BUT THIS IS *DIFFERENT*.
YEAH...

THIS %#$*%#$# DESERVES TO DIE.
GUESS THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT THAT.
THE ONLY *REAL* QUESTION IS--
"--WHERE THE HELL IS HE?"
PSSST... PROFESSOR X...

WAKE UP, BALDY.
YOU AND ME HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT.
YOU'LL GET ALL THE SLEEP YOU NEED WHEN YOU'RE DEAD.
AND--BELIEVE ME--YOU WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG.
BESIDES...IF YOU PASS OUT NOW, YOU'LL MISS THE BEST PART OF THE SHOW!

W-WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, WADE?
YOU... YOU'VE HURT SO MANY.
YOU REALLY THINK THAT?
YOU REALLY THINK ANY OF YOU...ANY OF *US*... CAN ACTUALLY *FEEL* ANYTHING?
OF COURSE.
WELL, THIS NEXT PART IS REALLY GONNA SUCK FOR YOU, THEN.
YEEEAAAGGGHHH!
ALL RIGHT, NOW. *SAY IT.*
JUST LIKE WE PRACTICED.
SAY IT!
NNNNNNAAAGGGHHH!
T-TO...

T-TO ME, MY X-MEN!
YOU HEARD THE MAN, SQUAD!
THIS PLACE MAY BE SET UP LIKE A MAZE, BUT WE CAN JUST MAKE A FEW DOORS OF OUR--
SCOTT!
MMMMPH!
SPLAT
WHAT IS THIS STUFF?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S DRYING FAST-- HARDENING!
I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF HE CAN *BREATHE.*

PIXIE!
WE GOTTA GET HIM OUTTA HERE! GET HIM SOME--
I THINK HE'S TRYING TO BLAST IT OFF...
SAM...
NO! LOOK--
AAARRGH!
SHHZZZZRRRRAAAKKKK

DEAR LORD!
SCOTT... EMMA...SAM...
THE OTHER ONE'S NAME WAS *PIXIE*, IN CASE YOU FORGOT.
NEVER COULD UNDERSTAND WHY YOU FELT THE NEED TO CONTINUALLY EXPAND YOUR CAST OF CHARACTERS--SORRY--YOUR *STUDENT BODY.*
SPEAKING OF WHICH, LET'S SEE HOW YOUR *OTHER* PROTEGES ARE DOING.
CLICK
RRRRAAAAHHH!
SOMEONE'S TURNED THIS WHOLE PLACE INTO A DEATHTRAP!
WE'VE GOTTEN OUT OF WORSE SPOTS, THOUGH, NO?
I'M SURE COLOSSUS CAN KEEP THE WALLS FROM CRUSHIN' US LONG ENOUGH FOR--

GUESS I WON'T BE GETTING MY SECURITY DEPOSIT BACK.
DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO AIR OUT THE STINK OF ELECTROCUTED MUTANT?
DEADPOOL... PLEASE...
He wants to *talk* now.
You know it's never been easy for him to get inside your head.
He's hoping if he can connect with you, he might be able to read your mind.
Let him.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, CHUCK?
LET'S DISH.
SEE, I FIGURED IT ALL OUT.
EVERYBODY THOUGHT I WAS CRAZY...A STARK, RAVING MANIAC...ALL BECAUSE MY WORLD VIEW WAS A LITTLE DIFFERENT.
THAT'S NOT TRUE.
YES IT IS!
BUT...IT TURNS OUT I'M THE *ONLY* PERSON IN THE WHOLE WORLD WHO SEES THINGS CLEARLY... I JUST DIDN'T REALIZE IT.
YOU KNOW HOW THEY SAY YOUR ***SUBCONSCIOUS*** CAN WORK TO SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS FOR YOU WITHOUT YOU EVER REALIZING IT?
WELL, MY SUBCONSCIOUS HAS BEEN TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING FOR YEARS. I JUST WASN'T READY TO LISTEN.
IT WASN'T UNTIL ***PSYCHO MAN*** MESSED AROUND IN MY NOODLE THAT EVERYTHING CAME TOGETHER.
SO, I GUESS I SHOULD ***THANK*** YOU FOR HAVING ME COMMITTED.
SO WHAT IF I BREAK THE *FOURTH WALL?*
IT'S THE FOURTH WALL THAT'S BEEN BREAKING *ME*... CRUSHING ME...
...CRUSHING EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US...FOR AS LONG AS WE'VE BEEN IN EXISTENCE.

ENOUGH!
I WILL *NOT* LET YOU HURT ANYONE ELSE!
I'M SORRY, WADE, BUT I'M SHUTTING YOU DOWN.
YOUR *MIND*. I'M SHUTTING YOUR MIND DOWN.
I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE YOU NEVER...
NEVER...
NEVER!
OH... I *NEVER*... REALIZED.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHUCK?
DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU SAW IN MY HEAD?
CAN'T HANDLE THE *TRUTH?*
OHHH...
BRAIN DEATH!
THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE, HUH?
OR VEGETIZE YOU, AT LEAST!

LAME!
LET'S HOPE WHAT'S LEFT OF YOUR *X-MEN* PROVE MORE *ENTERTAINING,* HMM?
"LET'S SEE WHAT WE HAVE HERE...
"ONE MASTER OF MAGNETISM DONE IN BY JELLY.
"WELL...*JELLIFIED ACID,* ANYHOW.
"AH! THERE'S THE *PRYDE* AND JOY OF THE X-MEN!
"SUCH A PROBLEMATIC LITTLE SHE-GHOST...

"GOOD LUCK FINDING YOUR WAY OUT OF THAT LITTLE ROACH MOTEL, CUTIE-PIE.
"I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND PHYSICS OR TESSERACTS AND SUCH, BUT I KNOW A TON ABOUT *HAMSTER WHEELS* AND *FUNHOUSE MIRROR MAZES!* LITTLE KITTY CAT'S NEVER GETTING OUT.
"PERPETUAL CONTAINMENT WORKS JUST AS WELL AS KILLING, I GUESS.
"NOW, WAITAMINUTE!
"WHAT'S *THIS?*
"I THOUGHT I KILLED HIM ALREADY."
I GUESS IF YOU WANT TO DO SOMETHING RIGHT...
"...YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN UNTIL IT *STICKS.*"
PLEASE... PLEASE...
I...I NEVER... NEVER WANTED *ANYTHING* LIKE THIS...

I...I JUST WANT TO GO HOME...
ARCADE.
YOU'RE WORKING WITH DEADPOOL NOW?
W-WOLVERINE?
OH, THANK GOD!
YOU'VE GOT TO GET ME OUT OF HERE!
HE'S...HE'S *INSANE*...YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE THINGS HE WANTS ME TO BUILD!
I...I DEDICATED MY LIFE TO DESIGNING *MURDERWORLDS*... BUT...BUT...*THIS*...THE THINGS HE WANTS... I JUST *CAN'T!*
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN ANYTHING BUT A THORN IN MY SIDE, ARCADE.
EVERY TIME I SEE YOU, YOU'RE TRYING TO *KILL* ME OR MY FRIENDS.
I'M NOT HERE TO RESCUE YOU.

BUT *I WILL* PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY.
SNIKT
FWMMP
SNF... SNF...
SNF...

X-23...
DAKEN...
PRETTY *NASTY*, HUH?
COMPUTERS MONITOR THEIR VITALS...AND AS SOON AS THEY START REGENERATING, THE FLAMETHROWERS LIGHT 'EM UP.
IT'S HOW I'D DEAL WITH MY OWN HEALING FACTOR IF I NEEDED TO.
BESIDES... LIVE BAIT ALWAYS WORKS BEST, RIGHT?
I MEAN, IF WE'RE TALKING HUNTER-TO-HUNTER.
RRRAAAAAHH!

YOU'RE NO HUNTER!
YOU'RE MEAT!
REALLY?
I FEEL LIKE I LOOK LIKE A HUNTER...Y'KNOW... MAYBE LIKE A MOUNTAIN MAN OR SOMETHING.
A SAMURAI MOUNTAIN MAN!
THAT SWORD DOESN'T MAKE YOU A SAMURAI!

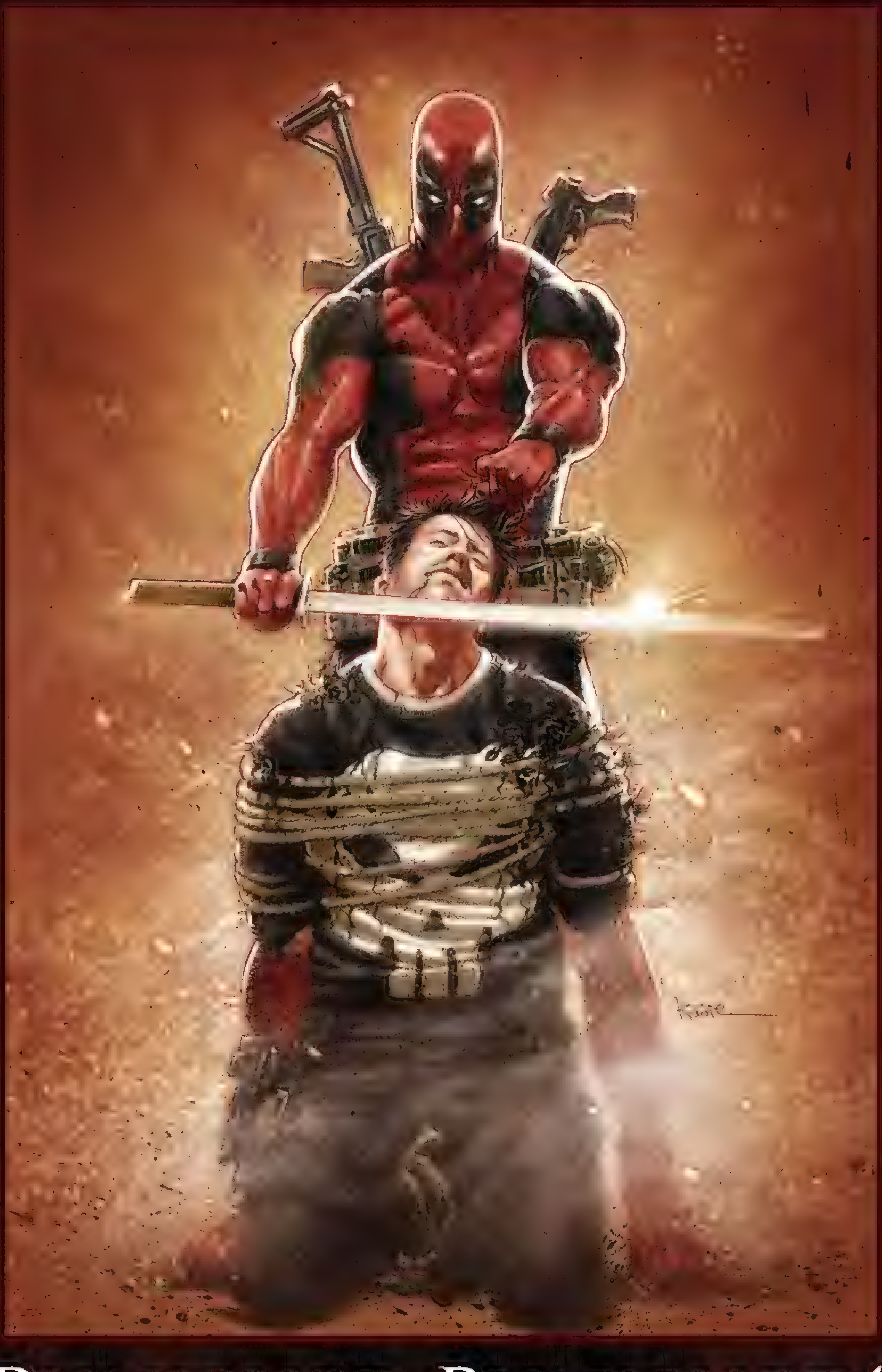
MAYBE NOT.
BUT IT IS A *CARBONADIUM* BLADE...AND I KNOW THAT WREAKS HAVOC ON YOUR HEALING FACTOR.
SSHUNKKK
GGGHH HH GGG
BUT SEE... I ALREADY KILLED YOU ONCE...AND I BET YOU'LL COME BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN...NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES I SLAUGHTER YOU.
YOUR TENDENCY TO COME BACK FROM THE BRINK OF DEATH HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR HEALING FACTOR.
YOUR MUTANT POWER *ISN'T* REGENERATION.
IT'S *POPULARITY.*
BUT DON'T WORRY.
I'VE GOT BIG PLANS...AND ALL THE POPULARITY IN THE WORLD CAN'T SAVE YOU THIS TIME!

177A BLEECKER STREET.
THE HOME OF DR. STEPHEN STRANGE.
NICE PLACE, I GUESS, ESPECIALLY IF YOU GO FOR MUSTY OLD FURNITURE AND GARGOYLES.
IT'S NOT REALLY MY STYLE.
THE WHOLE HOUSE HAS THE VIBE OF A RIPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT MUSEUM.
ACCORDING TO *INTEL*, THE HOUSE SITS ON THE SITE OF ANCIENT PAGAN RITES...
...HUMAN SACRIFICE...THAT SORT OF THING.

I GUESS SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE.
BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING MORE THAN A MURDER SCENE.
THE LIBRARY'S BEEN *TOSSED.*
DEADPOOL WAS *LOOKING* FOR SOMETHING.

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, WADE?
WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY WANT WITH THIS MUMBO--
AW...
NEXUS OF ALL REALITIES
CONTINUED.
AW, NO.
THIS *CAN'T* BE GOOD.

NEXT:



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DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE

PART IV

We're nearing the end, now, and it was Deadpool who brought us here. Deadpool had always been a loose cannon, but unless someone put a hit on you, you were more in danger of him cracking a bad pun than cracking your skull. But something snapped inside him, and he's become a danger to everyone. He's already taken out the Avengers, the X-Men, and the Fantastic Four, among others. He roasted Howard the Duck, man. Is this what you wanted when you picked up a book with this title? Well, I hope you're happy. Hired by Wade's victims' mourners, the Taskmaster is hot on Deadpool's tail, with a lead saying he's heading for the Nexus of All Realities. You see, Deadpool won't be happy until he's truly killed the Marvel Universe for good... Because you demanded it.

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--NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE.
IT'S AS IF THE **WORST FEARS** OF AN ALREADY-FRIGHTENED POPULACE HAVE BEEN REALIZED.
IN THE WAKE OF THE RECENT MADNESS--THE SEEMINGLY SENSELESS MURDERS OF NUMEROUS HEROES AT THE HANDS OF THE MERCENARY ***DEADPOOL****--VIOLENT RIOTS HAVE BROKEN OUT AMONG HEROES AND VILLAINS ALIKE.*
THE ***BRUTAL*** *CARNAGE I'M WITNESSING IS--*
⸗GASP⸗
SMMASH
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... IN...IN A SHOCKING TURN OF EVENTS, IT APPEARS THAT--

--MANY HEROES AND VILLAINS ALIKE ARE PARTICIPATING IN SOME SORT OF MASS SUICIDE PACT!
AS I WATCH, THESE MEN AND WOMEN SEEM TO BE WILLINGLY THROWING THEMSELVES TO THEIR **DEATHS!**
WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE CAUSING SUCH A COORDINATED ACT OF **HOPELESSNESS AND DESPERATION?**

SOME RELIGIOUS RADICALS HAVE PROCLAIMED THIS TO BE THE END OF DAYS.
OTHERS SAY IT IS THE HUBRIS OF THESE "SUPERHUMANS" THAT IS FINALLY CATCHING UP WITH THEM.
EVEN THE MOST DIEHARD OF SKEPTICS MIGHT BE HARD-PRESSED TO DENY THAT SOME VENGEFUL DIVINE HAND IS AT PLAY IN OUR WORLD.
SURELY THIS COULD BE INTERPRETED AS SOME FORM OF PUNISHMENT.
BLAM

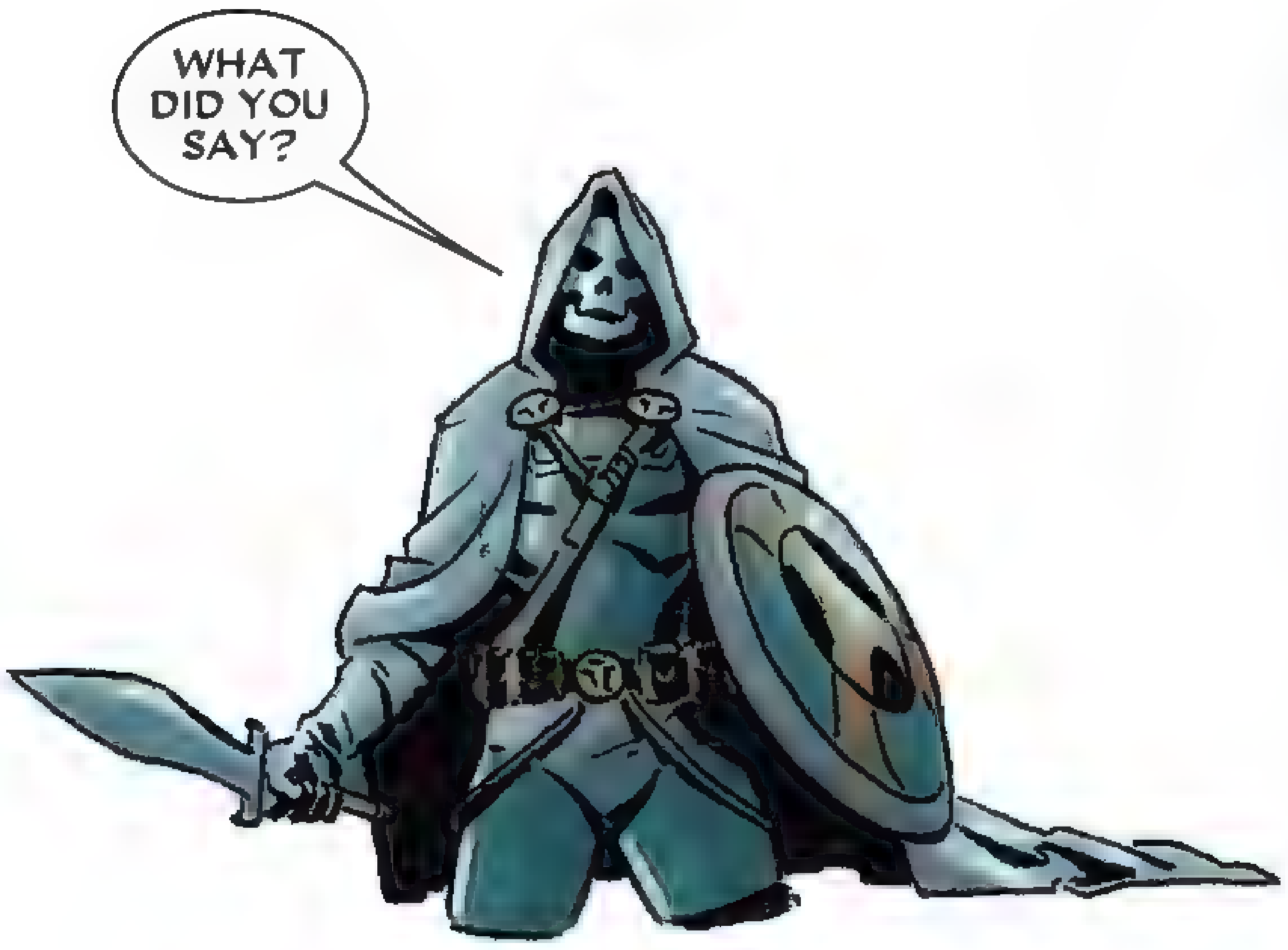
SORRY, PAL.
NO TIME TO STOP AND TALK.
BLAM
GOTTA FINISH DEADPOOL OFF BEFORE HIS *HEALING FACTOR* PUTS HIM BACK ON HIS FEET.
SPLUTT

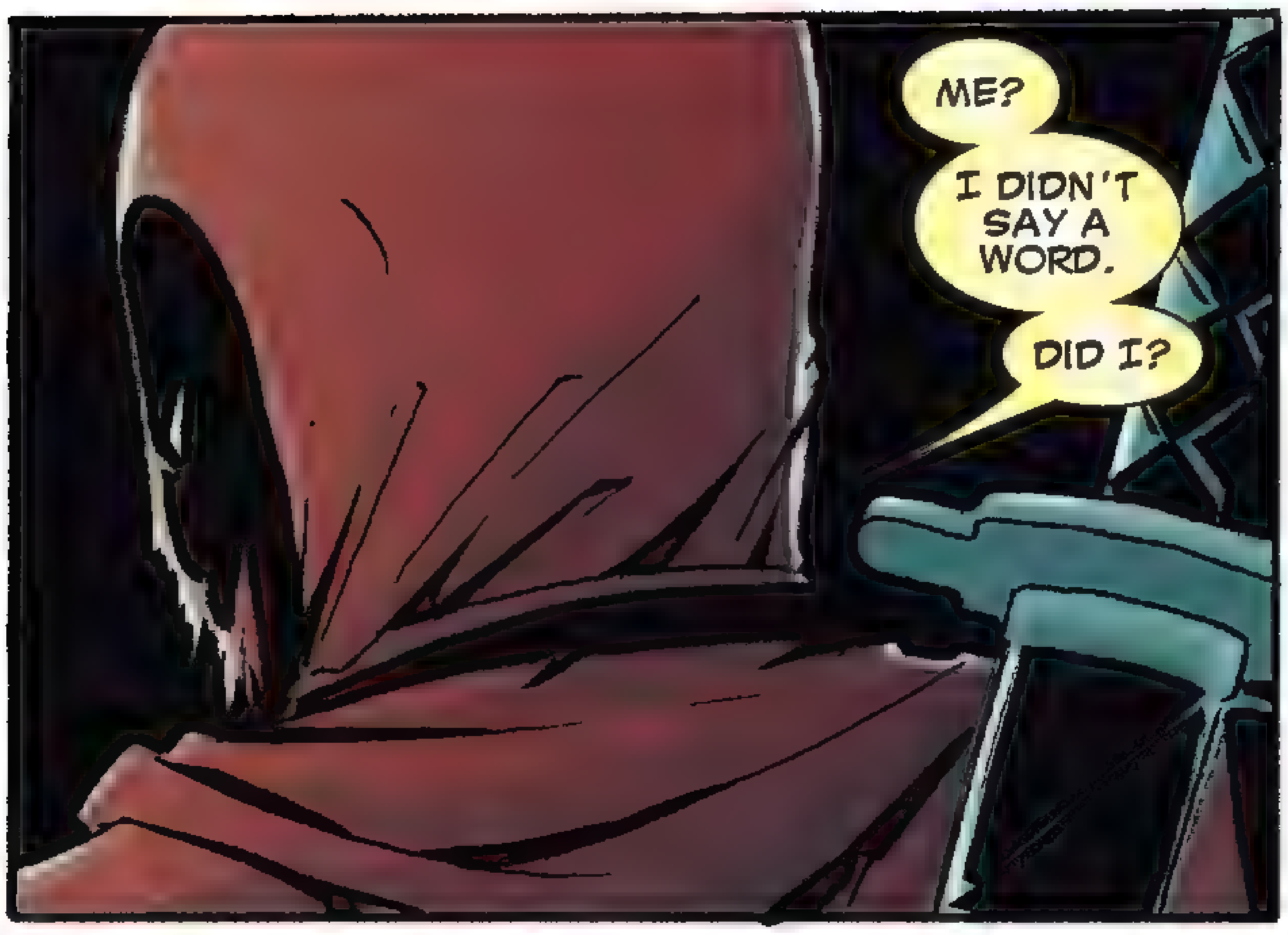
LET'S GET A PEEK AT YOUR FACE.
AFTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE, I WANNA LOOK INTO YOUR EYES WHEN YOU WAKE UP AND I KILL YOU ALL OVER--
--AGAIN.
PUPPET MASTER?!
HRR--
"DEAR DIARY..."
ERR... I MEAN, "DEAR WAR JOURNAL...

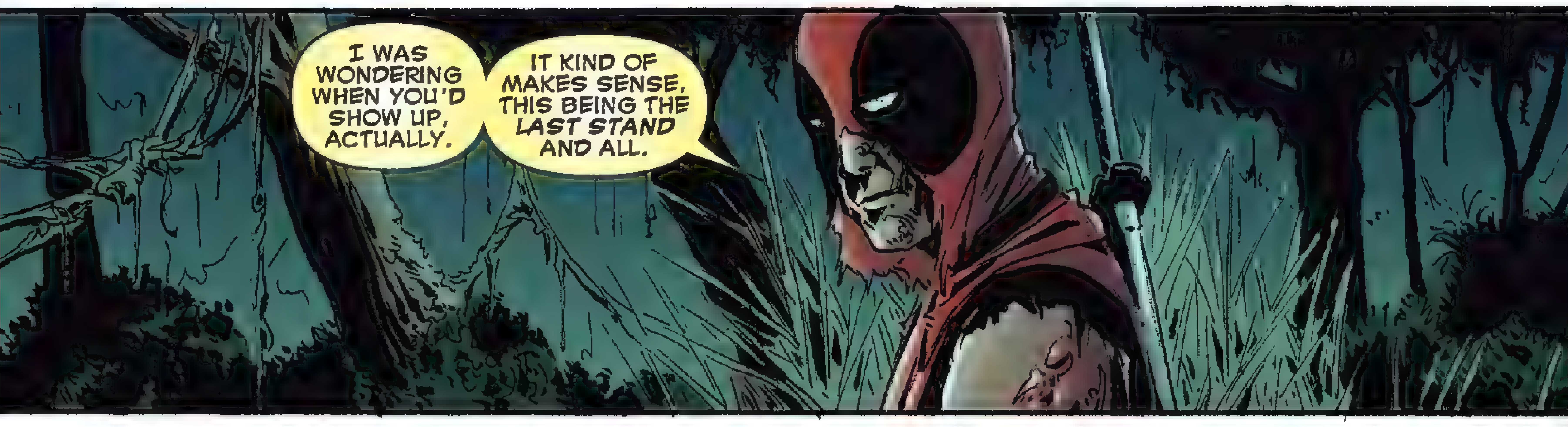
"TODAY... AFTER YEARS OF BEING A HARD-ASS KILLER OF CRIMINALS... I GOT PWNED BY A CABBAGEHEAD DOLL.
"THANKS FOR NOTHING, RIGHTEOUS FURY AND VENGEANCE."
HRRR...
NGGNN...
BANG.
BANG
SORRY ABOUT THAT, FRANK.
I KNOW, I KNOW.
KILLING ALL THE MARVELS OF THE WORLD IS SUPPOSED TO BE YOUR GIG.
BUT YOU'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT SMALL.
AND ME, I'VE GOT BIG BOY TOYS TO PLAY WITH...
...SOME SPECIAL EDITION ACTION FIGURES OL' PUPPET MASTER WHIPPED UP FOR ME...
AND THEN AFTER THOSE TOYS ARE BROKEN...

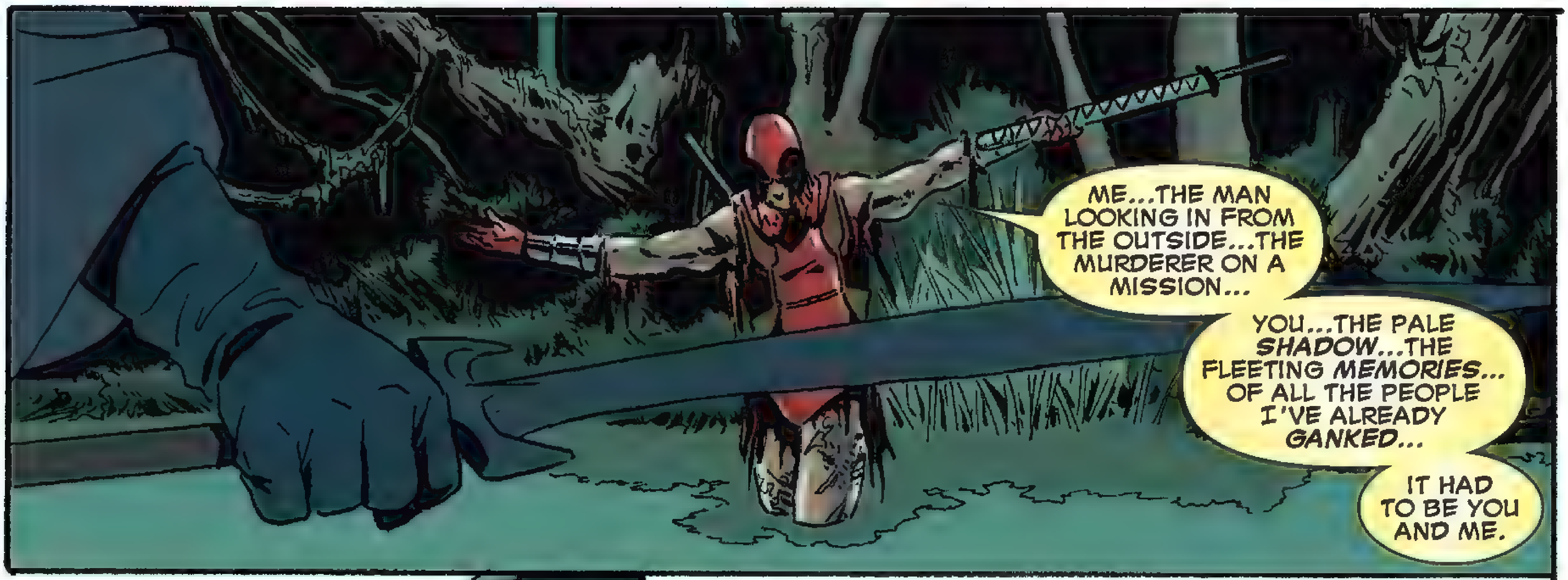
"...I'VE GOT EVEN *BIGGER* FISH TO FRY."

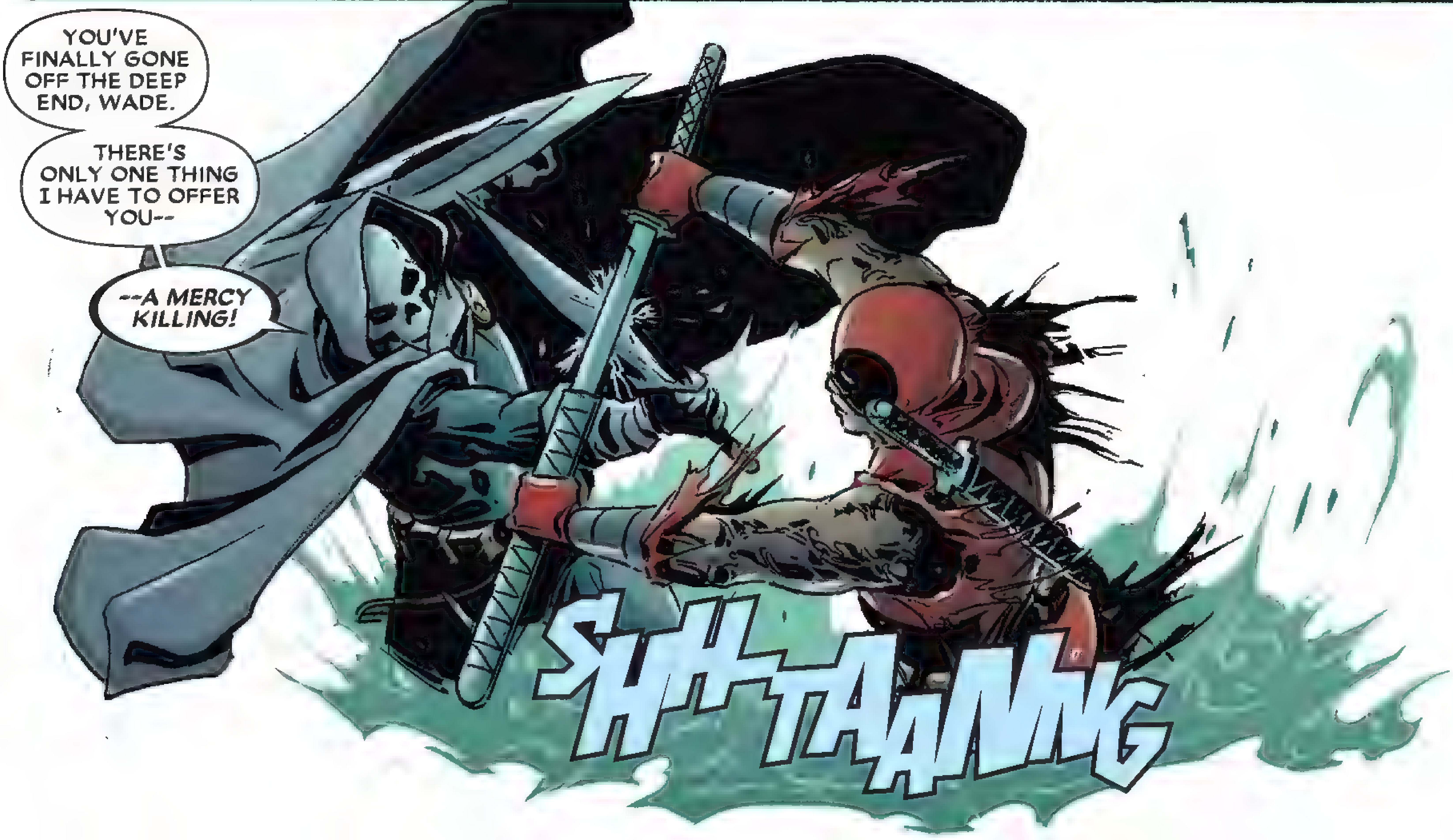
I'VE TOURED ALL THE BEST ARMPITS OF THE WORLD.
THIS PLACE AIN'T THE *WORST* I'VE EVER SEEN.
BUT IT'LL MAKE THE PERFECT *GRAVE* JUST THE SAME.
I'M DONE CHASING YOU, WADE. I'M ENDING THIS HERE AND NOW.
I'LL *BURY* YOU SO DEEP IN THIS MUCK THAT NO ONE WILL EVER FIND YOU.
MAYBE...IN TIME...PEOPLE WILL *FORGET* YOU AND WHAT YOU'VE DONE.
We don't want to be *forgotten*.
We want to have never *existed* in the first place.


WHAT DID YOU SAY?


ME?
I DIDN'T SAY A WORD.
DID I?


I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D SHOW UP, ACTUALLY.
IT KIND OF MAKES SENSE, THIS BEING THE *LAST STAND* AND ALL.


ME...THE MAN LOOKING IN FROM THE OUTSIDE...THE MURDERER ON A MISSION...
YOU...THE PALE *SHADOW*...THE FLEETING *MEMORIES*... OF ALL THE PEOPLE I'VE ALREADY *GANKED*...
IT HAD TO BE YOU AND ME.


YOU'VE FINALLY GONE OFF THE DEEP END, WADE.
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I HAVE TO OFFER YOU--
--*A MERCY KILLING!*
SHH-TAAANNG

THAT'S IT!
LET'S FIGHT!
WE'LL NEVER SETTLE ANYTHING WITH TALKING!
SHHTANK
IT'S FUNNY...AFTER ALL THE PSYCHICS AND MAGICIANS AND MIND-CONTROLLING ALIENS, YOU--
YAAGH!
LET ME FINISH BEFORE YOU STAB ME!
I WAS SAYING...AFTER ALL THOSE *YAHOOS* TRYING TO GET A PEEK INSIDE MY NOGGIN...IT'S *YOU* WHO HAS THE BEST CHANCE OF UNDERSTANDING WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO!
I UNDERSTAND JUST FINE!
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A *NUTCASE!*
THIS DAY'S BEEN COMING FOR A--
SPLASH

CHOCK
WHHUUU--
YOU'RE RIGHT!
THIS IS MY DAY!
ALL THESE YEARS, EVERYONE THOUGHT I WAS JUST A LOVABLE GOOFBALL...
...A *HOMICIDAL* GOOFBALL, SURE, BUT A GOOFBALL JUST THE SAME...
...BUT I CAN SEE THROUGH ALL THE BULL&#$% AND SEE THE WORLD HOW IT REALLY IS!
ALL THE SENSELESS DEATHS...
THE RESURRECTIONS ONLY TO BE KILLED AGAIN...
THE FREAK MUTATIONS...THE COSMIC RAYS... THE CHEMICAL DISASTERS...
THE UNREQUITED LOVES...
THE SECRET WARS...THE SECRET INVASIONS...
THE HERO'S JOURNEY IS ABOUT *PAIN.*
ENJOY THE TRIP.
WHACK

HRR...
HRRR...
DON'T YOU...
DON'T YOU GET IT?
WE'RE *PUPPETS!*
AND GEPPETTO'S FEEDING US THROUGH THE WOOD-CHIPPER FOR &#$%$ AND GIGGLES!
I CAN SAVE US ALL FROM THIS ENDLESS CYCLE OF *CONTINUITY!*
DON'T YOU *EVER* SHUT UP?
That's it.
His muscle memory kicking in...

His reflexes mimicking ours.
Let his eyes open to our *gospel*.
SHUT UP.
He can hear me.
OF COURSE I CAN HEAR YOU!
YOU WON'T *SHUT UP!*
YOU ALWAYS SAID THAT ONCE YOU STARTED IMITATING SOMEONE, YOU COULD ANTICIPATE THEIR NEXT MOVE.
SO TELL ME.
WHAT'S *NEXT?*
...
OH...OH NO...
CAREFUL.
I KNOW IT CAN BE FRIGHTENING, BUT DON'T BE *SCARED*.

BECAUSE WHOEVER KNOWS FEAR *BURNS* AT THE MAN-THING'S TOUCH!
YEEEAAAAAAARRRRGGGHHH!

LOOK AT YOU.
YOU POOR BASTARD.
STANDING GUARD OVER ALL CREATION, PROTECTING ALL THOSE TORTURED, PAINFUL EXISTENCES.
WATCHING YOUR OWN WRETCHED LIFE PLAY OUT OVER AND OVER AGAIN IN COUNTLESS UNIVERSES.
HOW DO YOU DRAG YOUR SORRY, WEED-DRIPPING CARCASS OUT OF BED EVERY MORNING TO PUNCH THE CLOCK FOR THAT GIG?
I BET YOU CAN SENSE WHY I'M HERE, THOUGH, CAN'T YOU?
I'M HERE TO HELP...TO SET YOU *FREE*...
ALL YOU REALLY NEED TO DO IS OPEN THE DOOR FOR ME.
One monster understands what the other is trying to accomplish.
SHHGGGGGGK-GGLLL-GGGKKKK

Man-Thing's flesh is the key and the gate. He sacrifices himself for our cause.
Don't #$%# it up.
WHOA.
THIS IS IT, HUH?
THE END OF THE ROAD?
No.

This is only the *beginning*.
You have your work cut out for you.
AW, C'MON.
I THOUGHT I COULD JUST... Y'KNOW...STAB CREATION IN THE HEART OR SOMETHING...
...MAYBE ROAST SOME MARSHMALLOWS AS ALL EXISTENCE BURNS DOWN AROUND ME.

Finding the *centerpoint* of existence is no easy task.
Even the progenitors of *our* universe may be nothing more than the playthings for other entities.
You can hack away forever and never find the beginning... or the end...
SORTA LIKE TAPE STUCK ON THE SPOOL.
HRRGGG
LET'S DO THAT, THEN.
LET'S START *HACKING.*
SOONER OR LATER, SOMEBODY IMPORTANT'S GONNA TAKE NOTE.
AND WHEN THEY DO...

SNIKT.
EXIT
ALL RIGHT, CULLEN...ALL RIGHT. HOW DOES IT END?
OKAY...ON THE LAST PAGE WE'LL HAVE A CLOSE SHOT OF DEADPOOL AS HE APPROACHES THE DOOR TO ONE OF MARVEL'S CONFERENCE ROOMS.
LIKE A VIKING WARRIOR CLAIMING THE REWARDS OF BATTLE, HE UTTERS A CATCH-PHRASE OFT-ATTRIBUTED TO HIS NOW-DEAD RIVAL.
THAT'S *PATHOS* THERE. FANS'LL EAT THAT UP!
REALLY NAILS THE DEADPOOL-OF-IT-ALL.
THEN DEADPOOL PEERS INTO THE ROOM TO SEE US--ALL OF *US*--HARD AT WORK.
UH...BUT DALIBOR...MAKE SURE YOU CAPTURE EXACTLY HOW HANDSOME I AM.
ME, TOO.
YEAH, ME TOO.
WHATEVER THIS TEAM IS WORKING ON, IT'S A COMIC BOOK ***MASTERPIECE!***
(AND WE'LL ***BOLD*** "***MASTERPIECE***" JUST SO THE READERS GET THE ***GRAVITAS*** OF THAT SENTENCE.)
THE MERC WITH A MOUTH RAISES HIS SWORD... READY TO STRIKE...WHEN HE NOTICES SOME ***OTHERWORLDLY FORCE*** WATCHING HIM.
HEY...I SEE YOU OUT THERE... WATCHING.
DON'T WORRY. I'LL BE DONE WITH THESE ***JOKERS***... AND THIS ***UNIVERSE*** BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.
I'LL FIND ***YOU*** SOON ENOUGH.
END.

DEADPOOL Killustrated

BUTCHERING STORIES FROM LITERATURE'S FINEST AUTHORS!

NO. 1

MOBY DICK

MARVEL

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BUNN
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PARSONS
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THE PACIFIC OCEAN. 1850.
THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERYONE'S LIFE...
...WHEN THEY REALIZE WHAT I'VE COME TO KNOW.
WE'RE GONNA NEED A BIGGER BOAT.
FSSSSS
OKAY...
HERE WE GO.

SO...THIS IS THE BIG GUY...
...MOBY DICK!
AND ME IN A DINGHY.
FFRRWWOOOOOSSSH!
THE METAPHOR ISN'T LOST ON--
--MEEEEEEEEEEE!
MAN OVERBOARD!
THROW ME A LIFELINE, REGIS!
SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME! I'M TIRED AND I WANT TO GO TO--
HOW DID WE GET HERE?
OH, YEAH. WAIT. I REMEMBER.

DEADPOOL Killustrated

DEADPOOL KILLED THE MARVEL UNIVERSE.

THE VEIL LIFTED FROM HIS EYES AND HE SAW THE WORLD FOR WHAT IT WAS: A FICTION. HE TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF TO SET EVERYONE, HERO AND VILLAIN ALIKE, FREE FROM THE BURDEN OF LIVING THE TALE.

BUT HIS JOB ISN'T DONE YET.

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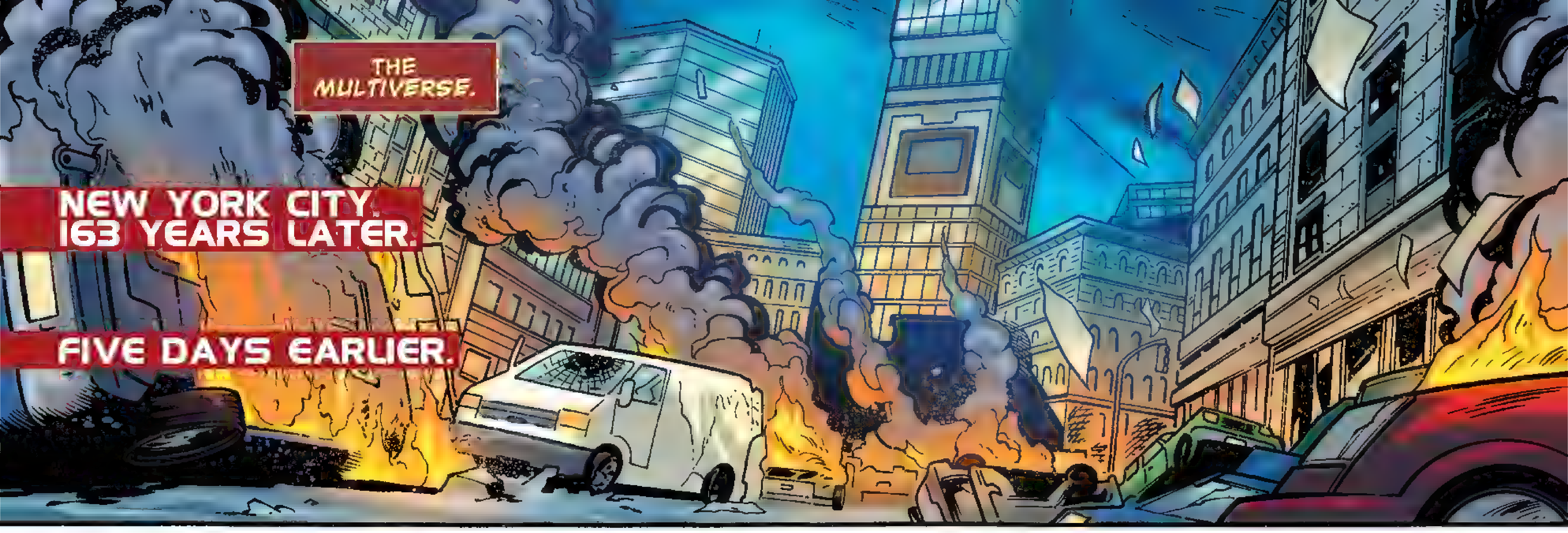
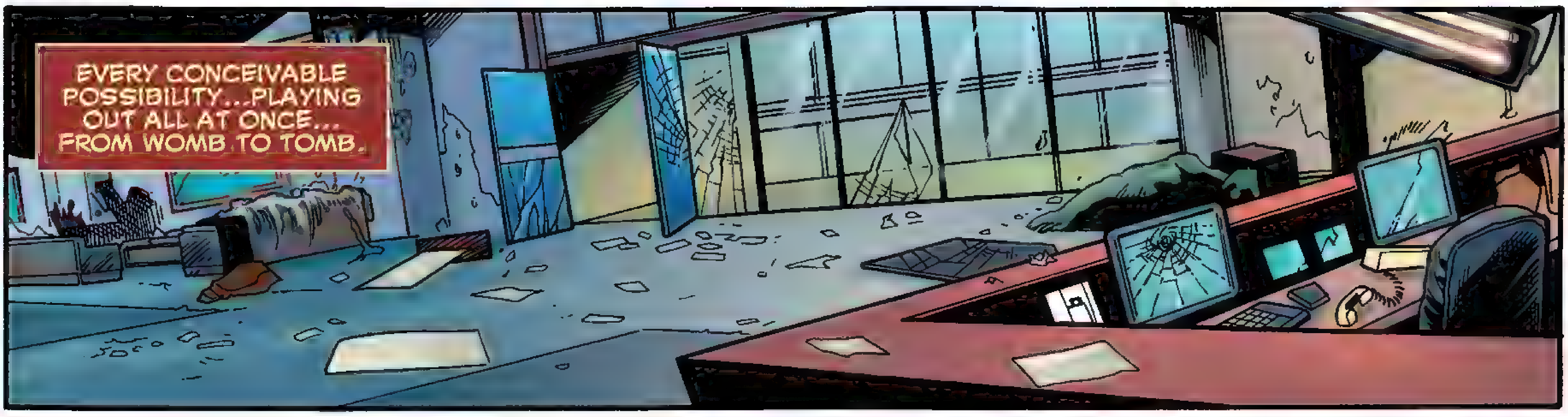
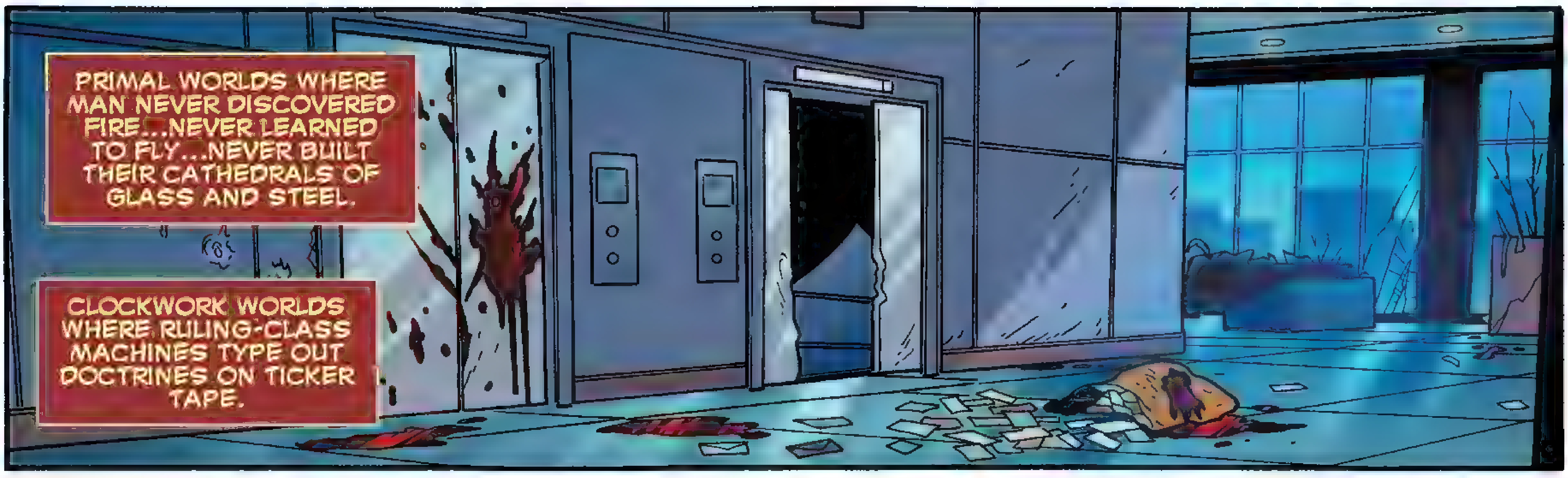
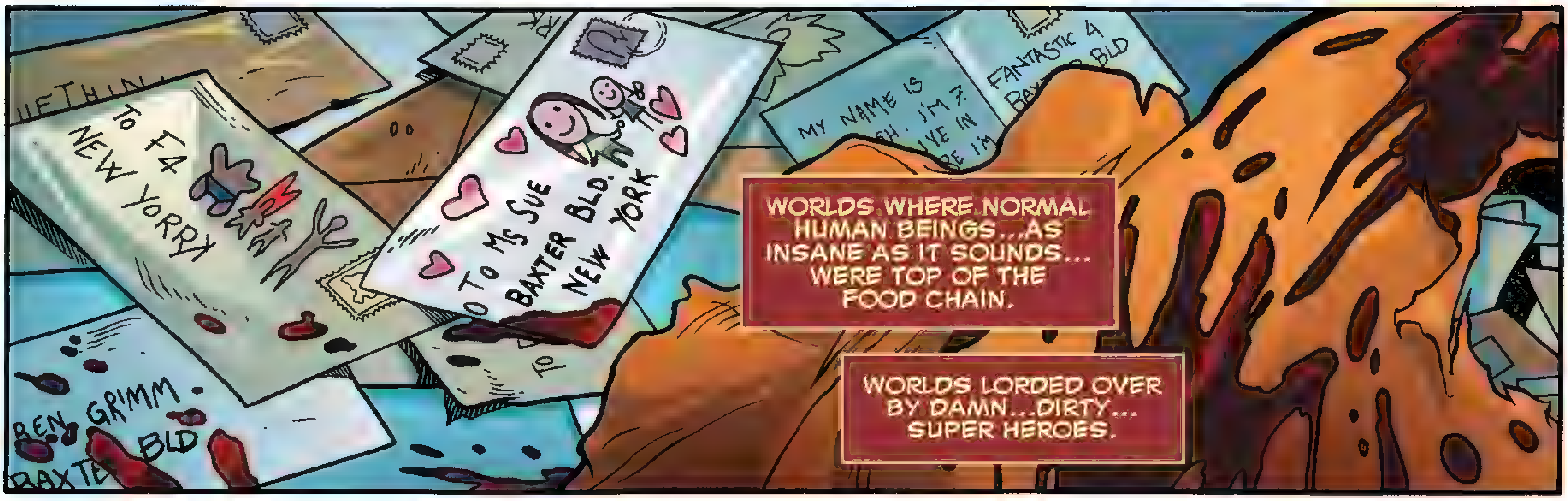
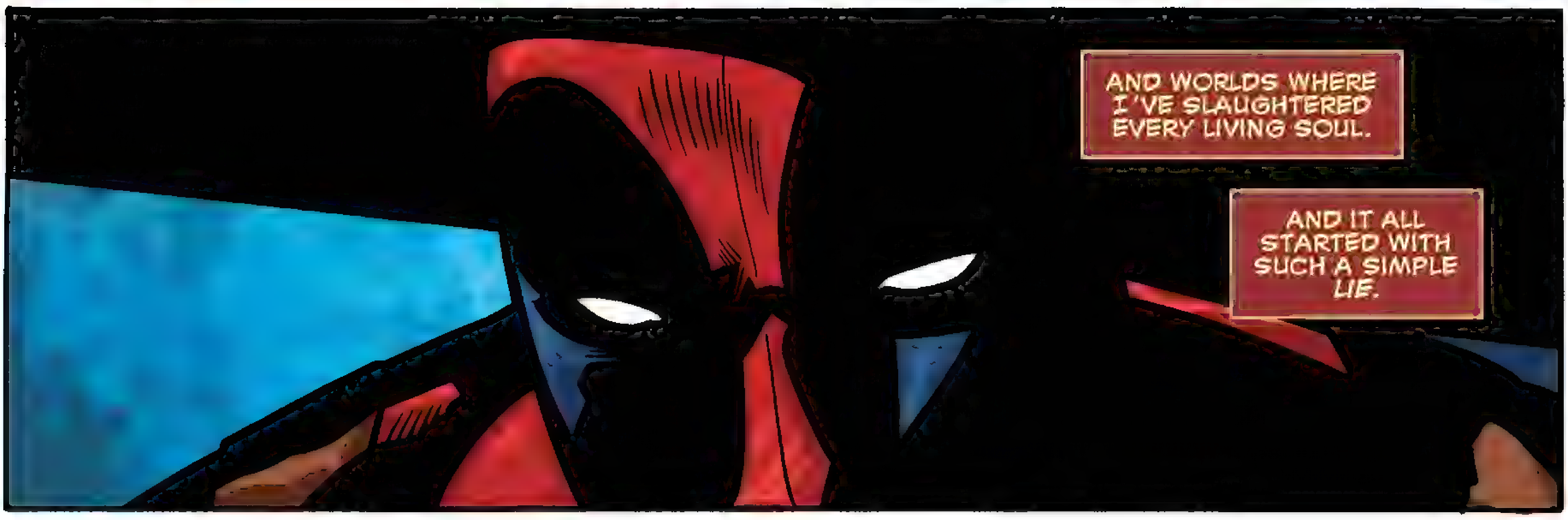

THE MULTIVERSE.
NEW YORK CITY. 163 YEARS LATER.
FIVE DAYS EARLIER.


EVERY CONCEIVABLE POSSIBILITY...PLAYING OUT ALL AT ONCE... FROM WOMB TO TOMB.


PRIMAL WORLDS WHERE MAN NEVER DISCOVERED FIRE...NEVER LEARNED TO FLY...NEVER BUILT THEIR CATHEDRALS OF GLASS AND STEEL.
CLOCKWORK WORLDS WHERE RULING-CLASS MACHINES TYPE OUT DOCTRINES ON TICKER TAPE.


TO F4 NEW YORRK
TO MS SUE BAXTER BLD. NEW YORK
MY NAME IS
FANTASTIC 4
BEN GRIMM BLD
WORLDS WHERE NORMAL HUMAN BEINGS...AS INSANE AS IT SOUNDS... WERE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN.
WORLDS LORDED OVER BY DAMN...DIRTY... SUPER HEROES.


AND WORLDS WHERE I'VE SLAUGHTERED EVERY LIVING SOUL.
AND IT ALL STARTED WITH SUCH A SIMPLE LIE.

THE END IS NEAR.
BUT IT'S *NEVER* GOING TO BE OVER, IS IT?
ALL THE ASSASSINATION... THE SLAUGHTER...
I GUESS THERE *IS* SOMETHING TO THAT WHOLE IDEA OF "*TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.*"
I KILL AND I KILL AND I KILL...BUT IT'S NEVER *ENOUGH.*
THERE'S ALWAYS *ANOTHER* SPIDER-MAN... *ANOTHER* CAPTAIN AMERICA...*ANOTHER* MS. MARVEL...
SUPER HEROES... THE MULTIVERSAL *COCKROACH.*

I WONDER...
YOU THINK... AFTER EVERYTHING I'VE DONE...THEY'D *LET* ME DIE?
PULL THE TRIGGER AND FIND OUT.
CH-CLIK
WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE GIVEN THE WALLS YOUR CEREBRAL JACKSON POLLOCK TREATMENT.
BUT...IF YOU'VE TRULY SEVERED THE EXISTENTIAL UMBILICAL CORD...MAYBE YOU CAN *REST* AT LAST.
IT'S MORE LIKELY YOU'LL *HEAL*...
...OR BE CLONED...OR GO INTO SOME SORT OF LARVAL STATE UNTIL YOU CAN EMERGE AGAIN, STRONGER THAN BEFORE...OR BE RAISED THROUGH BLACK MAGIC...OR--
I GET IT. I GET IT.
IF I GIVE UP NOW...I MIGHT AS WELL BE SELLING MY SOUL TO THE COMPANY STORE.
I MAY BE A NAUGHTY LITTLE PUPPET, BUT I'M STILL A PUPPET.
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU'VE BROKEN FREE FROM THEIR INFLUENCE.
THE *PROGENITORS* WILL WRITE YOU STRAIGHT BACK INTO CONTINUITY IF THEY GET HALF A CHANCE.
THE ONLY WAY FOR THIS TO END IS TO CARVE YOUR WAY THROUGH REALITY UNTIL YOU FIND THE *SOURCE*...
...AND KILL IT.
ALL RIGHT...
...PLAN B, THEN.

GOOD EVENING, MAD SCIENTIST BRIGADE!
WHAT *NASTINESS* HAS MY *THINK TANK* COOKED UP FOR ME TODAY?
DESIGNER ZOMBIE VIRUSES?
MENTALLY UNSTABLE MOLECULES?
PARASITIC PYM PARTICLES?
WHOLESALE GENOCIDE IS MY BUSINESS, AND BUSINESS IS *BOOMING!*
W-WE...WE'VE MADE SOME *INTERESTING* DISCOVERIES.
I BELIEVE Y-YOU'LL BE *PLEASED.*
WELL, I'VE GOT A LOT OF PEOPLE TO KILL AND A SHORT ATTENTION SPAN, SO...
THRILL ME.
WE'VE DEVELOPED SOME NEW THEORIES USING YOUR BELIEF THAT WE ARE ALL *FICTIONAL NONENTITIES* AS A STARTING POINT.
LET'S ASSUME WE ARE ALL NOTHING MORE THAN...*CHARACTER CONCEPTS* BREWED UP LIKE SEA-MONKEYS FROM *CRYPTOBIOSIS.*
WE ARE... *DESIGNED*...BY THIS...*PROGENITOR SPECIES*...THAT CONTROLS EVERY ASPECT OF OUR LIVES FOR THEIR OWN VOYEURISTIC AMUSEMENT.
WE ARE TRAPPED IN...*THE CONTINUITY*... AN ENDLESS CYCLE OF CONFLICT AND VICTORY, DEATH AND RESURRECTION.
"BUT YOU ARE...*SELF-AWARE*... A ROGUE ENTITY WHO CAN PEER THROUGH THE VEIL OF CREATION.
"TO FREE YOURSELF... TO FREE US ALL...YOU MUST BECOME..."
...METACIDAL.

"YOU'VE MURDERED YOUR WAY THROUGH COUNTLESS REALITIES, HOPING TO FIND OUR CREATORS.
"WHOEVER THEY ARE, THOUGH, THEY'VE PROTECTED THEMSELVES... PLANTED DIMENSIONAL SPEED-BUMPS THROUGHOUT ALL OF CREATION.
"YOU CAN TRY TO SCARE THE PROGENITORS OUT OF THEIR HIDING PLACES...BUT THEY'LL ONLY WRITE MORE OBSTACLES INTO YOUR PATH.
"AND REALITY HAS BUILT-IN DEFENSE MECHANISMS. IT ADAPTS. NO TWO VERSIONS OF A SINGLE ENTITY CAN BE KILLED IN THE SAME WAY."
IN THEORY, YOU'VE TRAPPED YOURSELF IN AN INTERMINABLE CYCLE OF HUNTING AND KILLING.
BUT WE'VE DISCOVERED A FISSURE. A HIDDEN METAVERSE. AND IT IS OUR BELIEF THAT THE NONENTITIES THAT EXIST THEREIN REPRESENT EARLIER WORKS OF FICTION.
THE CLASSICS, IF YOU WILL.
SO FAR, THIS ISN'T BLASTING MY SKIRT INTO OBLIVION.
THE FABRIC OF THE COSMOS IS FRAGILE...EVEN MORE SO WHEN ONE REALITY IS LAYERED ON TOP OF ANOTHER.
EVERYTHING HAPPENING AT ONCE...EVERY CONCEPT BIRTHING ANOTHER... EVERY IDEA SPAWNING LIKE SALMON...
THE "CHARACTERS" IN THIS...IDEAVERSE...IN ALL LIKELIHOOD SERVED AS THE INSPIRATIONAL BUILDING BLOCKS FOR THE HEROES AND VILLAINS YOU SEEK TO DESTROY.
...AND IF WE KILL THE INSPIRATION...THE "HEROES" CEASE TO EXIST.
OOOOH. I LIKE IT.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, DON'T YOU?
IT MEANS I HAVE TO DO THE ONE THING I NEVER WANTED TO DO.
IT MEANS GOING TO THE ONE PLACE I FEAR.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
THE END IS NEAR
"IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES, IT WAS THE WORST OF TIMES..."
"ALL HAPPY FAMILIES ARE ALIKE; EACH UNHAPPY FAMILY IS UNHAPPY IN ITS OWN WAY."
"IT IS A LITTLE REMARKABLE THAT... THOUGH DISINCLINED TO TALK OVERMUCH OF MYSELF AND MY AFFAIRS AT THE FIRESIDE, AND TO MY PERSONAL FRIENDS..."
ZZZ-SNORT!
BOOOOOOORRRING!
NO MORE! NO MORE! I CAN'T TAKE IT! ANOTHER WORD AND I'M GONNA GO APE&#$%!
I'D RATHER MURDER SPIDER-MAN A MILLION MORE TIMES THAN READ ANOTHER ONE OF THESE!
AT THIS RATE, IT WILL TAKE FOREVER TO IDENTIFY THE SPECIFIC CORRELATIONS BETWEEN CHARACTERS OF CLASSIC LITERATURE AND OUR TARGETS.
THERE'S REALLY ONLY ONE THING TO DO.
I KNOW. I KNOW.
KILL 'EM ALL!

MOVING YOUR HOME BASE TO A WORLD WHERE THE NEXUS OF ALL REALITIES WAS LOCATED IN THE HEART OF THE BAXTER BUILDING...
...THAT WAS A STRONG *STRATEGIC* MOVE.
NAH. I JUST HATE THE SWAMP. MIGHT'VE BEEN ALL RIGHT FOR MAN-THING, BUT I HATE WHEN MY FEET GET ALL PRUNEY.
BUT TELL ME *MORE* ABOUT MY STRATEGIC GENIUS.
WE'VE USED REED RICHARDS' EQUIPMENT TO PUNCH A HOLE INTO THE IDEAVERSE.
PASSAGE THROUGH THIS MAKESHIFT GATEWAY WILL BE...JARRING.
TIME IS NOT A *CONSTANT* IN THE IDEAVERSE.
YOU'LL MOVE THROUGH TIME AND SPACE RANDOMLY, BUT THE MECHANISMS WITHIN THIS WRIST UNIT SHOULD ALLOW YOU TO CONTROL *WHEN* YOU JUMP.
YOU DONE GOOD, DOC.
YOU ALL DID.
I'M GLAD I KEPT YOU AROUND.
AND I LEFT YOU A LITTLE *FAREWELL PRESENT* FOR AFTER I'M GONE.
FOR NOW, THOUGH...
DO YOUR *WORST*, DOC.

AND I'LL DO *MINE.*
AND NOW...
...PHASE TWO.
HURRY!
THERE'S NO TELLING HOW THE ***COLLAPSE*** OF EVEN A ***PART*** OF THE IDEAVERSE COULD AFFECT OUR EXISTENCE!
THERE'S NO TELLING HOW LONG WE HAVE!
WHAT WE DO NOW... MAKES US...
...HEROES.
GENTLEMEN... IF ALL GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN... WE MAY HAVE SAVED THE--
TIME FOR YOUR PARTING GIFT!
WHHHHI
IRRRR
HHHHHH
RR-RR
EEEEEEE
YOU'VE ALL BEEN WORKING SO HARD.
WHOOOOO WANTS A BACK-RUB?
YYEEEEAAAAAARRGGH!
THIS COULD BE A TRICK, YOU KNOW?

AS FAR AS YOU KNOW, YOU JUST JUMPED INTO THE *NEGATIVE ZONE.*
HAVE A LITTLE FAITH IN THE *STOCKHOLM SYNDROME,* WOULD YA?
BESIDES... YOU SAID IT YOURSELF...THEY COULDN'T KILL ME EVEN IF THEY TRIED.
SO WHERE'S THE *DOWNSIDE?*
LA MANCHA, SPAIN. 1610.
RRRRRFF...
ALL RIGHT.
LET'S FIGURE OUT WHERE I AM AND WHO HAS TO DIE--
--FFFFFFFFFFFF
SHHUNNKK

RRHHRRGG!
WHAT *FOLLY* IS THIS? WHAT *INSULT?*
YONDER *GIANTS* HAVE DISPATCHED A *JESTER* TO PARLEY IN THEIR STEAD!
HHRGGG!
THERE IS NO *HONOR* IN TREATING WITH *BUFFOONS!*
AND NO FOOL WILL STAND IN THE WAY OF *RIGHTEOUS WARFARE!*
SSHHKKKKSSSK
Y-YOU... KNOW...
I KIND OF... HATE THAT... YOU HAD TO BE FIRST.
YOU, I LIKE.
HOW CAN IT BE?
IS IT SOME *SORCERER'S GAME* THAT ALLOWS THIS... GOBLIN...TO *SPEAK* EVEN AS I FLY THE COLOR OF ITS BLOOD AS MY BANNER?

SORRY ABOUT THIS, CHUCKLES...
...BUT YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING IN YOUR *EYE*.
WHA--
SLSSSH
REEAAAGGHH!
OOMPH!
CRASH

RAAGHH!
B-BLINDED!
PLEASE... PLEASE, LORD! LOOK DOWN ON Y-YOUR SERVANT!
HEAL ME SO THAT I MIGHT CONTINUE MY QUEST!
SNAP
DON'T WORRY, PAL.
WHEN IT COMES TO IMPRACTICAL PURSUITS, I GOT YA COVERED.
BLAM
MY GRACE!
YOU... YOU'VE *KILLED* HIM!
WHO'RE YOU?
ON *SECOND* THOUGHT...
...NEVER MIND.
KABOOM
CONSIDER THE WINDMILL *TILTED.*

"WHO'S NEXT?"
1850.
UP AHEAD!
THE *WHALE!* THERE HE IS!
OFF THE PORT BOW!
HARPOONS AT THE READY, MEN!
WHEN THIS BEAST BLOWS, STAB IT RIGHT IN ITS *DEVIL'S HEART!*
STAB IT *DEEP* AND MAKE SURE THE SPEARS TAKE *HOLD!*
CAP'N-- *LOOK!*
PEQUOD
PEQUOD
NO!
HE'S *MY* KILL! HE *BELONGS* TO ME!
I SWORE TO CHASE HIM TO THE *ABYSS* ITSELF, AND IT SEEMS THE BEAST WOULD HOLD ME TO THAT *PROMISE.*
HE *TASKS* ME!

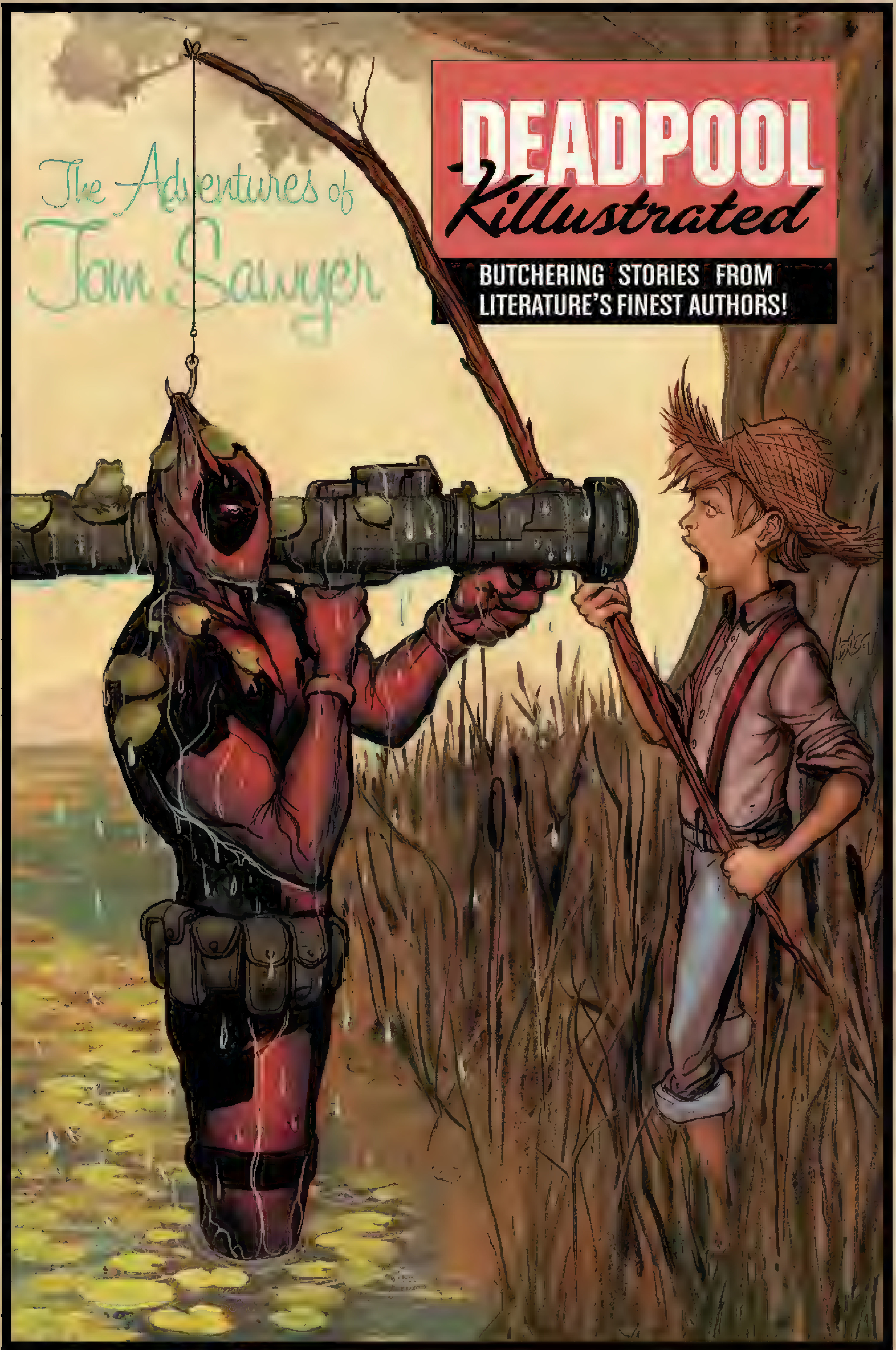
EVEN IN DEATH...
...HE TASKS ME.
WAIT... WHAT'S...
GURGLE
SKLORP
SCHLUKK
HACKING THROUGH BONE AND MUSCLE AND SINEW...
...*GULPING* DOWN STOMACH ACID BY THE MOUTHFUL...
...*CRAWLING* OUT OF A DEAD WHALE'S SMELLY BLOWHOLE...
GUESS I CAN CROSS THAT OFF THE OL' *BUCKET-LIST!*

A SURVIVOR!
HE KILLED THE MONSTER! HE KILLED MOBY DICK!
WHAT IS HE WEARING?!?
BRING HIM ON BOARD!
CAREFUL NOW!
CAREFUL!
THANKS FOR THE LIFT, FELLAS.
BUT...REALLY...SOMEBODY OUGHT TO SCHOOL YOU ABOUT THE DANGERS OF PICKING UP...
WAITAMINUTE.
WHERE'S I PICK UP THIS LITTLE GUY?
SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT.
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.
YOU'RE OUT OF--
--PLACE.
THE VISION?

UH...
THAT...
...WAS DIFFERENT.
YOU'RE ON BOARD THE PEQUOD NOW, STRANGER.
I'M CAPTAIN AHAB, EXTENDING YOU MY HOSPITALITY.
AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE?
CALL ME...
...ISHMAEL.
BUT THAT... THAT'S MY NAME.
OOOH, NEAT!
LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE WE HAVE IN COMMON, HMM?
FOR INSTANCE... I'VE GOT A KNIFE IN MY HAND.
SHUNK
AND YOU'VE GOT ONE RIPPING YOUR LUNGS TO RIBBONS.
HRRK--
ALL RIGHT, SAILORS!
LET'S GET ON WITH IT!
"FROM HELL'S HEART... FOR HATE'S SAKE..."
YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES.

LONDON, ENGLAND.
1895.
The Evening News.
BAFFLING ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENON!
GET YOUR PAPER!
FREAK STORMS CONFOUND SCIENTISTS!
READ ALL ABOUT IT!
221 B
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN *ANYTHING* LIKE--
NO.
IT IS MY SUPPOSITION THAT *NO ONE* HAS EVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE THIS.
YOU WERE WISE TO BRING THIS TO MY ATTENTION.
WELL, WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME *IS* IT?
IT'S A *MESSAGE*, MY DEAR INSPECTOR.
THE GAME IS AFOOT.
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT MONTH:


The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
DEADPOOL
Killustrated
BUTCHERING STORIES FROM LITERATURE'S FINEST AUTHORS!

TOM SAWYER: RENT IN TWAIN!

DEADPOOL
Killustrated

BUTCHERING STORIES FROM LITERATURE'S FINEST AUTHORS

NO. 2

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

MARVEL

BUNN
LOLLI
PARSONS
GANDINI

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DEADPOOL *Killustrated*

Chapter II:

Strong Temptations—Strategic Movements—the Innocents Beguiled

SATURDAY MORNING WAS come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face and a spring in every step. So much joy and life for Deadpool to kill!

Don't get him wrong—he ain't killing because he likes it, he's killing because it's the right thing to do. No one deserves to be some sorta slave to the fancies of others, even if they are a fictional person. It ain't right for super heroes, and it ain't right for all these classical-type characters from old books. The fact that killin' them dusty old fossils would kill the inspiration for the tight-wearing folk Deadpool was familiar with was just the icing on the murder cake—and murder cake was just the kind Deadpool was itchin' to bake that day.

So far, Deadpool had already killed the biggest darned white whale I've ever seen, as well as an older, horse-riding gentleman with some sort of grudge against windmills. He was just about to kill an angry boat captain with a wooden leg when last we saw him. Of course, he don't even realize that he's gonna have to reckon with a certain crime-solving Englishman before he's through…

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LONDON. 1895.
...YOUR WORLD IS IN GRAVE PERIL... AND ÷SKKZ÷ IT IS MY FAULT.
WE SENT THE MANIAC KNOWN AS ÷SKKZ÷ DEADPOOL INTO ÷SKKZ÷ ONE OF MANY ÷SKKZ÷ FOUNDATIONAL REALITIES--
--THE IDEAVERSE. ÷SKKZ÷ YOUR REALITY.
DEADPOOL BELIEVES THAT HIS EXISTENCE...THE EXISTENCE OF ÷SKKZ÷ EVERYONE IN HIS WORLD...IS A LIE...
...A CONSTRUCT OF THE ÷SKKZ÷ PROGENITORS...A SADISTIC GROUP THRIVING ON THE SUFFERING OF THEIR CREATIONS...
...AND HE BELIEVES ÷SKKZ÷ THAT THE ONLY WAY TO SET HIMSELF FREE FROM ENDLESS ÷SKKZ÷ TORMENT... TO SET EVERYONE FREE...
...IS TO SLAUGHTER HIS WAY THROUGH THE MULTIVERSE UNTIL HE CAN FIND AND KILL THE CREATORS THEMSELVES...
...AND IT TERRIFIES ME ÷SKKZ÷ THAT HE MAY BE RIGHT.
DEADPOOL BELIEVES...BECAUSE I ÷SKKZ÷ TOLD HIM...
...THAT THERE IS A POCKET MULTIVERSE... WHERE THE HEROES AND VILLAINS OF COUNTLESS WORLDS...COUNTLESS STORIES... ARE THE INSPIRATION FOR THE ÷SKKZ÷ HEROES AND VILLAINS OF HIS WORLD.
IF HE DESTROYS YOU...HE DESTROYS EVERY ITERATION OF HIS PREY.
HIS MERE PRESENCE IN THE IDEAVERSE IS ÷SKKZ÷ DANGEROUS.
HIS MOVEMENTS FROM ONE WORLD TO THE NEXT...USING ADMITTEDLY VULGAR TECHNOLOGY...WILL, GIVEN ENOUGH ÷SKKZ÷ TIME CAUSE A REALITY PROLAPSE.
IT IS A DESPERATE ACT.
YOU MUST ÷SKKZ÷ UNDERSTAND... SENDING HIM TO YOUR UNIVERSE IS NOT AN ACT OF AGGRESSION.
WE CANNOT STOP HIM. HE UNDERSTANDS US TOO WELL.
BUT HE DOES NOT FULLY UNDERSTAND YOUR WORLD. YOU MAY STAND A CHANCE AGAINST HIS MADNESS.
FOR THIS REASON, I HAVE SENT THESE ÷SKKZ÷ MESSAGES INTO THE IDEAVERSE...

"...IN HOPES THAT SOMEONE CAN STOP DEADPOOL BEFORE HE DESTROYS BOTH MY REALITY AND YOURS."
THE PACIFIC OCEAN. 1850.
PEQUOD
NO PUSHING! NO SHOVING!
THERE'S PLENTY OF ME TO GO AROUND AND I'VE GOT ALL DAY!
I MEAN... BETWEEN THE BACKBREAKING WORK, THE LOW PAY, AND THE SCURVY... YOU'D THINK YOU GUYS WOULD BE *EAGER* TO END IT ALL!
AND...
...YOOHOO!
CAPTAIN AHAB!
I ALREADY KILLED THAT BIG, BLUBBERY THORN IN YOUR SIDE!
YOUR LIFE'S WORK IS *OVER!*
THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS GIVE ME A *HIGH-FIVE* BEFORE I CUT YOUR HEART OUT!
KEEP BACK! KEEP BACK, YE DAMNED FIEND!

WOULD YA LOOK AT THAT...
HE'S CHANGING.
IF IT ISN'T GENERAL THUNDERBOLT ROSS HIMSELF!
ROSS
BY THE HEAVENS, KEEP AWAY!
YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, DON'T YOU?
IT'S WORKING.
AAARRRGH!
SHUNK
EITHER THAT...OR I'M MORE MESSED UP THAN I THOUGHT.
PROBABLY *BOTH*.
AAARRRGH!
PLEASE... PLEASE...
COME ON, AHAB.
WHERE'S ALL THAT BLUSTER AND RIGHTEOUS FURY WHEN YOU REALLY NEED IT?
THE WAY YOU'RE MEWLING, YOU'RE TAKING ALL THE *FUN* OUT OF THIS.
WELL... NOT *REALLY*, BUT--
HNH?
WOOOSH

SOMETHING'S *WRONG*.
YOU *BET* SOMETHING'S WRONG! AHAB'S DOING THE DOGPADDLE WHEN HE SHOULD BE DOING THE DEAD MAN'S FLOAT!
THAT'S THE *NAUTILUS*.
THE GYM?
LOOK, I MAY HAVE BEEN LETTING MYSELF GO JUST A BIT, BUT--
HEY! THAT EXERCISE EQUIPMENT IS MAKING OFF WITH MY WOULD-BE VICTIM!
IT *SHOULDN'T* BE HERE.
LIKE WE'RE ONE TO--

HEY!
NOT SO *HANDSY!*
YOU KNOW... FOR A CLASSIC OF MODERN LITERATURE, THIS HAS ALL THE MAKINGS OF AN *X-RATED ANIME!*
NOTE TO SELF... NEXT UNIVERSE TO VISIT IS--
SORRY, GUYS!
NO TIME FOR LOVE!
I'LL HAVE TO CATCH OL' AHAB LATER.
FOR NOW--
"--LET'S FIND SOME LOW-HANGING FRUIT."

ST. PETERSBURG, MISSOURI.
WHAT YOU DOING THERE, TOM?
CHORES?
CAN'T RIGHTLY CALL THIS A *CHORE*... SEEING HOW MUCH *FUN* IT IS.
FUN? YOU'RE *FOOLING* US, AIN'T YA?
WOULDN'T JOKE ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE THIS!
IF THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL A CHORE, WELL THEN, CHORES SUIT ME JUST FINE!
WELL, HEY THERE, TOM... WHY DON'T YA LET ME HAVE A TURN PAINTING THAT FENCE.
NAW...I'M AFRAID IF YOU TAKE A TURN, YOU WON'T *NEVER* GIVE ME BACK MY BRUSH.
COME ON, TOM!
IT JUST AIN'T NEIGHBORLY NOT TO SHARE.
ALL RIGHT, I RECKON--
WHOA! GET A LOAD OF THIS FELLA COMING DOWN THE STREET!
LOOK AT THAT THERE FANCY PIG-STICKER! AND HE'S DRESSED LIKE A--
SLASH
OH!
TOM? TOM!
HOW MUCH FUN IS FENCE-PAINTING NOW?
WHAT'D I TELL YOU?

"...THESE GUYS ARE GONNA BE A BUNCH OF PUSHOVERS."
HKKK GRRK
FOR COUNTLESS CENTURIES, I HAVE WAGED WAR AGAINST ANYONE FOOLHARDY ENOUGH TO TAKE UP ARMS AGAINST MY HELLISH FURY!
BUT NEVER HAVE I ENCOUNTERED ONE SO BRAZENLY IMPRUDENT!
YOU DARE VIOLATE MY LAIR?
IN ALL FAIRNESS...
...GGKK...
I HAVEN'T VIOLATED ANYTHING JUST YET.
I THOUGHT WE MIGHT GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER FIRST--
TRANSYLVANIA.
WWHWHUU-- OOOF!
CRACK
NNNNNN
NOT COOL.

NO WONDER THE KIDS LIKE *SPARKLY* VAMPIRES MORE THAN THEY LIKE YOU.
ME...I'M 100% TEAM JACOB.
AND REALLY...
I *VANT* TO KICK YOUR ASS!
YOUR WORDS BETRAY YOUR *MADNESS*.
YOU MAY HAVE COME HERE TO *DIE* AT MY HANDS...BUT I'LL NOT TASTE YOUR *TAINTED* BLOOD.
MY BRIDES MAY DO WITH YOU WHAT THEY WILL.
THEIR APPETITES ARE INSATIABLE... AND THEY ARE NOT SO PICKY.
IN THE END, YOU WILL BE THEIR CREATURE, JUST AS THEY ARE MINE.
OKAY...
...WE'VE GOT CANDLES...
...SEXY LADIES IN NIGHTIES.
AS FAR AS DEATHS GO...

...THIS SOUNDS HOT.
RREEAARGH! IT BURNS!
THE THING ABOUT VAMPIRES... THEY BURN LIKE DRY WOOD.
ONLY *YOU* CAN PREVENT FANG-FIRES.
HEH.
SO...YOU HAVE DESTROYED ONE OF MY *JACKALS*...
DO YOU THINK THERE ARE NOT A DOZEN...A *HUNDRED*...WOMEN WHO WOULD WILLINGLY GIVE THEMSELVES TO THE NIGHT?
AND EVEN THOUGH THEY FEAR THE FLAMES, THEY WOULD FALL UPON YOU AGAIN IF I DESIRED IT.
WOW...THAT'S *COLD*.
YOU'RE A LOT MORE OF AN &#$% THAN YOU COME ACROSS IN ALL THOSE MOVIES.
NNAAAARRGGH!

"SO...THAT'S THAT, HUH?"
IN ONE FELL SWOOP, I JUST KILLED OFF ALL THE VAMPIRES FROM OUR WORLD.
DRACULA... MORBIUS...BARON BLOOD...BLADE...
THAT'S THE *THEORY*.
IT'S POSSIBLE THAT *OTHERS* CEASED TO EXIST, TOO. WHO'S TO SAY DR. STRANGE...ELSA BLOODSTONE...OR ANY NUMBER OF OTHERS WEREN'T DERIVATIVES OF DRACULA AS WELL?
YOU REALIZE, OF COURSE, THAT I MIGHT SET OFF A CHAIN REACTION THAT DESTROYS *ME*, TOO.
YES.
THAT'S HOW YOU'LL KNOW YOU *WON*.

...
NOW WHERE THE HELL AM I?
AND WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
THERE A MONSTER TRUCK RALLY GOING ON NEARBY OR WHAT?
RRRRAAAAAAN!
GHOST RIDER?
RR-RRRRRAAAAAAANN!
WHUUFF!
WHAT'S A DEMON-POSSESSED REDNECK LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE--

OH.
SLEEPY HOLLOW, NEW YORK.
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
CHOCK
NNNF!

GREAT.
NOW I'M GONNA HAVE PUMPKIN HEAD.
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
YOU WERE ALWAYS ONE OF MY *FAVORITE* CAMPFIRE STORIES, Y'KNOW?
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
SLLUSH
KINDA DEPRESSING, REALLY.
BUT YA GOTTA GO.
RE-HN-HNN-RRRRRREEEE
AHH!

W-WAIT!
HNNF
WAIT!
I'M NO DOCTOR, BUT...
...MAN-OH-MAN...
...YOU OUGHTA HAVE THAT *UGLY GROWTH* ON YOUR CHEST LOOKED AT!
SHRRP
DON'T WORRY. I'M NO MONSTER.
I'M A GENIE IN A BOTTLE, BABY.
AND YOU... YOU WANTED TO BE THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN, RIGHT?
PLEASE, SIR! MY NAME'S *BROM BONES!*
I MISTOOK YOU FOR SOMEONE ELSE!
I WAS ONLY *JOSHING* YOU, IS ALL!
I NEVER EXPECTED TO RUN INTO ANY *REAL* MONSTER!
WISH *GRANTED.*

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.
"WHEN I WAS A KID, I LIKED SNAPPING THE HEADS OFF DOLLIES."
GUESS I NEVER GREW OUT OF THAT FETISH, HUH?
KNOCK-KNOCK, LADIES.
COOPERATE AND I'LL MAKE THIS AS *PAINLESS* AS--
FWONG
ARE YOU *KIDDING* ME?!
HIT HIM, SISTERS!
I DON'T KNOW WHO THIS WRETCHED PEEPING TOM MIGHT BE... WHAT WITH HIS MASK...
...BUT HIS INTENTIONS MUST NOT BE HONORABLE... AND SO--

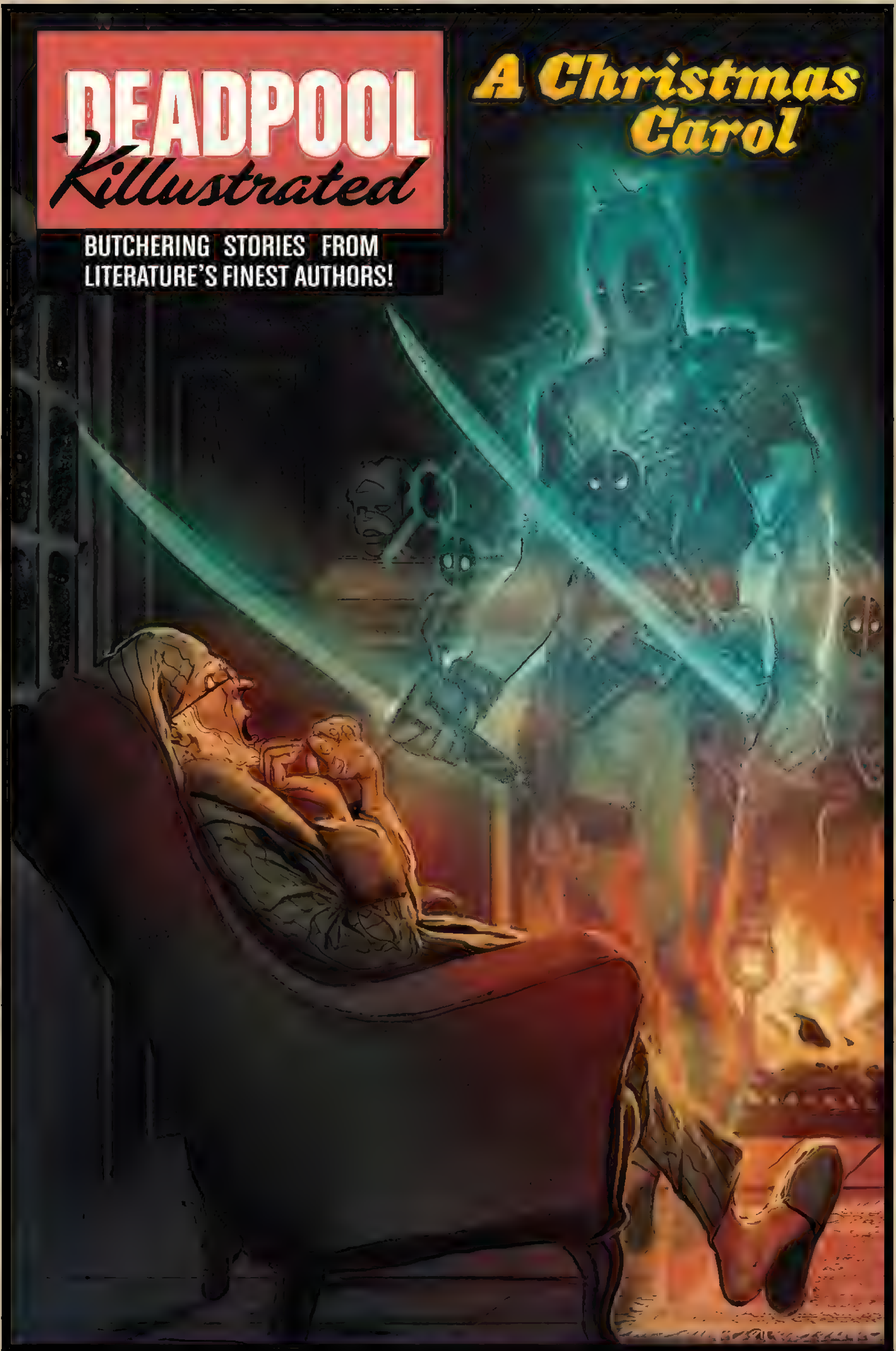
HIT HIM!
FWU--
BOOONG
SHUNK
OH!
OH, HE'S RUINED MY DRESS!
SLSSSH
GGGK!
WE'LL SEW YOU A NEW DRESS, JO, ONCE WE'VE DRIVEN THIS AWFUL, AWFUL MAN AWAY!
IF FATHER WERE HOME, THIS RUFFIAN WOULDN'T HAVE NEVER COME HERE!
WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES!
BUT WE DON'T NEED FATHER, AMY.
FATHER WILL BE SO *PROUD!*

"LITTLE WOMEN." HEH...
NICE GIRLS...REAL SWEETHEARTS...
I WAS... SAVING THIS FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION...
...BUT YOU LADIES HAVE REALLY PISSED ME OFF...
WHAT IS *THAT?*
IT LOOKS LIKE...
TH-TH-THUMP-THUMP
DON'T TOUCH IT, BETH! IT MIGHT--
HRRRGH...
I DON'T GET IT...I KILLED SPIDER-MAN... THE AVENGERS... THE X-MEN...
IS IT JUST ME... OR SHOULD I BE HAVING AN *EASIER TIME* WITH THESE DUSTY OLD CLASSICS?
MAYBE IT'S TIME TO FACE FACTS, WADE...IF YOU'RE GONNA KILL A UNIVERSE...

"...YOU JUST CAN'T GO IT *ALONE*."
221 B
I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE THE INTRUSION INTO YOUR LIVES...AND INDEED INTO YOUR *WORLDS*.
BRINGING YOU ALL TOGETHER HERE IS, MOST ASSUREDLY, A *DRASTIC MEASURE*...
...BUT IT PLEASES ME THAT YOU SEE THE NECESSITY OF SUCH A *SEVERE* APPROACH.
I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT THIS THREAT WOULD HAVE FOUND EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US AT SOME POINT.
INDEED, IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THE ACTIONS OF THIS ONE *MALCONTENT* COULD VERY WELL BRING ALL OF OUR WORLDS CRASHING DOWN.
IT WAS THROUGH NO SMALL EFFORT THAT WE WERE ABLE TO RECALIBRATE MR. WELLS' FANTASTIC DEVICE...
...ALLOWING TRANSPORT BETWEEN THE DIFFERENT DIMENSIONAL POCKETS.
IN THIS WAY, HOWEVER, WE'LL TAKE THE *FIGHT* TO OUR ENEMY.
WE'LL ROOT HIM OUT...
...AND SEE HIS FIENDISHNESS *UNDONE*.

BEOWULF, THE MONSTER-KILLER.
THE TRACKER, *NATTY BUMPPO.*
THE WARRIOR, *HUA MULAN.*
AND MY DEAR *DR. WATSON.*
IT'S A MURDERER WE MUST APPREHEND, MY FRIENDS, AND NOTHING LESS THAN THE *WHOLE OF EXISTENCE* HANGS IN THE BALANCE.
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT:


DEADPOOL
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BUTCHERING STORIES FROM LITERATURE'S FINEST AUTHORS!
A Christmas Carol

SCROOGE IS VISITED BY
THREE BULLETS!

DEADPOOL Killustrated

BUTCHERING STORIES FROM LITERATURE'S FINEST AUTHORS!

NO. 3

A Christmas Carol

MARVEL
PARENTAL ADVISORY! NOT FOR KIDS!

BUNN
LOLLI
PARSONS
GANDINI

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DEADPOOL Killustrated

Stave 3: The Second of the Three Spirits

Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One. He felt that he was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, but while he was beginning his especial meeting with the second specter of the trio dispatched to him, another traveler through the length, breadth and expanse of space and time was doing some dispatching of his own, namely the variety from whence none of the dispatched ever come hence again.

Deadpool was the name of said traveler, and he bore ill will towards not just Scrooge, but every one of the miserly gentleman's fictional brethren, birthed from deep within the imaginations of their respective authors, but found given flesh and life itself here in the depth of what Deadpool has come to know as "the Ideaverse." Coming as he did from a world of powerful and colorfully clad heroes and villains the likes of which he wishes to see stricken from the annals of existence, Deadpool had made the hazardous journey into the Ideaverse with the intent, circumspect as it may be, of reaching his goals by divesting reality of the formative inspirations for the characters he so despises.

A gentleman with a free and easy flair for the slaughter of his fellow, Deadpool had not considered that one of his victims, a scientist and preeminent thinker (albeit one considered by many to be mad) from the world of the super-humanly empowered, managed to send forth a warning into the Ideaverse on Deadpool's trail. As luck may have it, this highly important portent found its way into the hands in which it might have perhaps the most efficacy possible—those of the famous fictional consulting detective, one mister Sherlock Holmes. Holmes, for his part, wasted no time in acting to counter the madman's goals, to which end he used a re-purposed time-traveling device borrowed from a Mr. Wells to assemble a team comprised of the famous tracker Natty Bumpo, warrior woman Hua Mulan, monster-slayer Beowulf, and his own medically trained compatriot, Dr. John Watson.

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CHRISTMAS FUTURE!
WHAT IS THIS YOU SHOW ME, SPIRIT?
THIS FUTURE... MY *DEATH*...IS IT WHAT *WILL* BE OR WHAT *COULD* BE?
IF I CHANGE MY SELFISH WAYS, MIGHT I ALTER MY *ACCURSED FATE?*
I DOUBT IT, McDUCK.
WHAT TALL, DARK AND GHOSTLY DIDN'T TELL YOU WAS THAT YOUR FUNERAL...
...IS GONNA BE OF THE *CLOSED CASKET* VARIETY.
THANKS TO ME.
AND JUST SO YOU KNOW...
SIM, SCOTT, MURRAY, FINNEY, WINKLER...EVEN LUCCI...
...ALL BETTER *SCROOGES* THAN YOU.
ENOUGH JOKES-- DO IT
KABLAM
I...I'VE DONE IT!
IT'S...
IT'S...

INGOLSTADT. 17--
IT'S ALIVE!
I'VE WROUGHT LIFE AFTER DEATH, IGOR!
WHERE THERE WAS LIFELESS, DECAYING FLESH, NOW THERE IS PUMPING BLOOD...A BEATING HEART!
I DEFY PHYSICAL INJURY!
I DEFY ILLNESS!
I DEFY THE MERCILESSNESS OF TIME!
I DEFY GOD!

AND YOU!
CREATURE!
SPEAK IF YOU'RE ABLE.
WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO--
AGGGH!
SHACK
NNNNNNNNN
YAAAGGGH!
KRRA-SMASH

WHAT...
WHAT IS HAPPENING?
THE CREATURE'S BRAIN--
ABNORMAL!
IGOR!
WHERE ARE YOU?
WHERE DID YOU ACQUIRE THE CREATURE'S--
SORRY, DOC.
OL' IGOR'S KINDA LYING DOWN ON THE JOB.
MEANING--I KILLED HIM.
AND THAT BRAIN HE TOOK FOR YOUR LITTLE EXPERIMENT?
A WHOLE BUNCH OF IT WAS *MINE.*
DUG IT OUT MYSELF.
USED A *SPORK.*
BUT...
...MY WORK.
WHY... WOULD YOU...

SEE...
I'VE BEEN HAVING A REAL TOUGH TIME LATELY.
I'VE BEEN HOPPING AROUND THE *IDEAVERSE*, TRYING TO KILL OFF ALL THE *CLASSICS*, Y'KNOW?
TURNS OUT, THOUGH, YOU GUYS ARE A LOT *TOUGHER* THAN I EXPECTED.
HNN--
I FIGURED I COULD USE SOME *BACK-UP*.
YOU KNOW... SOMEONE I COULD COUNT ON.
BUT...
...THIS IS A *MISUSE* OF SCIENCE.
MY CREATURE IS NOT A MECHANISM OF *DEATH*.
IT'S--
CRACK
SO...THAT'S WHAT IT FEELS LIKE...DOING THE DIRTY WORK YOURSELF.
HOW LIBERATING.

THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU. 1896.
ONCE AGAIN, WE ARE TOO LATE.
I'VE MATCHED WITS WITH THE MOST *MALEFICENT* MINDS ON THE PLANET, BUT THIS...*DEADPOOL*... VEXES ME WITH HIS *MADNESS.*
LILLIPUT. 1699.
EVEN THOUGH WE'VE MODIFIED THE *TIME-MACHINE* TO TRAVEL THROUGH THE VARIOUS REALITIES OF THE SO-CALLED *IDEAVERSE,* WE REMAIN TWO STEPS BEHIND THE MURDERER.
ROME. 44 BC.
THESE PEOPLE... THESE PLACES...ARE *STRANGE* TO ME... AND YET SOME...ARE EVEN MORE SINGULAR IN THEIR *FAMILIARITY.*
HOLMES...
THE MURDERER...YOU SAID HE'S WORKING *ALONE*...
...BUT THERE WAS *SOMEONE* WITH HIM.
I HAVE THOUGHT OF LATE THAT HE THINKS LIKE A MAN OF TWO MINDS... AN INDICATION OF HIS INSANITY.
WHAT A GHASTLY TURN OF EVENTS, THOUGH, IF HE HAS SOMEHOW FOUND A WAY TO GIVE HIS OTHER PERSONALITY *PHYSICAL FORM.*
HASTE, MY FRIENDS! WE MUST MAKE *HASTE*...

"...OR THERE WILL BE NOTHING REMAINING FOR US TO SAVE."
INDIA. 1900.
TALKING ANIMALS.
IF I KNEW I HAD TO KILL A BUNCH OF MOUTHY CRITTERS, I COULD HAVE INVADED THE CARTOON UNIVERSE.
ACTUALLY... THAT WOULDA BEEN PRETTY SWEET.
THESE... CREATURES... ARE NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY.
THEIR STORIES ARE FULL OF VIOLENCE AND DEATH.
WHATEVS.
I CAUGHT THE MOVIE AT THE DRIVE-IN WHEN I WAS A KID.
SINGING AND DANCING LIONS, TIGERS, AND BEARS...
OOH! I'M SHAKING IN MY BVDS.
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

RRRRAAAAAAGGGHH!
YIII!
WHO ARE YOU WHO KILLS OUR FRIENDS?
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO HE IS, BAGHEERA.
FINISH HIM... QUICKLY!
AS YOU WISH, MOWGLI.
TAKE IT EASY.
NICE KIT--
WHUP!
WHACK
HU-YEEEAAGGH!
RAAAR-ROOWR!
SKSHH
HGGGKKK--
GRRRRRRRRR
KRRNCH

HRRRRR
YOU'RE A BIG ONE, AREN'T YOU?
LUCKILY... YOU AND YOUR MASTER HAVE ANGERED ALL THE BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE.
AND BAGHEERA AND I ARE NOT ALONE.
RRR?
THIS MONSTER STINKS LIKE THE DEAD!
RAAAGGHH!
SMELLS DON'T LIE!
IT SHOULDN'T BE WALKING!
I'LL TEAR IT DOWN! BURY IT AGAIN!

Y-YOU GUYS...
RRR
...GOT ME ALL WRONG.
I DO NOT THINK SO.
BALOO IS RIGHT. YOU REEK OF BLOOD.
YOU SMELL LIKE A *KILLER.*
AND SMELLS DON'T LIE.
SMELLS AND HIPS, JUNGLE BOY. SMELLS AND HIPS...
BUT YOU'RE STILL ALL MIXED UP.
I'M PLANNING ON KILLING YOU, SURE.
BUT YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG IF YOU THINK I'M WORKING ALONE.
I'VE LEARNED THE VALUE OF *OUTSOURCING!*
SHERE KHAN!
RRRRAAGGHH!

THE TIGER WANTS ALL OF YOU DEAD *ALMOST* AS MUCH AS WE DO!
WE GAVE HIM THE OPPORTUNITY TO FULFILL HIS WISH.
EVEN IF IT MEANT *SACRIFICING* HIS OWN LIFE.
DON'T YOU SEE?
ALL OF YOU ARE BUT A *SACRIFICE* FOR THE GREATER GOOD!
HAARROOOG!
SHUNK
NO.
IT CANNOT BE.
MOWGLI... DEAD...
WE STILL HAD STORIES TO TELL.
DON'T WORRY.
WHEN I'M DONE...THERE WON'T BE *ANY* STORIES TO TELL.
SLASH!

CARIBBEAN SEA. 1754.
HISPANIOLA
"LOOK THERE!
"THE LITTLE MERMAID HAS LED US TO ANOTHER SHIP...
"DESTROYED, MUCH LIKE YOUR OWN."

LIKE MY *OWN?*
SO YOU MIGHT BELIEVE.
BUT THIS SHIP... THIS *HISPAÑIOLA*... PREDATES THE PEQUOD BY NEARLY A *CENTURY*, I'D IMAGINE.
JUST AS YOUR OWN VESSEL...THIS MARVEL OF SCIENCE... AND INDEED YOU YOURSELF, *CAPTAIN NEMO*, BELONG TO AN ALTOGETHER *DIFFERENT* TIME.
VERY *ASTUTE*, MY GOOD CAPTAIN AHAB. AND QUITE *TROUBLING*.
SOMEHOW, THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF TIME AND SPACE ARE BEGINNING TO *CRUMBLE*.
WHAT ONCE EXISTED IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT TIME PERIODS NOW EXISTS IN ONE.
SOMETHING HAS ENTERED OUR WORLD...AN *ANOMALY*... A CANCER...THAT IS ROTTING EXISTENCE ITSELF.
WE MUST FIND THIS MALIGNANCY AND CUT IT OUT BEFORE MORE DAMAGE IS DONE.
BRING THE NAUTILUS TO THE SURFACE AND SEND A CREW OUT TO SEARCH FOR *SURVIVORS!*
AYE, CAPTAIN!

SPLOOSH
LOOK LIVELY!
OVER THERE!
SURVIVORS!
CAREFUL, NOW!
CAREFUL!

WE FOUND TWO SURVIVORS, CAPTAIN!
NOT SURE IF THEY'LL LAST MUCH LONGER, THOUGH.
BRING THEM HERE!
QUICKLY!
THESE BLOKES ARE GUTLESS *PIRATES* FROM THE LOOKS OF THEM.
WE WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF LEAVING THEM FOR THE GULLS TO PICK CLEAN!
NOW, NOW, AHAB.
THEY MAY BE ABLE TO SHED SOME LIGHT ON *WHOEVER* ATTACKED THEM.
MY SUSPICION IS IT WAS THE SAME MAN WHO ATTACKED YOUR SHIP...THE VERY ANOMALY THAT IS CAUSING OUR WORLD TO COLLAPSE UPON ITSELF.
AND IF IT WAS THE SAME CUTTHROAT? THEN WHAT?
THEN WE'LL BE ONE STEP CLOSER TO FINDING HIM AND--
DON'T WORRY ABOUT FINDING *US*.

WE'VE ALREADY FOUND YOU!
YEEEAAARRRGGGH!
CHHUNKK
HRRRK!
WHAT IS THIS?
IT'S CALLED A *SUCKER PUNCH*, CAPTAIN.
YOU'RE THE SUCKER.

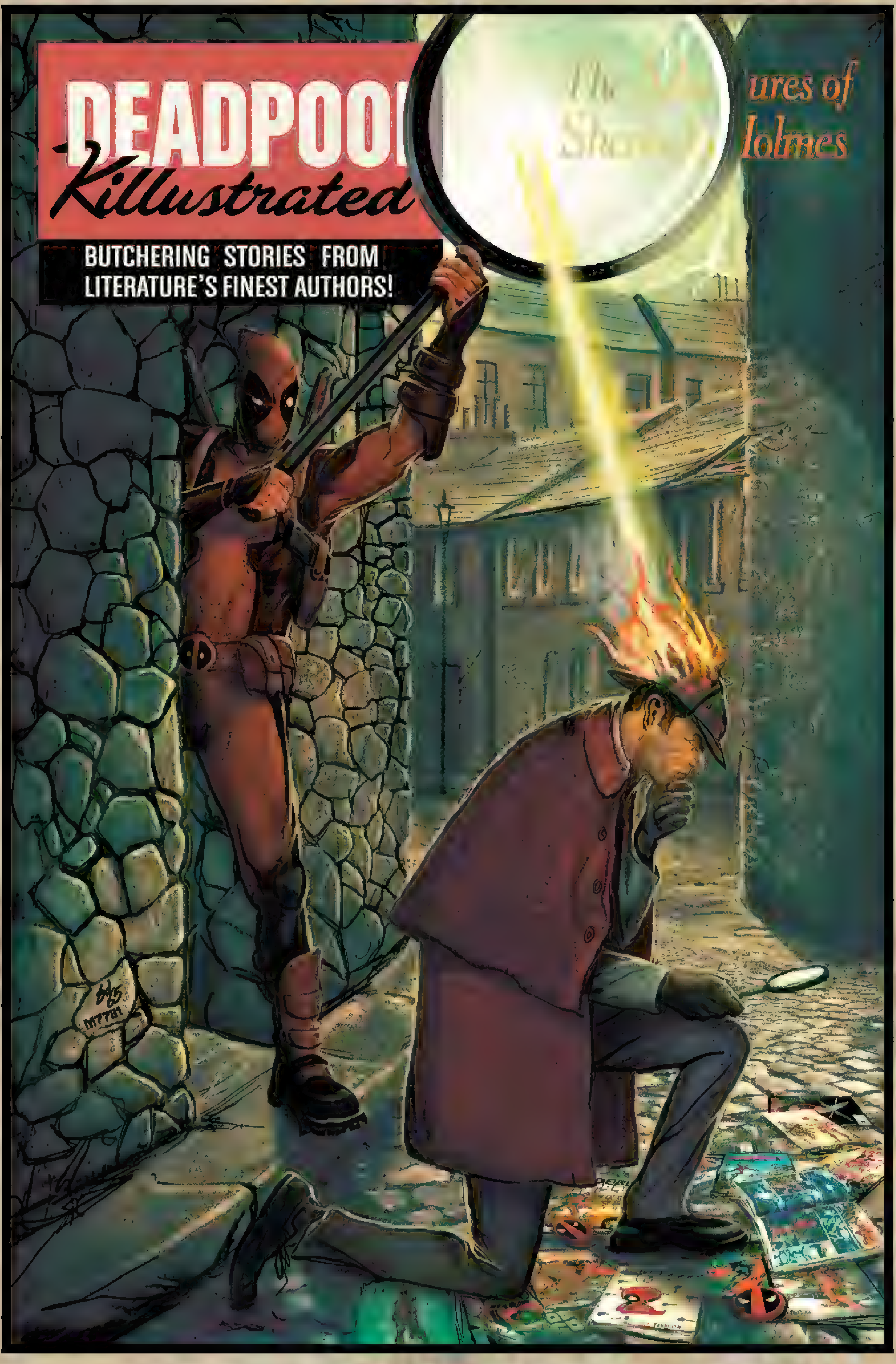
NN-NO...
ALL... ALMIGHTY...
ALMIGHTY GOD...ENOUGH!
ENOUGH.
ENOUGH?
'FRAID NOT.
I FEEL YOUR PAIN, CAP.
I REALLY DO.
I WANT TO BE FINISHED WITH MY TASK AS MUCH AS YOU DO.

"BUT 'ENOUGH?'
"I ONLY WISH."
SHHWWWWOO-THOOOOOOM

BWAHAHAHAHA!
DID YOU SEE THAT? DID YOU?
THE LITTLE MERMAID... *NAMOR?*
BWAHAHAHA!
WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO SEE THE SUB-MARINER'S FACE WHEN HE FOUND OUT HE WAS INSPIRED BY A... A...*MERMAID!*
GUESS I WON'T GET THAT CHANCE, THOUGH, HUH?
JUST LIKE THAT, NAMOR DOESN'T EXIST ANYMORE.
AND NOW THAT WE'VE GOT CONTROL OF THIS SUB...

STRAIT OF MESSINA.
1178 BC.
"WELL...IT'S TIME TO GO AFTER BIG GAME."
SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.
BUCKLE UP.
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT MONTH: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The ures of
Sher Holmes

Sherlock gets to the bottom of

HIS OWN GRAVE!

The Adv ures of
Sherl Holmes
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NO. 4

MARVEL

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CHAPTER IV: WHAT JOHN WATSON HAD TO TELL

It was one o'clock when we left No. 3, Lauriston Gardens. Sherlock Holmes led me to the nearest telegraph office, whence he dispatched a long telegram. He then hopped into Mister Wells' time machine, and set the controls to take us to the address where he'd deduced Deadpool would strike next.

"There is nothing like first-hand evidence," he remarked; "as a matter of fact, my mind is entirely made up upon the case, but still we may as well learn all that is to be learned." As yet, my colleague and I had yet to gain that first-hand experience with our quarry—we'd only learned his history through the strange device with some sort of audio and video recording capabilities that had arrived at our residence.

He'd once lived in a world populated by many colorful heroes and villains like himself, and had been considered something of a buffoon, if rumor is to be believed. Something changed within him, however, compelling him to end the lives of his costumed fellows. He'd murdered his entire world before discovering that there were infinite variations on said world across a sort of "multi-verse" of Realities. There were more heroes than he could possibly kill even in a baker's dozen lifetimes.

It was then that the fiend's plan took a turn for the philosophical. "If I cannot kill all the heroes," he reasoned, "then perhaps I can kill the very *idea* of heroes!" It was this insight that turned him to our world.

Holmes has begun referring to it as "The Ideaverse" and tells me it's a sort of pocket realm containing the many worlds (or perhaps ideas of worlds) that one finds in the works of fiction. "But Holmes," I cried, "if that were true, then you and I would be works of fiction as well!"

"Best not think on it, Watson," said Holmes, already perusing his library for potential allies. "Be we truth or fantasy, our very existence depends on what we do next...as indeed may all of existence."

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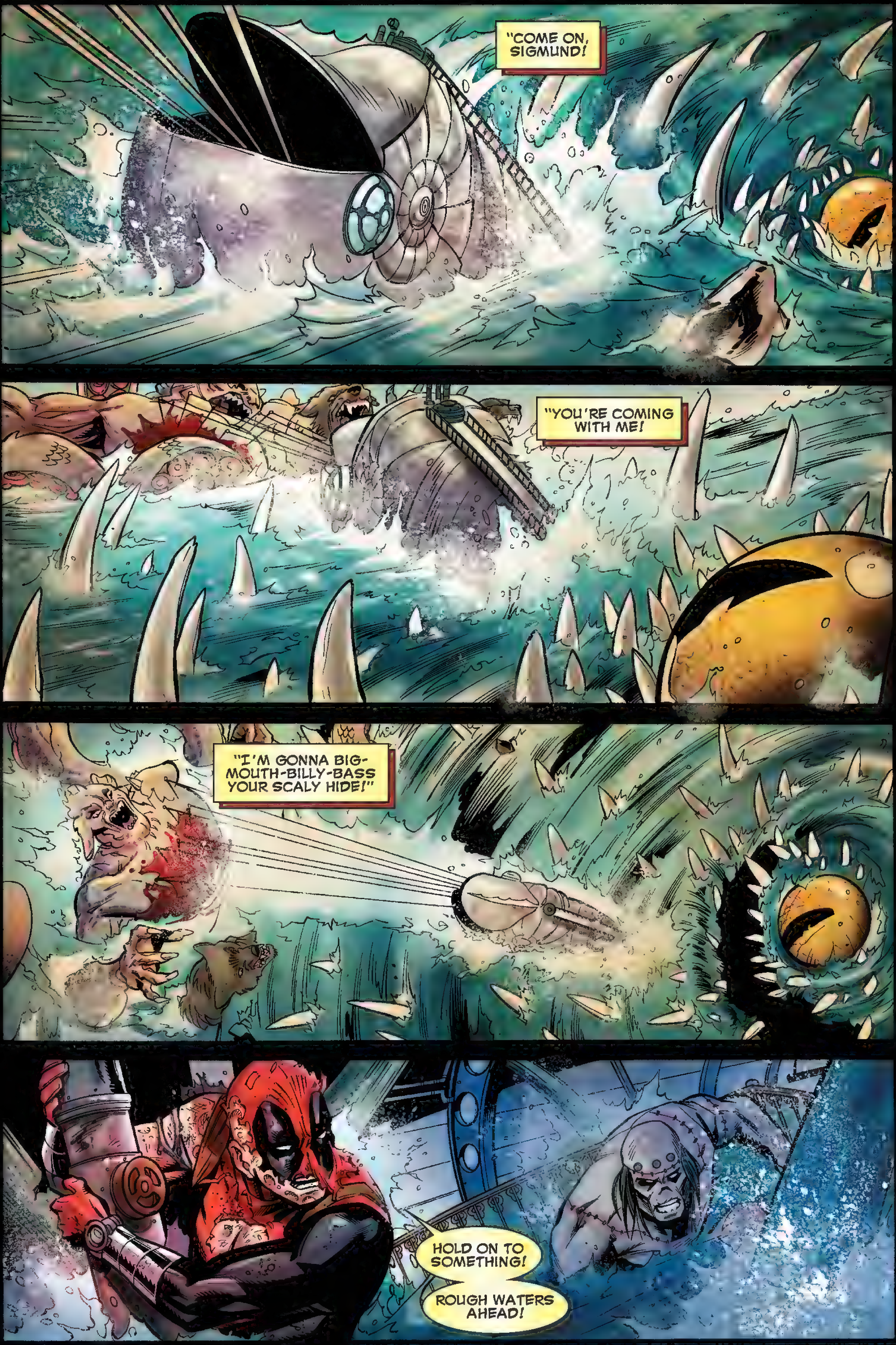
SCOTLAND. 1057.
THIS PLACE...THIS *STORY*...
...I *KNOW* THIS STORY.
SHAKESPEARE. *MACBETH.*
AND *THIS.*
"THE RAVEN."
WRITTEN BY...THE NAME ESCAPES ME...
BALTIMORE. 1845.
LONDON. 1884.
MY MEMORY IS *FAILING* ME.
ONCE, I COULD HAVE RECALLED EVERY DETAIL OF THESE...
...*"REALITIES"* IS THE RIGHT WORD, I SUPPOSE...
...AND I COULD HAVE DONE SO WITHOUT EFFORT.
BUT NOW... I MUST *FOCUS*... *CONCENTRATE*...IN ORDER TO RECALL THE DETAILS OF WHAT WE'VE SEEN.
EGAD, HOLMES! WHY WOULD YOU *WANT* TO DO THAT?
BECAUSE, DEAR WATSON...
THE APARTMENT OF GREGOR SAMSA. 1912.

"...I FEAR IT MIGHT BE THE *ONLY* WAY TO STOP DEADPOOL."
STRAIT OF MESSINA.
SKKKK SKKKK
CHUNK CHUNK CHCHUNK
"WOOHOO!
"WE HOOKED A BIG ONE!"

"SHE'S GOT SOME FIGHT IN HER!
"FULL REVERSE!
SKRRRRKKKK
"REEL HER IN!"
TH-THOK THANK CRR-THANK
THIS IS GREAT! LIKE LIVING A POLICE SONG!
CAUGHT BETWEEN THE SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS!
WAIT...
IF I DO THIS, AM I DESTROYING THE SONG, TOO?
OH, WELL.
OMELETS AND EGGS.


"COME ON, SIGMUND!
"YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
"I'M GONNA BIG-MOUTH-BILLY-BASS YOUR SCALY HIDE!"
HOLD ON TO SOMETHING!
ROUGH WATERS AHEAD!

HRRRRR
HAAA-ROOOOOOOOOGA
HA-ROOOOOOOOOGA
THAT'S IT!
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!
SHE'S GONNA BLOW!
COME ON, MONSTER-ME!
WE GOTTA ABANDON SHIP!
GLUBB
SHOOOM
"ONE GREEK MYTH DEAD AND GONE.

"NEXT STOP... WHO KNOWS?"
PARIS, 1627.
GASP!
GOOD LORD!
WHAT IS THIS?!
AH.
PARIS.
A MONSTER!
WHAT MANNER OF HIDEOUS BEAST IS THIS?
KEEP AWAY! KEEP AWAY!
RAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHH!
UH...
YOU FEELING ALL RIGHT, BUDDY?
BECAUSE I UNDERSTAND *METHOD ACTING* AND ALL, BUT THIS JUST ISN'T--
STAND FAST!

WHOEVER YOU ARE, WE'LL NOT ALLOW YOU TO TERRORIZE THE CITIZENS OF FAIR PARIS!
YOU MIGHT BE BRAVE WHEN IT COMES TO ATTACKING HARMLESS TOWNSFOLK, BUT NOW YOU FACE...
ATHOS!
ARAMIS!
PORTHOS!
AND D'ARTAGNAN!
ACTUALLY, I'M HAPPY THESE GUYS SHOWED UP.
SEE...EVEN IF I WASN'T TRYING TO MURDER MY WAY THROUGH REALITY, I HAD PLANS TO LOOK THEM UP AT SOME POINT.
I'VE GOT A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU!
I MEAN-- REALLY!
WHAT KIND OF &#$% CANDY BAR DOESN'T HAVE NUTS?!
ALL FOR ONE, MY FRIENDS!
RRRAAAAAAGGHHH!

AGAIN WITH THE *UNINTELLIGIBLE* ROARING?
WHERE'S THE *CHARM?*
WHERE'S THE *SASS?*
KRAK
SHHNNG
HRK
HRR
THAT'S A NICE *SUNDRESS*... YOU HAVE THERE, PROFESSOR X.
IS LADY DEATHSTRIKE READY?
I'M HERE TO TAKE HER TO THE *PROM.*
ARE...
...YOU ALL RIGHT?
IT'S THE CAR OF THE FUTURE, I TELL YOU.
I BUILT IT MYSELF AND IT RUNS ON...
...BEANS, BEANS THE MUSICAL FRUIT.

THEY'RE DYING OFF. FOLDING IN UPON THEMSELVES.
NEW ONES TAKE THEIR PLACES AND THEY DIE TOO, LIKE FRUIT FLIES ONLY LIVING FOR THE MOMENT.
PRETTY SOON, THERE'LL BE *NOTHING* LEFT.
THEN I'LL BE GONE, TOO. ONE FOR ALL.
BUT IF I NEVER EXISTED... I NEVER STARTED DOWN THIS PATH... I NEVER...
YIELD, MADMAN.
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, BUT *YIELD*.
STILL *ALIVE?*
I'M STILL ALIVE BECAUSE IT'S *NOT* WORKING!
SHNK
URK!
SOMETHING'S *WRONG*.
NO FAIR!
I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH A *HEALING FACTOR*, AM I?
AND HERE I WAS...SO PROUD OF MYSELF.
I DIDN'T JUST KILL THE ***MUSKETEERS***.

I KILLED THE VERY *CONCEPT* OF A *TEAM.*
THE AVENGERS, THE X-MEN, THE DEFENDERS, THE SPICE GIRLS.
I BROKE UP THE BAND BEFORE IT EVER GOT TOGETHER.
BUT...
...SOMEBODY'S PEEING IN THE PUNCH BOWL.
AND YOU'RE WALKING, NOT-TALKING PROOF OF THAT, AREN'T YOU?
WHHRR...
WHAT'S... WRONG... WITH ME?
THNK
THNK
THNK
LEMME GUESS.

YOU'RE THE *CAVALRY*, RIGHT?
I CAN TELL BY YOUR STANCE...BY THE SHIFT OF YOUR EYES...BY THE TENSING OF YOUR MUSCLES...THAT YOU *KNOW* WHO I AM.
AND YOUR PETTY VERBAL JABS BETRAY YOUR *FEAR*.
MY NAME IS *SHERLOCK HOLMES*.
MY ASSOCIATES ARE *BEOWULF, NATTY BUMPPO, HUA MULAN,* AND *WATSON*.
WE HAVE TRAVELLED A LONG WAY TO CATCH UP WITH YOU.
BUT THE GAME *ENDS* HERE.
TOUGH TALK FROM A GUY WITH *THAT* ACCENT.
TELL YOU WHAT, LET'S SEE IF YOU FEEL THE SAME AFTER YOU GET CARVED UP A LITTLE BIT.
SIC 'EM, MONSTER-ME!

CHANK
NATTY BUMPPO, *HUH?*
BY ANY CHANCE DID YOU KILL YOU A BAHR WHEN YOU WERE ONLY THREE?
RRRAAAAHHGG!
VENT YOUR RAGE, MINDLESS BEAST!
I'VE SLAIN YOUR LIKE TIME AND AGAIN!
HRRRRAAAG!
I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU WITH MY LONG RIFLE WITHOUT YOU EVER KNOWING THE SHOT WAS COMING!
BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT YOU'VE FAILED! THAT YOU'RE GOING TO *DIE!*
SHCHOK
AARRREEEAGH!
I'LL SEND YOU BACK TO THE CORPSE-PILE, BEAST!
GG-RRRRGG-KK
SHOULDN'T WE DO SOMETHING, HOLMES?
SHOULDN'T WE JOIN THE FRAY?
PATIENCE, DEAR WATSON.
OUR ALLIES HAVE THE BATTLE WELL IN HAND...AND OUR *MOMENT* WILL PRESENT ITSELF.

THWUMP
HRRU--
BEOWULF--
THWUMP
--BAD!
GWUMP
BLAM
BRAVO, WATSON.
THAT--THAT!-- WAS YOUR *MOMENT OF OPPORTUNITY,* AND YOU *SEIZED* IT!
NOW TO SEIZE *MINE!*

IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME
YEEAAGHH!
THOUGHTS... FLOODING BACK...
...TASTES DIFFERENT...
...NOT ME...
...NOT MY KIND OF CRAZY...
DID YOU MISS ME?
RRKK!
WHNNNK
YOU WERE NEVER REALLY GONE, WERE YOU?
YOU WERE JUST... QUIET.
LIKE I THOUGHT... EVERYTHING REVERTS TO THE--
--STATUS QUO.
I...MY FRIEND...I DID NOT MEAN TO.
DOESN'T MATTER...
...JUST STOP HIM...
WHAT YOU'RE DOING...IT'S WORKING...
...THE MONSTER... IT HEALED...GREW BACK INTO WHAT IT ONCE WAS...
THE IDEAVERSE IS TRYING TO REPAIR ITSELF...BUT IT CAN'T KEEP UP WITH US...
NEVER SAY "DIE," HUH?
SAY "DIE! DIE! DIE!"
NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE. NEED TO REGROUP.

NO!
WHAT THE--
LOP
LOOK AT WHAT YOU *DID*.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE HOTTEST DUDE I HAVE EVER SEEN...BUT...
...LOOK AT WHAT YOU *DID!*
HAI!
THE TIME MACHINE.
THEY ADJUSTED IT SO THEY COULD FOLLOW US!

WE CAN USE IT TO GET AWAY... TO CONTINUE OUR WORK!
WHICH ONE DO I--
JUST START THROWING SWITCHES!
NOT SO FAST!
HOLMES! WHAT ARE YOU--
WHAP
DID YOU THINK YOU COULD ESCAPE SO EASILY?
THEY'RE *GONE*.
HOW COULD THEY...
ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR MULAN.

"I THINK IT WAS HIS *MOMENT*."
GET OFF ME, HOMES!
(GET IT?)
WHOMP
YOU'VE *LOST*, DEADPOOL! YOUR MURDER SPREE IS *DONE!*
YOU'VE CAUSED REALITY TO COLLAPSE IN UPON ITSELF!
K-CHOP
DIFFERENT WORLDS...DIFFERENT TIMES...DIFFERENT *STORIES* FALLING IN UPON ONE ANOTHER!
BUT ONCE YOU'RE GONE, THE IDEAVERSE CAN *HEAL!*
I THOUGHT YOU WERE *SMART.*
IT'S OKAY. IT TOOK *ME* A WHILE TO FIGURE IT OUT, TOO.
BUT I DON'T *NEED* TO KILL EVERYONE.
I JUST NEED TO PLANT THE *SEED!*
WAAAAAA--
I...I PLANT THE SEED...AND I *WIN!*
THESE ARE THE CLASSICS, MAN!
THE *GREATEST STORIES* EVER TOLD!
AND I *KILLED* THEM!

AND THEY BOUGHT IT!
IF I CAN COME HERE...TO THE VERY PLACE WHERE IDEAS ARE BORN...
...AND START BURNING IT DOWN...
...THEY'LL *NEVER* HEAL BACK CORRECTLY...
"IT'LL BE LIKE A POORLY SET BONE...CROOKED AND BENT."
"AND BALOO THOUGHT THE CHILD LOOKED DELICIOUS, AND SO HE DEVOURED HIM IN FOUR BLOODY BITES."
"YOU CAN'T STOP AN IDEA. SOMEONE'S GONNA PICK UP ON IT. SOMEONE'S GONNA RUN WITH IT!
"IT'LL SPREAD...LIKE A *DISEASE*...FROM ONE REALITY TO THE NEXT... THE *IDEA* THAT HEROES CAN *DIE!*"
...AND THEN HE JUST KILLS THEM ALL!
IT'S BRUTAL! I WISH *ALL* COMICS WERE LIKE THIS!
EVERYTHING COLLAPSES.
THE IDEAS ARE *WEAKENED* NOW. THEY CAN'T *SUPPORT* THEMSELVES.
IT'LL ALL START TO *VANISH.*
GG-RRKKP
EVEN--

SO THAT'S IT?
I JUST FLOAT ALONG AND WAIT FOR THE *WHIMPER?*
THAT'S THE IDEA.
THE IDEAVERSE IS *MORTALLY WOUNDED*, LIKE YOU SAID.
IT CAN'T SUPPORT ITSELF... NOT WITHOUT A *BANDAGE* THAT COULD SOMEHOW KEEP THE IDEAS *ALIVE*.
AND ONCE THE IDEAS DIE, SO DO THE IDEAS THAT THEY SPAWNED...SO ON AND SO FORTH DOWN THE LINE.
IT'S ALREADY HAPPENING. HEROES AND VILLAINS THAT WERE ONCE EVERYONE'S *FAVORITES* ARE NOW *FORGOTTEN*.
THE REST WILL FOLLOW.
WE'LL FOLLOW.
THE END OF EVERYTHING.
...
IT'S KIND OF *PRETTY*.

"THIS IS YOUR MOMENT."
REMEMBER, HOLMES.
REMEMBER!
"MY FATHER'S FAMILY NAME BEING PIRRIP, AND MY CHRISTIAN NAME PHILIP, MY INFANT TONGUE COULD MAKE OF BOTH NAMES NOTHING LONGER OR MORE EXPLICIT THAN PIP."
"SING, GODDESS, THE ANGER OF PELEUS' SON ACHILLEUS AND ITS DEVASTATION..."
"CALL ME..."
"CALL ME..."
"CALL ME... ISHMAEL!"
ISHMAEL.
YES. KEEP THE IDEAS ALIVE, HOLMES.
SET THE BONE.
KEEP THEM ALIVE.
REMEMBER.
END?

DEADPOOL KILLS DEADPOOL

MARVEL
#1
DEADPOOL KILLS DEADPOOL
PARENTAL ADVISORY! NOT FOR KIDS!
BUNN
ESPIN
GANDINI

DEADPOOL KILLS DEADPOOL

Deadpool. Wade Wilson. The Merc with the Mouth.

Possibly the most skilled mercenary in the world...and definitely the most annoying. The joke-cracking, reference-making, fourth-wall-breaking, taco-eating funnyman of the cold-blooded killer set, Deadpool has long skirted the line between hero and villain, between maniac and genius, between ugly and smelly.

The heroes of the Marvel universe look on Wade as a joke. The overly cautious among them sometimes worry that the joke might someday turn dark, that Deadpool might become too dangerous to be allowed to run free. Most don't give him enough credit for that. They see him as someone to be avoided for the sake of one's sanity and dignity, and not much more.

But the universe is not all there is. There exists an infinite MULTIVERSE of worlds, each slightly different from the next. Across that ongoing spectrum exists an endless panoply of Deadpools that come in every shape and color. Deadpools of different genders, ages, species, times, body types, star signs, preference of Golden Girl...the possibilities go on and on.

And the possibilities, too, trail into the darkside. There exists one world much like our own where Deadpool saw the truth...that he, and all the other heroes of his world, were just works of fiction created for the amusement of others. He took it upon himself to save them from this fate...by murdering them brutally. Not stopping there, he traveled from world to world, killing all the heroes he found, eventually going into the realm of ideas to wipe the inspiration for heroes from the very pages of literature.

But that probably has nothing to do with this story, right? So forget I mentioned it.

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THIS MAY BE HARD FOR YOU TO STOMACH.
HRR
I GUESS *EVERYTHING'S* HARD FOR YOU TO *STOMACH,* ISN'T IT?
SEEING AS HOW YOU DON'T HAVE ANY KIND OF GASTROINTESTINAL SYSTEM TO SPEAK OF.
BUT I'M NOT SOME *HEARTLESS MONSTER.*
A *HEART?*
BUZZ! TRY AGAIN!
GOOD OL' *HEADPOOL* HASN'T GOT ONE OF THOSE, *EITHER!*
BUT YOU UNDERSTAND WHERE I'M COMING FROM, RIGHT, *HEADPOOL?*
SURE! SURE!
I SPEAK FLUENT *"RAGING PSYCHOPATH!"*
PING

WHAT I DO...I DO FOR THE *CAUSE.*
BUT I STILL FEEL *BAD* ABOUT IT...*USUALLY.*
FWUMP
HEY! CAREFUL!
YOU BRUISE MY FINE FEATURES AND YOU VOID THE WARRANTY!
ALL MY TARGETS...EVERY TIME I KILLED ONE OF YOU... *OTHERS...*
...IT FELT LIKE I WAS KILLING A PIECE OF *MYSELF.*
HEY!
WAIT A SECOND!
TH-CHUNK
YOU, THOUGH.
I *DON'T* FEEL BAD ABOUT PUTTING YOU TO YOUR *END.*
WHAT ARE YOU--
BEEP BEEP
--DOING?
AW...
BEEEEEEEP
WHHRRRRRRRRRR
OKAY... OKAY...
RGGH
JOKE'S OVER, ALL RIGHT?!
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
Y-YOU... RRGGH...CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
GGRGH
YOU NEED ME!
I'M THE COMIC--
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
--RREEGGHHGGGH
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
SPLAT

YOU ARE--
DING
HRR
YOU WERE...
...AN ABOMINATION.
BEST THAT YOU DON'T DARKEN THE DOORWAY OF PROGRESS...OF THE CAUSE...OF THE END TIMES.
YOU WERE DEAD...BUT LIVING, TOO.
AND THAT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS.
DEAD IS DEAD...FOR EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US.
HRR
IF YOU WEREN'T TURNED INSIDE-OUT RIGHT NOW, YOU MIGHT'VE COME TO APPRECIATE THAT.
BODYSLIDE.
BY ONE.
VRASSH

THE REAL MARVEL UNIVERSE.*
I KNEW IT! I KNEW YOU GUYS WERE PLANNING SOME SORT OF TERROR ATTACK!
BUT WOULD ANYBODY LISTEN?
"ULTIMATUM ISN'T STUPID ENOUGH TO TRY ANYTHING ON OUR WATCH," SAYS CAPTAIN AMERICA.
"YOU'RE JUST BEING OVERLY PARANOID," SAYS RED HULK.
"PLEASE STOP HACKING MY 'BIEBER AND BEERS' TUMBLR ACCOUNT," SAYS WOLVERINE.
NEW HIT!
SERVAL INDUSTRIES
White Noise
BUDDA-BUDDA-BB-BUDDA-BUDDA
*NO, SERIOUSLY! IT'S EARTH-616!
BUT LOOK WHERE WE ARE NOW.
EVERYBODY ELSE IS TOO BUSY TO SHOW UP.
AND THAT LEAVES GOOD OL' WADE TO TAKE CARE OF--

EEP!
ATTENTION! PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES!
YEEEEEEAAAAAGGH!
CAST ASIDE THE TYRANNY OF NATIONALISM!
EMBRACE ULTIMATUM'S TRUTH!
ATTENTION! PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES!
CAST ASIDE THE TYRANNY OF NATIONALISM!
OOOF!
SPLAT
EMBRACE ULTIMATUM'S TRUTH!
WHERE IS EVERYONE?
TO ME MY X-MEN?
AVENGERS ASSEMBLE?
HOLLA AT YOUR BOY?
SOMEBODY--
--HELP?
HEY--
DON'T MOVE!
KEEP YOUR INNOCENT PEOPLE PANTS RIGHT WHERE THEY ARE...AT LEAST UNTIL I DISTRACT THE BIG, MEAN ROBOT.
OKAY?

ALL RIGHT.
ROUND NUMERO TWO!
ATTENTION! PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES!
DUNNO IF I CAN WIN THIS FIGHT.
DON'T NEED TO!
CAST ASIDE THE TYRANNY OF NATIONALISM!
JUST NEED TO HOLD OFF THE **MEMBERS ONLY MAFIA** UNTIL THE CAVALRY ARRIVES!
EMBRACE ULTIMATUM'S TRUTH!
EMBRACE THIS!
SHRRRRRRK
BARROOSSSH
UH...
THAT CAVALRY I MENTIONED?
HERE THEY COME.
AT... LIKE...MACH FIVE?
POLICE

WRRROOOOOOOFSHHH
ALVA ESPIN
SHRAKKOW
NEW HIT
SMMKRASH
WHU--
THERE YA GO, FOLKS!
GET YOURSELF HOME...HAVE A MANWICH...MAYBE A COUPLE OF XANAX...
POLICE
WAIT A SEC!
THAT SHIP... THAT'S THE BEA ARTHUR!
(AND THAT'S SOME QUICK AND EASY EXPOSITION.)
THAT SHIP BELONGS TO--

THE DEADPOOL CORPS!
TALK ABOUT GOOD TIMING!
DON'T GET ME WRONG. I HAD EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL.
I DON'T REALLY NEED A LOT OF HELP FROM ALTERNATE UNIVERSE VERSIONS OF MYSELF.
(THERE'S THAT EXPOSITION AGAIN.)
I'M RUNNING WITH GENUINE SUPER HEROES THESE DAYS.
BUT IT'S STILL GOOD TO SEE YOU--
ROWF!
SLLLUUUURRRRP
OKAY, DOGPOOL...
DOWN, BOY.

LADY-D! DO YOU WANT TO TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
YOU, DOGPOOL, AND KIDPOOL I RECOGNIZE.
BUT THESE OTHERS--
WHO'RE YOU GUYS?
I'M **DEADPOOL.**
ARE WE ***STILL*** HAVING THIS ARGUMENT?
YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN DEADPOOL IN YOUR WORLD, BUT WHEN WE'RE SHARING THE SAME MULTIVERSAL TIMESPACE, YOU'LL NEED TO BE A LITTLE MORE--
YEAH, YEAH. I GET IT.
EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE THE ***GENUINE ARTICLE.***
NEVER MIND MISTER ***PULP*** HERO OR ***GOLDEN AGE*** GASMASK...YOU.
SINCE YOU'RE ONLY SLIGHTLY LESS SEXY THAN ME, YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY IN CHARGE OF THIS ***MOTLEY CREW--***
HEY--THROW THE HORNS WHEN YOU SAY "***CRÜE***"!
CRÜE!
...
YEAH.

SO...
YA WANNA TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?
WE WEREN'T SURE WE'D FIND YOU...
...AT LEAST NOT *ALIVE.*
WE'VE BEEN *TARGETED.*
WHO?
YOU GUYS? THE CORPS?
ALL OF US.
TARGETED BY *WHO?*
OR IS IT *WHOM?*
"*WHOM*" SOUNDS MORE *OMINOUS*...LIKE IT'S *THANOS* WHO'S AFTER US.
BUT IF IT'S... LIKE...*ANGAR THE SCREAMER,* I'M STICKING WITH "*WHO.*"
WE'RE OUT OF TIME.
WE NEED TO GET MOVING.
NOW.
LISTEN. WAIT. LISTEN.
NOT TO SPOIL YOUR DIRE-YET-OH-SO-VAGUE WARNING...
...BUT I *CAN'T* JUST UP AND LEAVE.
I HAVE *RESPONSIBILITIES!*

I'VE GOT TO BE HERE WHEN THE AVENGERS OR THE FANTASTIC FOUR OR THE X-MEN ARRIVE FOR CLEANUP.
I MEAN...I'VE GOTTA TAKE *CREDIT* FOR SAVING THE DAY.
(ALTHOUGH...I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND...I'M BLAMING ALL THE AGENTS I SHOT ON YOU GUYS.)
C'MON, MAN.
THE AVENGERS... THEY *AIN'T* GONNA GIVE YOU A *MEDAL*.
YOU'RE RIGHT. I KNOW.
YOU'RE RIGHT.
CUE THE INCREDIBLE HULK THEME SONG.
PUT A LITTLE SPRING IN YOUR STEP, CHUM! THERE'S A REAL *CRISIS* A-BREWING!
WON'T TAKE LONG TO GET THE SHIP AIRBORNE, NOT IF WE'VE GOT SOME *DUCT TAPE* AND *ELBOW GREASE!*
LUCKILY, I HAVE BOTH IN MY *UTILITY*--
ZRRRAAAAAAAKK

OOOOH!
THAT'S GOTTA HURT!
HRRR
WHO'S NEXT?
"WHO'S NEXT?"
I THINK THE MORE IMPORTANT QUESTION IS--WHO LET THE GIMP OUTTA HIS CAGE?
ZZZRAKKKOW
WE'RE TOO LATE!
HE'S FOUND US!
GRRRRRR
WHO?
THIS GUY?
THIS IS THE GUY GIVING YOU SO MUCH TROUBLE?
VRRRRROOOOOOSH
SHHRRAAAK
I'LL HAVE THIS ALL WRAPPED UP IN NO TIME FLAT!

WHUMPF
OOOF!
SEE?
WHEN IT COMES TO MAKING BODIES COLD--
--ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES!
BODYSLIDE.
BY ONE.
AW!
COME ON!
TALK ABOUT A BUZZ--
VRRASSH

YEEEEEEAAAARRRGH!
RRNN-RNN-CHR-RNN-RNN-RNN
CH-CHAIN SAW SENSE...
...TINGLING...
HOLD STILL.
IT'LL ALL BE OVER BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.
RWARRK--

SZZZRRRAAAAK
DOGPOOL!
YOU CAN'T HELP HIM!
HE'S *GONE!*
GONE...
...LIKE ALL THE REST.
YOU KILLED THE *DOG?!*
WHAT AN ASS!
YOU MAY BE MY DOPPELGANGER FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION, BUT WE'VE GOT *NOTHING* IN COMMON!
EXCEPT MAYBE *SPEECH RECOGNITION.*
BODYSLIDE--
--BY *HALF.*

RRREEEAAAGGGH!
KRASSH
GGRRGGG
WHAT DID YOU SAY EARLIER?
OOOOOOH.
THAT'S GOTTA HURT.
ZZZRRRRAAAK
WHAT IS THIS?
SOME SORT OF ANTI-REGENERATION RAY?
ANTI-REGENERATION MEANS ANTI-DEADPOOL.

LET'S GO!
THERE WILL BE *OTHERS!*
OTHERS, HUH?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN *OTHERS?*
ALGN
NEW!!!
New Shop
YOU'LL SEE, WADE.
WE'RE AT WAR.
A *SUICIDE* WAR.
POWER -FER
WWRRRROOOOSSSSSH

STRAP IN.
THIS RIDE'S ABOUT TO GET A WHOLE LOT *BUMPIER.*
HEY... KID...
DOGPOOL WAS...WELL, HE WAS A *GOOD DOG.*
SHOULDA BEEN ME.
INSTEAD OF HIM, IT SHOULDA BEEN ME.
IT SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN *EITHER* OF YOU.
UH...
I'M NOT GOOD AT THIS.
ARE YOU GONNA BE *ALL RIGHT?*
NONE OF US WILL BE ALL RIGHT IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING... FAST!
THIS LAST JAUNT...WE VISITED A DOZEN REALITIES AND ALL THE DEADPOOLS WE CAME ACROSS HAD BEEN *MURDERED...* EXCEPT YOU.
AND *LOOK* WHAT IT *COST.*
ALL RIGHT.
WILL SOMEBODY--*PLEASE*--TELL ME WHAT IN THE NAME OF NAMOR'S BIKINI BRIEFS IS GOING ON?!
I SHALL TELL YOU, *WADE WILSON.*

#1
I the MULTIVERSE
I AM...
...THE *WATCHER*...
...AND I HAVE WITNESSED A SLAUGHTER PERPETRATED AGAINST YOU AND YOUR COUNTERPARTS FROM ACROSS THE MULTIVERSE.
ME?
BUT I DON'T GET IT.
I'M A JOKE... I'M COMIC RELIEF.
WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL DEADPOOLS?
BECAUSE, WADE WILSON...
...THE *CRUSADE* TO OBLITERATE *EXISTENCE* HAS BEGUN...
...AND DEADPOOL IS THE *PROGENITOR* OF ALL *THINGS!*
TO BE CONTINUED...

FREE
CHiMiCHANGAS
Free!
ATOMIC CHANGA
ChiMiCHANGAS INCLUDE:
Cheese
Machaca
Rice
Beans
DeadMeat
Dynamite
DP Sauce
Salsa

NEXT

FREE CHIMICHANGAS
Free!
ATOMIC CHANGA
DYNAMITE
CHIMICHANGAS INCLUDE:
Cheese
Machaca
Rice
Beans
Dynamite
DP

MARVEL

DEADPOOL KILLS DEADPOOL

#2

PARENTAL ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!

BUNN
ESPIN
GANDINI

DEADPOOL KILLS DEADPOOL

Deadpool. Wade Wilson. The Merc With the Mouth.

The progenitor of all things???

That's what the Watcher seems to think. Well, A Watcher. The Watcher whose job it is to watch all Deadpools across all dimensions.

Oh, did you not know? There exist infinite realities, each a slight variation on our own. One where electricity was never invented. One where everyone talks all old-timey. One where everyone is a talking animal. One where tuna fish tastes like salmon. And across these endless worlds are a near endless stream of Deadpools.

Our own Deadpool (err, which is, the one from Earth-616. You know, the one who stars in the hit Marvel Now! series written by Brian Posehn and Gerry Duggan? Yeah, that one. So, this story totally counts in continuity, you have to buy it.) was minding his own business fighting a giant robot when a band of alternate Deadpools crashed his fight scene.

The Deadpool Corps contained a few 'Pools he'd met before (Lady Deadpool, Kidpool, Dogpool) and a few he had not (Golden Age Deadpool, Pulp Deadpool). Unfortunately, they came bearing bad news—someone or someones was racing across reality and wiping out all Deadpools. The Corps defeated a leather-clad murderous Deadpool...but it cost Dogpool and Golden Age their lives.

And why are Deadpools being targeted? That brings us back to our Watcher's explanation...

Deadpool is the progenitor of all things.

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"I'M ONLY *HUMAN,* Y'KNOW.
"IT'S THE *FAILING* OF ALL THOSE *OTHER* SUPER HERO TYPES TO THINK OTHERWISE.
"AND *SOMETIMES*...BEING A *MEAT SACK* LIKE THE REST OF YOU...I GET SO CAUGHT UP IN THE DAILY GRIND, I *FORGET* WHAT'S IMPORTANT.
"'MAYBE I DIDN'T LOVE YOU QUITE AS OFTEN AS I COULD HAVE' AND ALL THAT."
BUT I WANT TO *THANK* YOU.
AND I DON'T MEAN THE WAY YOU THANK SOMEONE WHO GIVES YOU OLD SPICE FOR CHRISTMAS, EITHER.
SINCERELY.
YOU--WHO HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE AN *ACTIVE ROLE* IN MY GRAND DESIGN...
YOU--WHO FACE THE END OF ALL THINGS AS *PARTICIPANTS* RATHER THAN *SPECTATORS*...
THANK YOU!

I LOOK OUT AT YOU AND KNOW THAT THIS IS A *RIGHTEOUS PATH.*
THE KIND OF RIGHTEOUS PATH THAT MAKES ME WANT TO SHOUT "*GOOD GOD!*" AND SCOOT ACROSS THIS STAGE LIKE THE GODFATHER OF SOUL HIMSELF!
AND THAT'S WHY IT PAINS ME TO REALIZE THERE ARE *UNBELIEVERS* AMONG US.
I'VE LEARNED THAT ONE OF OUR CONGREGATION IS *BETRAYING* US...FEEDING INFORMATION TO OUR *DOPPELGANGERS* IN OTHER WORLDS.
I'LL ADMIT...FOR YOU TO MOVE AGAINST ME...*HERE*...ON *THIS* WORLD OF ALL PLACES...THAT TAKES *COJONES!*
SO... WHAT D'YA SAY?
COME CLEAN AND WE'LL MAKE A GO OF IT.
OR HOLD YOUR TONGUE AND I'LL GO AHEAD AND *BUTCHER* EVERY ONE OF YOU RIGHT NOW.
UH...
WHY'S EVERYONE LOOKING AT *ME?*
YOU DON'T THINK IT WAS OL' *BEARD OF BEESPOOL,* DO YA?
YOU GOT THE *WRONG IDEA!*
WHY WOULD YOU THINK *I'D* BETRAY THE CAUSE?
BECAUSE YOU'RE *SWEATING* THROUGH YOUR *BEES,* PAL.
AND...LOOK... *DUE PROCESS* IS ALL WELL AND GOOD.
I COULD GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PLEAD YOUR CASE.

KABLAM
BUT THAT WOULDN'T BE *EVIL* ENOUGH.
COME ON...
I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE *ONLY* ONE WHO WAS *SICK* OF ALL THAT *BUZZING.*
WELCOME BACK, BROTHER. YOU'VE RETURNED TO THE FOLD JUST IN TIME.
NOT ONLY HAVE WE ROOTED OUT THE *TRAITOR*...
...OUR SPIES HAVE LOCATED THE DIRTY LITTLE FOXHOLE IN WHICH THE *RESISTANCE* IS TAKING COVER.
A *LITTLE BIRD* TELLS ME A TROUBLESOME GROUP OF OUR ENEMIES ARE HEADED THERE RIGHT THIS SECOND.
AND YOUR *MULTIVERSAL COUNTERPART* IS WITH THEM.
HRRM
SHOULDA KNOWN.
DUMBASS IS ALWAYS TRYING SO HARD TO FIT IN WITH THE *GOOD GUYS.*
DOESN'T KNOW WHEN TO LAY DOWN AND GIVE UP THE GHOST.

"IT'S HIGH TIME I *SHOWED* HIM."
UH...IS THIS BUCKET OF BOLTS GONNA MAKE IT?
BECAUSE IF I HAD KNOWN I WAS GONNA GET *STRANDED* IN THE MIDDLE OF *MULTIVERSAL SPACE...* I WOULDA PACKED... Y'KNOW...
...SOME *PORN.*
IN THE MEANTIME, BALDY, WHY DON'T YOU GET BACK TO TELLING ME HOW I'M THE CREATOR OF ALL THINGS?
I LIKED THAT STORY.
EVEN THOUGH-- REALLY--I HOPE YOU ALL UNDERSTAND I'M WAIVING MY STANDARD FEE FOR OMNIPOTENCE.
IT IS *TRUE,* WADE WILSON--
PLEASE. CALL ME *"CREATOR OF ALL THINGS."*
#1
THERE ARE MANY UNIVERSES... AND MANY ALTERNATE VERSIONS OF THE ENTITY KNOWN AS *DEADPOOL.*
SOME STRIVE FOR *GOOD.* SOME FOR *ILL.*
AND SOME ARE AGENTS OF CHAOS, ENTROPY, AND *NOTHINGNESS.*
"ON A WORLD NOT TOO FAR REMOVED FROM YOUR OWN, *DEADPOOL* WAS DRIVEN BEYOND THE BRINK OF *MADNESS.*
"BELIEVING HIMSELF TO BE NOTHING MORE THAN A *FICTIONAL CHARACTER,* HE SET OUT ON A QUEST OF *MURDER* AND *BLOODSHED.*
"HE BELIEVED THAT THE ONLY WAY TO EASE HIS SUFFERING-- AND THE SUFFERING OF *ALL* FICTIONAL BEINGS--WOULD BE TO *KILL* HIS WAY ACROSS ALL OF *EXISTENCE.*
"HE MURDERED COUNTLESS HEROES...EVEN GOING SO FAR AS ATTACKING THE FICTIONS OF THE *IDEAVERSE,* WHICH HE BELIEVED *INSPIRED* THE HEROES OF ALL OTHER REALITIES.

"HIS ULTIMATE GOAL WAS TO DRAW OUT THE *PROGENITORS*... THOSE BEINGS WHO CRAFTED REALITY FOR THEIR OWN ENTERTAINMENT.
"BUT NO AMOUNT OF VIOLENCE SEEMED TO LURE THE PROGENITORS FROM HIDING.
"AT LONG LAST, HE CAME TO A CONCLUSION. IF HE--IF *DEADPOOL*-- WAS THE *ONLY* ONE WHO REALIZED THE WORLD WAS FICTIONAL...
"...THEN PERHAPS DEADPOOL WAS THE *SOURCE*...AND ALL THE FRAGMENTS OF THE MULTIVERSE WERE *HIS* DREAMS MADE REAL.
"THIS, OF COURSE, DID NOT MEAN HIS SEARCH FOR NOTHINGNESS WOULD END. QUITE THE *OPPOSITE*, IN FACT.
"IF ALL WORLDS WERE TO DIE, SO TOO MUST ALL DEADPOOLS."
THAT PLAN TAKES A SERIOUSLY *MESSED UP* KIND OF CRAZY.
WE'RE TALKING MESSIAH COMPLEX...DEATH WISH..."*LOVE ME DADDY*" KINDS OF NUTS.
GOTTA ADMIT.
SOUNDS LIKE ME.
EVERYBODY! HOLD ON TO SOMETHING!
WHU--
WE'RE HOME!
BUT THE BEA ARTHUR'S SEEN TOO MUCH ACTION LATELY!
THE CONTROLS ARE BARELY RESPONDING!

"WE'RE IN FOR A ROUGH LANDING!"
VRRRRSSSSH
KRAKOOOOMM
NICE DRIVING, MISS DAISY.
AND JUST SO EVERYONE KNOWS...THAT *SCREAMING* YOU HEARD...
THAT *WASN'T* ME.
THE SMELL OF SOILED UNDERGARMENTS?
THAT *MIGHT* BE ME.
COME ON.
I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE REST OF THE GANG.

THIS IS YOUR *TOP SECRET* BASE? AN AMUSEMENT PARK?
THAT'S LIKE IN THE TOP TEN PLACES YOU MIGHT EXPECT TO FIND A SECRET TEAM OF DEADPOOLS.
MEXICAN RESTAURANT... WRESTLING ARENA... STRIP CLUB... AMUSEMENT PARK--
THE DEADPOOL CORPS HIDES IN PLAIN SIGHT...BUT THEY KNOW THAT IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY ARE DISCOVERED.
THEY STRUGGLE AGAINST THEIR VERY *SELVES*...AND *NEVER* HAVE THEY FACED A MORE CUNNING FOE.
WHAT'S *WITH* THIS GUY?
SEEMS A LITTLE *"FANBOY"* ABOUT US.
I THOUGHT *WATCHERS* WERE SUPPOSED TO BE... YOU KNOW... HANDS-OFF.
# 1
IT IS *TRUE* THAT I SWORE *NEVER* TO INTERFERE IN THE LIVES OF THOSE I WATCHED.
BUT I WAS TASKED SPECIFICALLY WITH OBSERVING ALL OF THE VARIOUS INCARNATIONS OF *DEADPOOL.*
I DEVELOPED AN *APPRECIATION* FOR ALL THINGS RELATED TO THE *MERC WITH A MOUTH.*
WHEN YOUR COUNTERPART BEGAN HIS QUEST TO DESTROY ALL OF EXISTENCE BY DESTROYING ALL OF YOU--
--I KNEW I MUST BREAK MY ANCIENT OATH AND TAKE A MORE *ACTIVE* ROLE IN THE UNFOLDING EVENTS.

IN OTHER WORDS...HE SPENT SO MUCH TIME WATCHING US THAT HE WENT A LITTLE *MUSHY* BETWEEN THE EARS.
AND WHY NOT?
THAT'S *MY* EXCUSE FOR DRESSING UP LIKE THIS.
IT'S STRESSFUL ENOUGH JUST *BEING* ME.
CAN'T IMAGINE WATCHING THE "*DEADPOOL CHANNEL*" ALL DAY, EVERY DAY.
THAT'D BE MORE *MADDENING* THAN LIFETIME.
Funny
CIRCUS
ANOTHER THING THAT BUGS ME, THOUGH...
I GET THE APPEAL OF MURDERING ALL THE OTHER DEADPOOLS.
I FEEL THAT WAY EVERY TIME I LOOK IN THE MIRROR.
BUT AREN'T WE KIND OF *TOUGH* TO KILL? LIKE BRUCE WILLIS TOUGH?
Chimichango's
Chimichanga de Fuego's de Eslo 1$
NOT *ALL* OF OUR COUNTERPARTS HAVE *HEALING FACTORS*, YOU KNOW.
AND...EVEN IF THEY DID... OUR ENEMIES HAVE FOUND *WEAPONS AND TACTICS* THAT GET AROUND SUCH AN ADVANTAGE.
YEAH...
...WE'VE SEEN UNIVERSAL ACID... FLESH-EATING NANOTECH... CAUTERIZATION BEAMS... MUTA-REGENERATIVE OVERLOAD GRENADES...
OR...LET ME GUESS...

...ALL OF THE ABOVE.
THEY'VE *FOUND* US.
P-PLEASE... PLEASE...
MOTORPOOL!
REALLY?
MOTORPOOL?
ON HIS WORLD, THE AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY HAS SEIZED CONTROL OF THE GOVERNMENT.
HE'S OUR *MECHANIC.*
YEAH?
WELL, GOOD LUCK GETTING THE SHIP REPAIRED NOW.
GHHGGGRGG
I'M GUESSING THIS GUY IS THE *NON-HEALING* VARIETY OF DEADPOOL?
C-CAME OUT OF NOWHERE...
STRUCK... SO FAST...
STILL... HERE...

SOME OF THESE GUYS CAN STILL REGENERATE.
WE JUST NEED TO--
WAIT!
IT COULD BE A *BOOBY*--
AW.
TINK
BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP
S'NOT FAIR.
I MANAGED TO DODGE THE *AVENGERS ARENA* BULLET...ONLY TO BE TAKEN OUT LIKE THIS?
BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP
MOVE! MOVE!
WE GOTTA GO--
KIDPOOL!
#1
BEE-BEE-BEE-BEE-BEE--
DOGPOOL, OLD BUDDY.
I'M RIGHT BEHIND--
BEEEEE

KATHOOOOOM
the MU
HEH... *KAFF* HEH...
YOU SAID "BOOBY."
THAT WAS A LOW-DOWN, SNEAKY, UNDERHANDED THING TO DO.
I'D APPROVE IF I WASN'T GETTING THE *POINTY* END OF THE--
HUNH?

HIYA, WADE.
MISS ME?
CUZ I'M BETTING I'M NOT GONNA MISS YOU.
EVIL ME?
YOU'RE MIXED UP IN THIS, TOO?
I'M PATCHED TOGETHER FROM YOUR SEVERED BODY PARTS, WADE. OF COURSE I'M MIXED UP!
BUT WE'RE ALL INVOLVED IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER-- EVERY FLAVOR OF DEADPOOL!
WE'RE THE CREATORS OF THE UNIVERSE...AND IF WE'RE GONNA BURN IT DOWN... THAT MEANS CHOOSING SIDES.
>INSERT HUMOROUS, SELF-REFERENTIAL, META COMMENT HERE.<
HRM... BEER.
CAN'T WE JUST...I DUNNO... SIT DOWN AND TALK THIS OUT OVER A FEW CHIMICHANGAS?
YOU AIN'T TALKING YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS ONE.
>THIS UNIT DOES NOT CONSUME CHIMICHANGAS.<
NOT A FAN OF MEXICAN FOOD??
ALL RIGHT.
THEN YOU DIE FIRST.

RRRAAAARRRRGGH!
SKWWWWWAAAAAARRRRK!
KRRRRRRNNCKK
>INSERT SNARK-INFUSED-YET-POINTLESS PLEAS FOR MERCY HERE.<
SHRAK
CRNNCH
UH...ALL RIGHT...
EVERYONE ELSE SEES THE MAN-EATING *PANDA BEAR*, RIGHT?
INDEED!
HE IS YOUR *ALLY*.
ROOOOWWRR!
BUT HE IS NO MERE PANDA!
HE IS--
PANDAPOOL!
--THE SPECIES THAT ENDANGERS YOU!

ALL RIGHT, DEADPOOL CORPS!
LET'S SHOW THESE &#$% HOW WE DO THINGS DOWNTOWN!
ESPIN 12
BLAM BLAM
Y'KNOW... IN ALL THE MULTIVERSE...THERE ARE ONLY A *FEW* LADY DEADPOOLS!
B-BLAM
ONE OF US NEEDS TO DIE-- *QUICK!*
OTHERWISE WE'RE GONNA BE SUBJECTED TO ENDLESS CATFIGHT JOKES!
BESIDES... GIRLS *NEVER* GET ALONG, AMIRIGHT?
SHRRRRAAAK
A BEAR, HUH?
OL' CESSPOOL'S NEVER ATE A BEAR BEFORE!
MNNGGG-NOM-GGG-NOM!
TASTES LIKE *CHICKEN!*
THOSE CLAWS OF YOURS DON'T SCARE ME, PAL.
I AIN'T AFRAID TO DIE FOR WHAT I BELIEVE IN.
SLLLLSNNNKK
MOLSON!
THIS AIN'T GONNA END WELL FOR YOU.
ANY *LAST WORDS?*
YEAH...
KAFF! KAFF!
BREATH MINTS!

WITNESS, DEAR READER, THE TRUE NATURE OF *WAR!*
FOR THIS IS NOT JUST THE STRUGGLE AGAINST ONE'S ENEMIES...
#1
...BUT ALSO THE STRUGGLE AGAINST ONE'S VERY BEING!
FOR ONE DEADPOOL TO *LIVE*, THE OTHER MUST *DIE!*
SUCH INSTANCES OF PURE *SELF-DESTRUCTIVENESS* ARE SO POWERFUL THAT EVEN THE UNIVERSE TAKES NOTICE!
FOR NO MATTER WHO WINS THIS BATTLE, WE ALL--

HEY!
BIG, BALD, AND BEAUTIFUL!
ARE YOU JUST GONNA STAND THERE OR ARE YOU GONNA HELP?
HUH?
HOLD YOUR HORSES!
YOU'RE A *DOUBLE AGENT?*
DO NOT JUDGE ME TOO HARSHLY.
I HAVE SWORN TO TAKE A MORE ACTIVE ROLE IN DEADPOOL'S MISSION.
BUT YOU ARE *ALL* ASPECTS OF DEADPOOL.

AND HOW CAN I BE EXPECTED TO CHOOSE WHO I LIKE BEST?
YOU ARE ALL JUST--
--SO COOL!
HOW CAN YOU DECIDE?
HOW CAN YOU DECIDE?
ONE OF US WANTS TO SAVE THE MULTIVERSE! THE OTHER WANTS TO DESTROY IT!
THAT MAKES THE DECISION PRETTY FRICKIN' EASY, IF YOU ASK ME!
NONE OF US KNOW HOW THIS STORY IS GOING TO PLAY OUT, WADE WILSON.
I KNOW EXACTLY HOW IT WILL PLAY OUT!
WITH ME KICKING YOU RIGHT IN THE--
WHAT?
IT'S RAINING NOW?

WOOHOO!
SINGING IN THE RAIN, BABY!
WHAT A GORIEST FEELING!
DUNNO ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M *HAPPY* AGAIN!
SNIKT.
I AM SO GONNA KILL THE HELL OUTTA *YOU!*
HRRRK!
SSSSH
HRRR
DON'T YOU...
...GET IT?
I WAS READY TO DIE WHEN I GOT HERE.
...

THIS IS A *SUICIDE* MISSION.
AW...
GALACTUSPOOL?
WHERE DO THEY *GET* THESE GUYS?
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT ISSUE

MARVEL
#3
DEADPOOL KILLS DEADPOOL
PARENTAL ADVISORY! NOT FOR KIDS!
BUNN
ESPIN
GANDINI

DEADPOOL KILLS DEADPOOL

Deadpool. Wade Wilson. The Merc with the Mouth.

You never knew he was the most important part of the Marvel Universe, did you?

Across the multiverse, there exist an infinite number of Deadpools across an infinite number of worlds. One of them, on a world not unlike our own, was able to see through the veil of lies and discover the truth…that he and his fellow super heroes were all fictional characters acting out adventures for others' amusement! He took the liberty of "freeing" his fellow heroes from this burden…but he soon learned that in this infinite multiverse, there's always another show on the next channel.

As such, he's got a new target in mind…every Deadpool there is across all dimensions. He's come to believe that he and his fellow Wades are the progenitors of the universe, and that by killing off all the Deadpools, he can end all of existence. He's also recruited a crew of no-goodnik 'Pools from across reality who are committed to helping him seal the deal, including the ever-popular "Evil Deadpool" made up of Wade's discarded bits.

Fortunately, there's a team of goody-two-shoe 'Pools trying to stop him! They include, of course, the honest-to-goodness, for realsies Earth-616 Deadpool, a female Lady Deadpool, and Pandapool, the species that makes you endangered. Oh, and, there's this Watcher who only watches Deadpool who kinda sorta helps. And, uh…that's it. So, the odds already weren't great.

Then the bad guys brought out their big gun.

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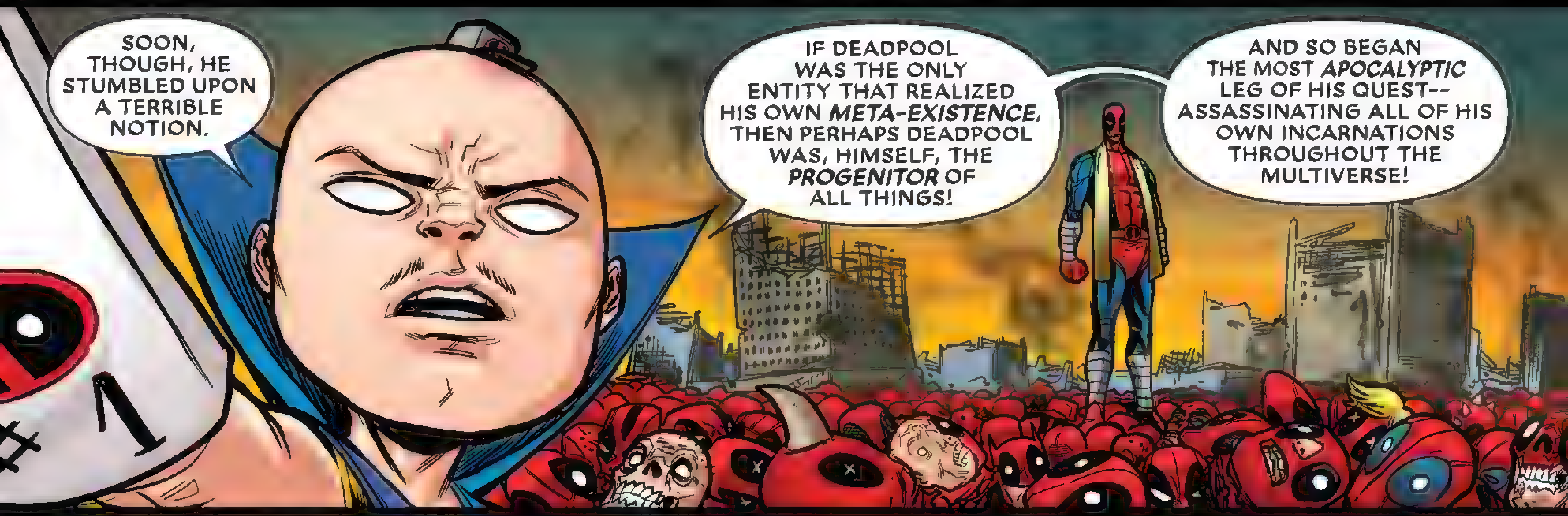
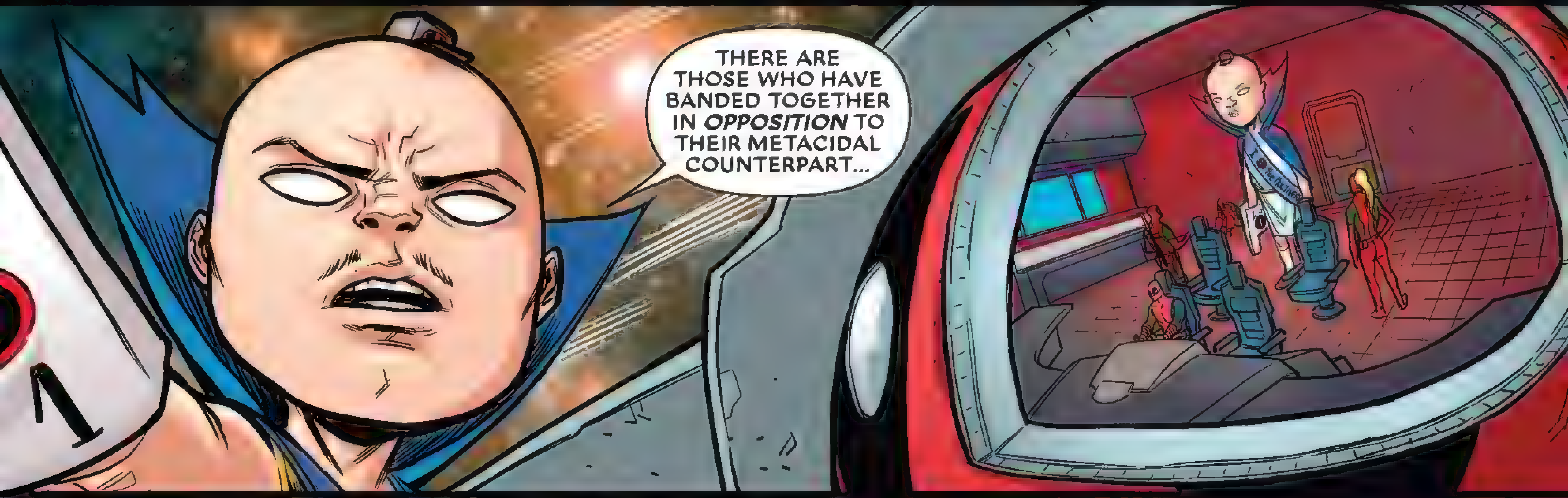
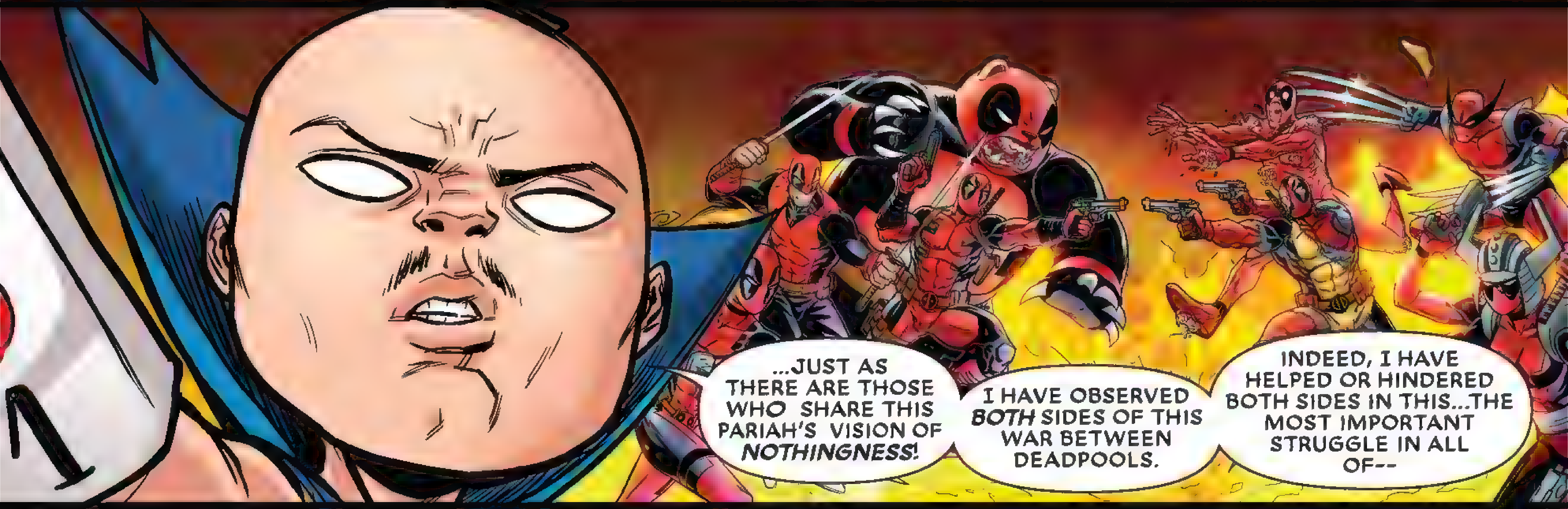
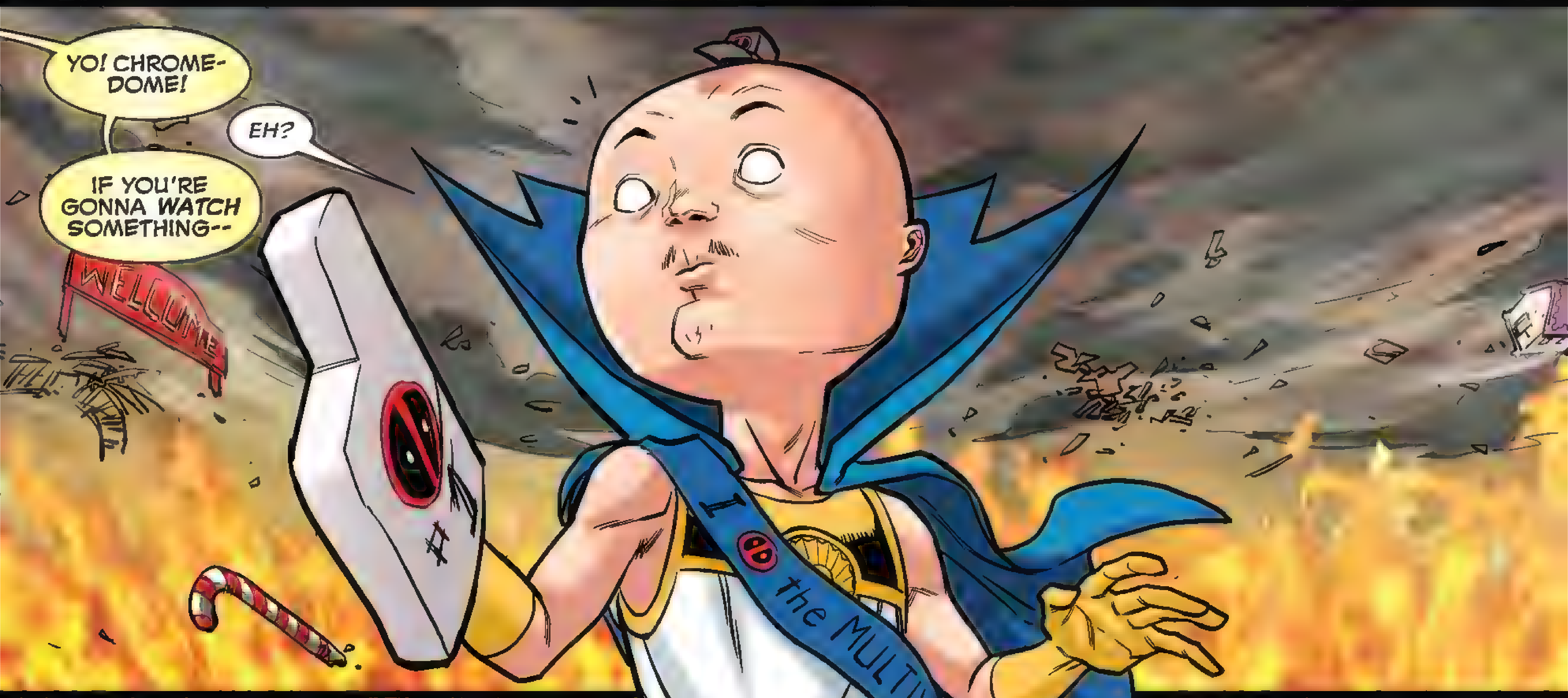
I AM...THE *WATCHER!*
#1
NO... NOT *THAT* WATCHER.
I'M ONE OF THE *OTHER* ONES.
NOT ALL OF US ARE ATTENTION-HUNGRY GLORY-HOUNDS, YOU KNOW.
IT IS MY SACRED DUTY...AND MY *HONOR*...TO OBSERVE ALL THE INCARNATIONS OF WADE WILSON--*DEADPOOL*--THROUGHOUT THE *MULTIVERSE.*
AND THUS HAVE I WITNESSED THE MOST *MURDEROUS* OF *CRUSADES* TAKE SHAPE.
FOR *ONE* DEADPOOL HAS EMBARKED ON A QUEST TO DESTROY THE *WHOLE OF REALITY.*
FIRST, HE SLAUGHTERED THE *HEROES AND VILLAINS* OF COUNTLESS WORLDS.
THEN HE TURNED HIS BALEFUL GAZE ON THE *IDEAVERSE* OF *LITERARY ICONS.*
IT WAS HIS BELIEF THAT HIS VICTIMS WERE BUT FIGMENTS OF A GREATER POWER'S *IMAGINATION.*
BY SLAYING THEM, HE MIGHT END *"THE CONTINUITY"*--A CYCLE OF ENDLESS SUFFERING FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF OTHERS.


SOON, THOUGH, HE STUMBLED UPON A TERRIBLE NOTION.
IF DEADPOOL WAS THE ONLY ENTITY THAT REALIZED HIS OWN *META-EXISTENCE*, THEN PERHAPS DEADPOOL WAS, HIMSELF, THE *PROGENITOR* OF ALL THINGS!
AND SO BEGAN THE MOST *APOCALYPTIC* LEG OF HIS QUEST-- ASSASSINATING ALL OF HIS OWN INCARNATIONS THROUGHOUT THE MULTIVERSE!


THERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE BANDED TOGETHER IN *OPPOSITION* TO THEIR METACIDAL COUNTERPART...


...JUST AS THERE ARE THOSE WHO SHARE THIS PARIAH'S VISION OF *NOTHINGNESS!*
I HAVE OBSERVED *BOTH* SIDES OF THIS WAR BETWEEN DEADPOOLS.
INDEED, I HAVE HELPED OR HINDERED BOTH SIDES IN THIS...THE MOST IMPORTANT STRUGGLE IN ALL OF--


YO! CHROME-DOME!
EH?
IF YOU'RE GONNA *WATCH* SOMETHING--
WELCOME
I ♥ the MULTIV

--YOU MIGHT WANT TO FEAST YOUR PEEPERS ON *THIS!*
GALACTIPOOL... **HUNGERS!**
THIS WORLD WILL *SATIATE* MY *EMPTINESS...*
...LIKE OH-SO-MANY *GEOLOGICAL CHIMICHANGAS!*
I KNOW WHAT YER THINKING.
BRINGING GALACTUS TO A DEADPOOL-FIGHT IS JUST *DIRTY POOL.*
(DIRTYPOOL... WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OLD PERV?)
BUT--REALLY. WE'RE TRYING TO WIPE OUT ALL OF EXISTENCE.
ONCE THIS IS ALL OVER, WHO'S GONNA KEEP *SCORE?*
OH, SHADDUP!
THWOCK
OOOF!
YOU KNOW, IF I'M HALF AS *ANNOYING* AS YOU, IT'S NO WONDER MATCH.COM KEEPS *REJECTING* MY PROFILES!
GO AHEAD.
DESTROY THE WORLD.
I STILL GOT *PLENTY* OF TIME TO KICK YOUR ASS.
the

STOP TRYING TO PLAY THE GOOD GUY!
WHICH OF US IS TRYING TO SAVE THE WORLD HERE?
THAT'D BE ME.
WHICH GIVES ME THE RIGHT TO PROCLAIM MYSELF THE GOOD GUY!
IT'S YOUR FAULT THE WORLD TURNED OUT LIKE THIS!
YOU... ME...WE'RE ALL RESPONSIBLE!
THE... NOBLE...THING TO DO...
...WOULD BE TO JUST LAY DOWN AND DIE!
NNNGGG
N-NOT MY STYLE.
THIS IS MY STYLE!
YEEEEAAARRGGH!
PLUCK
RRRGGHGGHGGHGHH
DON'T BE SUCH A CRYBABY.
IT'LL GROW BACK.
OR NOT.
BLAM

RRRRAGGH!
C'MERE, GORGEOUS!
RRRAGH!
OH, GROSS.
YOUR HAND-MOUTH NEEDS TO FLOSS SO BAD!
HRRRAAAH!
PALE ALE.
YAAAA--
♫ UP THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE... UP WHERE THE AIR IS CLEAR... ♫
SOMEBODY! GIMME A--

--HAND.
GRAB
Y-YOU?
YES, WANDA WILSON.
WHILE I HAVE PLAYED BOTH SIDES OF THIS MULTIVERSAL CONFLICT AGAINST EACH OTHER...
...I REALIZE THAT I MUST *CHOOSE* A SIDE.
BESIDES...I CANNOT STAND IDLY BY WHILE *YOU* MEET YOUR *DOOM*... BECAUSE...
...YOU'RE MY *FAVORITE!*
Y'KNOW... THERE WAS A DAY WHEN THAT MIGHT HAVE SEEMED *WEIRD* TO ME.
C'MON, WATCHER.
LET'S MAKE SURE YOU DIDN'T SAVE ME FOR NOTHIN'.
AND *THIS* IS FOR ISSUE 49!
AND *THIS* IS FOR--
TWWEEEEET

Chimichanga de Fuego
WADE!
GET OVER HERE!
WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
DON'T GO ANYWHERE.
YOU'VE HEARD THE ONE ABOUT BEING BLACK AND WHITE AND RED ALL OVER, RIGHT?
RRNFF!
the MULTIVERSE
I DON'T WANT TO HURRY YOU, LADY D...BUT THE WORLD IS...Y'KNOW... *ENDING* ALL AROUND US.
This SUMM
UKELE
I KNOW... I KNOW...
BUT YOU'LL NEED *WEAPONS* FOR WHAT YOU'RE GONNA FACE NEXT!

CAN ONE OF YOU GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS?
OH, YEAH. NO--
NOT *YOU.* THE ONE WITH *MUSCLES.*
GRRRNK!
YOU PUNKS ARE SO DEAD!
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT ARM TO KILL YOU W--
RRRR
WRRRNNNK
--WWWWRRRRGGGK!
SHHRRRAAAKK
EWW...
I HAVEN'T EATEN LUNCH YET TODAY...BUT REMIND ME TO *THROW UP* ONCE I DO.
LET'S GO.

WHAT *IS* THIS?
SMELLS LIKE CORDITE AND GUNPOWDER AND GUN OIL.
SMELLS LIKE... *CHRISTMAS.*
IT'S AN *ARMORY.*
GOOD OLD STANDBYS. PLUS SOME *SPECIALIZED* WEAPONS.
SPECIALIZED FOR *WHAT?*
KILLING *DEADPOOLS.*
A LOT OF THESE WEAPONS... PULLED FROM THE ROUGHEST CORNERS OF THE MULTIVERSE... CAN KILL EVEN THE MOST *RESILIENT* OF OUR KIND.
THIS IS THE LAST OF THE GOOD STUFF... SO MAKE IT *COUNT.*
IS THIS WHAT IT'S COME TO?
DEADPOOLS KILLING EACH OTHER?
SUCH A *WASTE.*
SAVE YOUR TEARS, TOUGH GUY.
BIG TOYS

GALACTIPOOL'S COSMIC APPETITES *DEMAND* GREAT SACRIFICE!
THOUGH THIS WORLD *DIES*, KNOW THAT I, TOO, SUFFER!
FOR A MINUTE ON THE *LIPS* DOTH EQUATE TO A LIFETIME ON THE *HIPS!*
YOU'LL *NEED* 'EM.
I DON'T SUPPOSE ANY OF THESE WEAPONS ARE GONNA DO US A BIT OF GOOD AGAINST THE *GALACTIC LUNCHBOX*.
NO...BUT THEY MIGHT WORK--
--AGAINST *HIM!*
BEST THERE IS.
CATCH!

WHAT I DO?
PAFF
BELCH?
SKKR-SKKR-SKKKRRRR
SKRR-SKITTERSKR-SKIT
YEEEAAAGGH!
OKAAAAY.
THAT WAS *NASTY.*
SPLAT
REMIND ME AFTER BREAKFAST TOMORROW THAT I'VE RACKED UP *ANOTHER* CHECK IN THE *UPCHUCK* COLUMN.
NICE WEAPONS, THOUGH.
BUT WHY'D YOU SAY *I'D* NEED THEM?
DIDN'T YOU MEAN "*WE'LL*--"

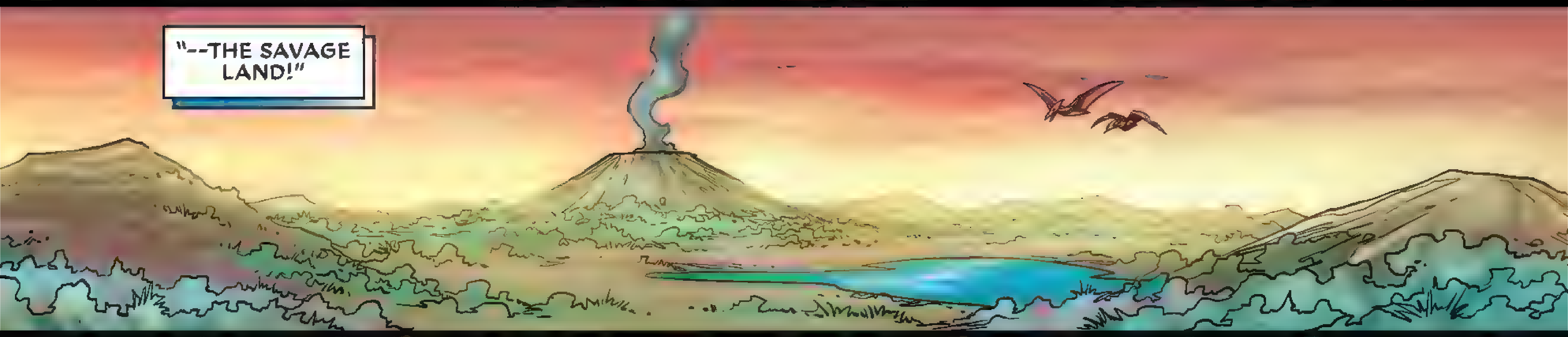
WHU?
HUH?
DOWHUTNOW?
WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHERE'S LADY D GOING?
AND WHY ON EARTH WAS SHE *FRENCHING* THE INTERGALACTIC PEEPING TOM?
SHE IS DOING WHAT SHE MUST...FOR THE *GREATER GOOD.*
THIS IS WHERE HER DESTINY *DIVERGES* FROM YOUR OWN.
IF THIS WORLD DIES, THEN YOU DIE WITH IT.
IF YOU STAND A CHANCE OF STOPPING THE DEATH OF THE MULTIVERSE...THEN YOU MUST ACCOMPANY ME...
...*ELSEWHERE.*
"WHILE SHE BUYS US *TIME.*"

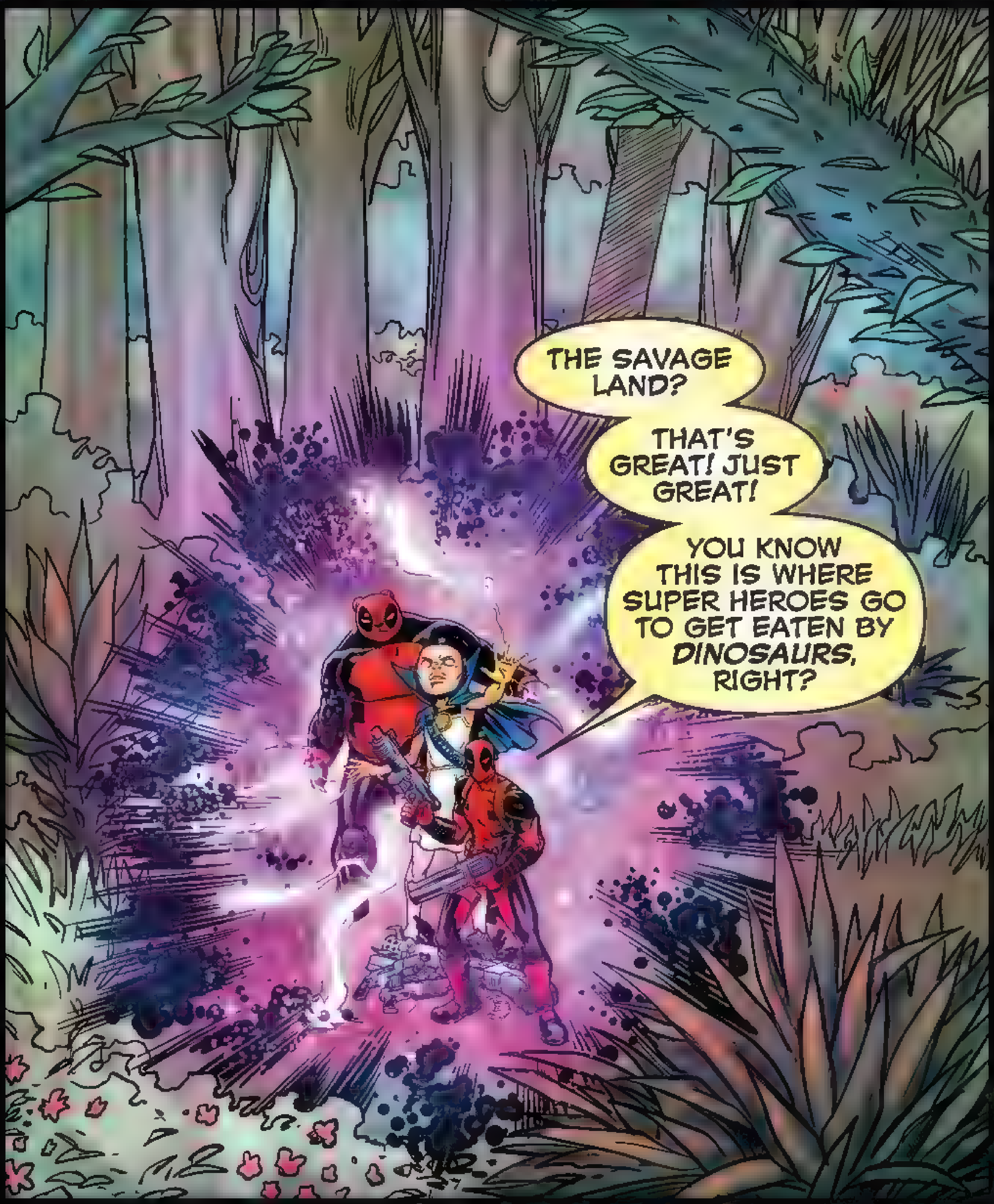
MULTIVERSAL JUMP ENGINES SET TO *IMPLODE* ON IMPACT.
IT'LL SUCK WHATEVER GETS CAUGHT IN ITS WAKE INTO *NOTHINGNESS.*
ALL RIGHT, OLD GIRL.
LET'S SHOW 'EM WHAT YOU'VE GOT.
ONE *LAST* TIME.
SHOOT STRAIGHT.
FOR ONCE.
YOU ARMY PUKES.
VRRRRRRRRSSSSSSSHHHH

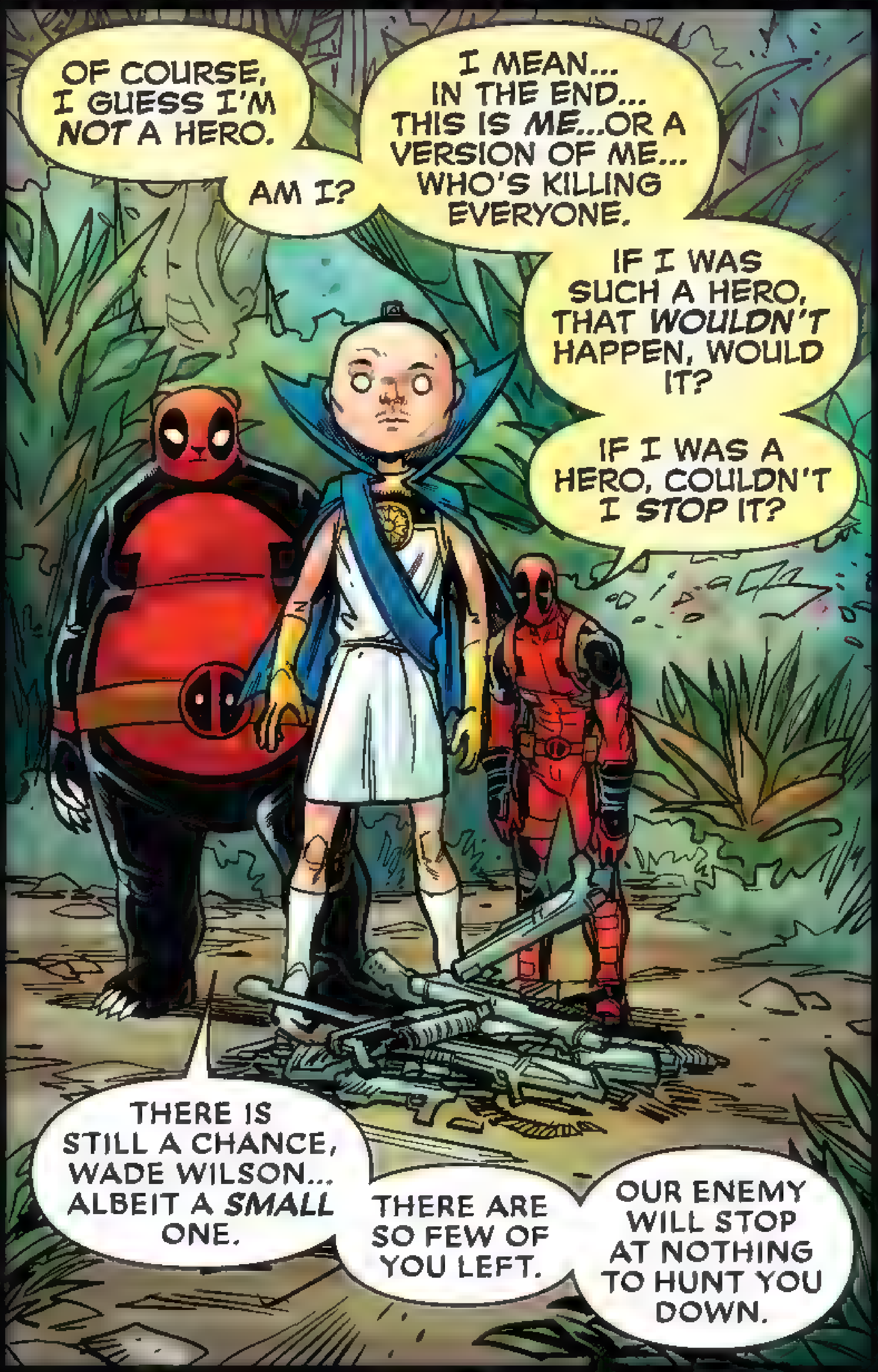
SKRRROOOOOOOOOM
RRNNNNNNNGGG
GRRRONNNGH

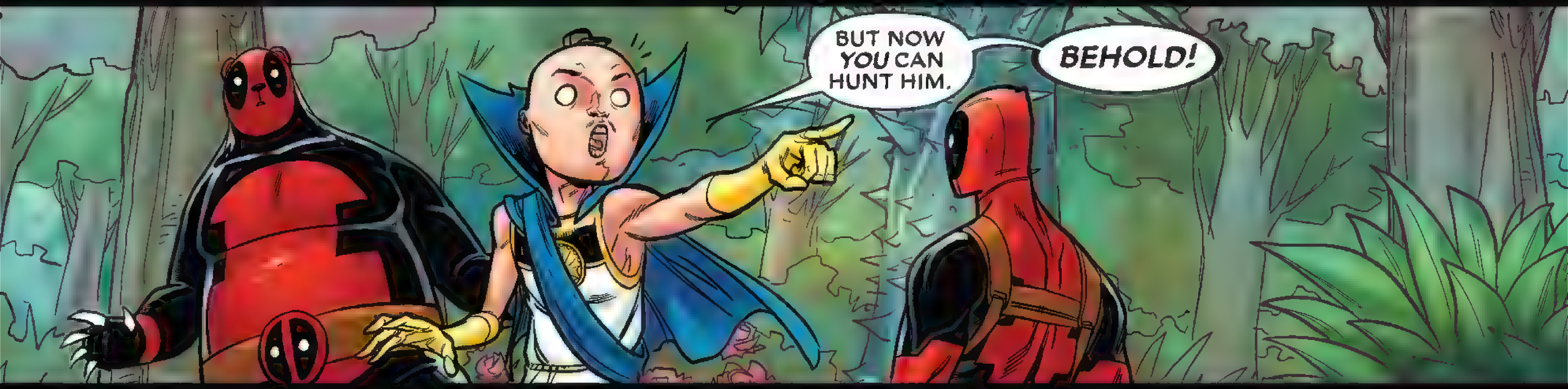
NOW WHAT?
LADY D IS *GONE*...AND FOR WHAT?
WHAT THE *HELL* DO WE DO NOW?
WE MUST FIND OUR WAY TO OUR ENEMY'S HOME WORLD...
...THE *SOURCE* OF HIS POWER...
...BUT WITHOUT THE *TRANSDIMENSIONAL* DRIVES OF THE *BEA ARTHUR* WE WILL--
NONE OF YOU ARE GOIN' ANYWHERE.
WE *AIN'T* DONE YET.
PRETTY LITTLE SHE-DEADPOOL DIED FOR *NOTHIN'*.
HOW'S THE SOUND OF THEM APPLES?
SOUNDS TO ME...
...LIKE THINGS ARE LOOKING *UP*.
HUH?
I DON'T GET...
AW.
THE MULTIVERSE

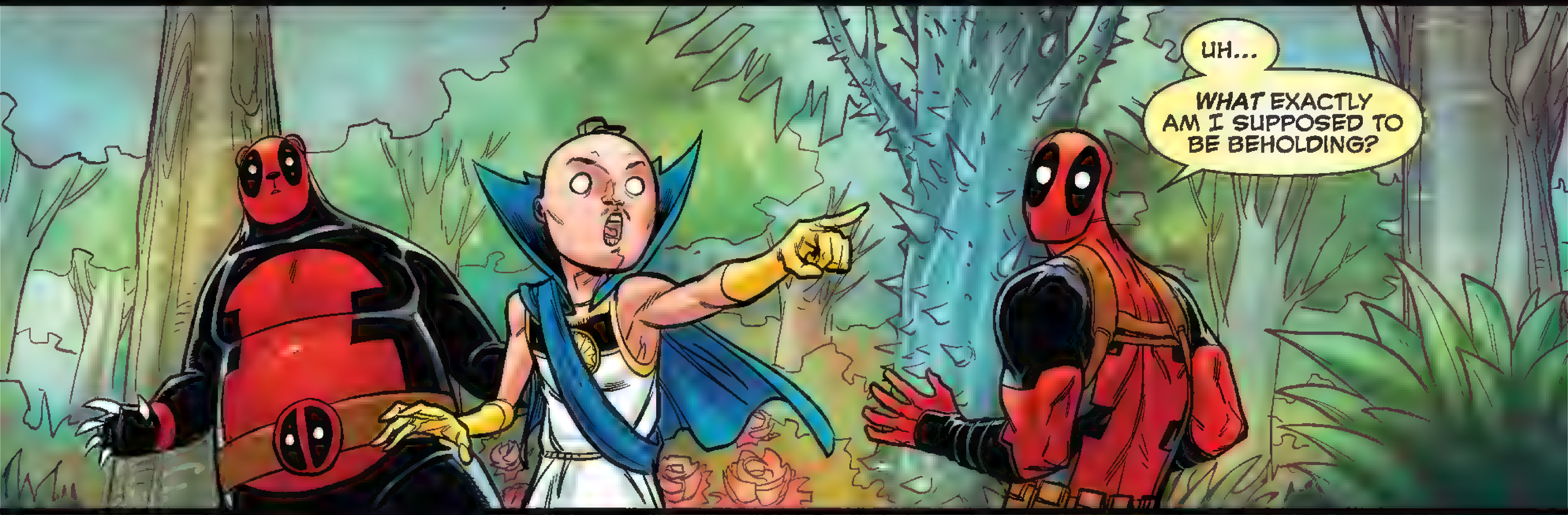
THOOOM
SO... YOU WERE SAYING?
Y'KNOW...ABOUT FINDING THE GUY RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS...AND GIVING HIM A COMBAT BOOT PROCTOLOGY EXAM.
JUST KEEP IN MIND, I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR A *RUNAROUND.*
the MULTIVERSE
THERE WILL BE NO *AMBIGUITY,* WADE WILSON.
ON EVERY VERSION OF EARTH, THERE IS A *NEXUS OF ALL REALITIES.*
THOUGH THE COST MIGHT BE *GREAT,* WE CAN USE THIS GATEWAY TO FIND OUR ENEMY...AND TAKE THE FIGHT TO HIM.
ON EVERY WORLD...THE LOCATION OF THIS NEXUS IS *DIFFERENT.*
ON SOME WORLDS, IT IS IN THE HEART OF THE EVERGLADES.
ON OTHERS... IT IS HIDDEN WITHIN THE BAXTER BUILDING.
AND ON OTHERS STILL IT IS BUT AN OASIS IN THE GREAT SAHARA DESERT.
BUT FOR US TO REACH THE NEXUS, WE MUST TRAVEL TO--


"--THE SAVAGE LAND!"


THE SAVAGE LAND?
THAT'S GREAT! JUST GREAT!
YOU KNOW THIS IS WHERE SUPER HEROES GO TO GET EATEN BY *DINOSAURS*, RIGHT?


OF COURSE, I GUESS I'M *NOT* A HERO.
AM I?
I MEAN... IN THE END... THIS IS *ME*...OR A VERSION OF ME... WHO'S KILLING EVERYONE.
IF I WAS SUCH A HERO, THAT *WOULDN'T* HAPPEN, WOULD IT?
IF I WAS A HERO, COULDN'T I *STOP* IT?
THERE IS STILL A CHANCE, WADE WILSON... ALBEIT A *SMALL* ONE.
THERE ARE SO FEW OF YOU LEFT.
OUR ENEMY WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO HUNT YOU DOWN.


BUT NOW *YOU* CAN HUNT HIM.
BEHOLD!


UH...
WHAT EXACTLY AM I SUPPOSED TO BE BEHOLDING?

IT... IT CANNOT BE.
THIS WORLD'S NEXUS...IT HAS BEEN *SPENT.*
BURNED OUT.
SO...WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
WE'RE *STUCK* HERE?
NO.
AS I SAID... USE OF THE NEXUS COULD COME WITH A GREAT COST.
ALTHOUGH THIS WILL BE *MORE COSTLY* THAN EVEN I IMAGINED.
WHY DOES THE IMPORTANT STUFF ALWAYS COME WITH A HIGH COST?
LIKE THIS *MILLENNIUM FALCON* TOY I WANTED WHEN I WAS A KID...
...I SAVED FOR *MONTHS* FOR THAT THING.
AND IT CAME APART AS SOON AS I BASHED LITTLE JOEY FITZPATRICK'S HEAD IN WITH IT.
I WOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT THE HIGH COST OF AVERTING THE APOCALYPSE.
IN THAT REGARD AT LEAST, ME AND MY BOYS HERE ARE HERE TO MAKE YER LIFE *STRESS FREE.*

"STRESS FREE" MEANING OVER AND DONE, OF COURSE.
NAME'S DEADPOOL THE DUCK, AND I'LL TAKE YA RIGHT OUT OF THE WORLD YA NEVER MADE!
MY PALS ARE--
DEADPOOL DINOSAUR...(WITH A SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE BY THE MURDEROUS MOON-BOY)!
AND D.E.A.D.P.O.O.L.
DESTRUCTIVE ENGINE OF ASSASSINATION DESPITE PANPYGOPTOSIS OBSESSED WITH OPPONENT LIQUIDATION!
IF YA WANNA LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER DAY, YER GONNA HAVE TO CUT YER WAY THROUGH US!
FAIR WARNING, THOUGH.
WE CUT BACK!
ESPIN
TO BE CONCLUDED...

NEXT

MARVEL

DEADPOOL KILLS DEADPOOL

#4

BUNN
ESPIN
GANDINI

PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!

DEADPOOL KILLS DEADPOOL

Man, I hope you're not a fan of Deadpool.

You know who I mean, right? Wade Wilson, the Merc with the Mouth?

Cause he dies in this issue. A bunch. Oh, spoiler. Sorry. But it's in the title, so...come on.

Here's the sitch: across the multiverse, there are an infinite number of Deadpools—ones that are heroes, ones that are villains, ones that have beards of bees (R.I.P.). One of those Deadpools is the Deadpool of Earth 616—the one who's kinda-sorta-maybe a little heroic, sometimes. He's the one you're usually reading about in comics.

But there's another Deadpool, a darker Deadpool, a Deadpool who is out to end all of existence. He believes that if the Deadpools of the multiverse are the only ones who know they are fictional characters...then they must be the progenitors of all reality! As such, the only way to wipe out everything is to destroy all Deadpools!

All the Deadpools across all realities have been recruited—either by the dark Deadpool to help destroy everything or by his opposition. Thing is, at last count, the nihilist side was winning by a lot. The only people left on the good side are Deadpool-616 (the real one, for serious), Pandapool (the species that endangers you) and a whacked-out Watcher whose job it is to watch all Deadpools. Yeah—the Deadpool Corps are all dead. More of a Deadpool Corpse, now.

All right, let's watch some Deadpools die, shall we?

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MAN AGAINST *DUCK!*
DUCK AGAINST *MAN!*
PANDA AGAINST BIG, BABY-HEADED *ME!*
QUACK-FU AGAINST *KUNG-FU!*
DINOSAUR AGAINST THE LAWS OF *NATURE* AND *COMMON SENSE!*
WAAAUGH!
IF THIS DOESN'T WARRANT A *SPLASH PAGE*, I DON'T KNOW WHAT DOES!
Salva Espin 2013

SORRY TO DO THIS, DUCKY!
KRAK
YOU...ME... AND A LITTLE HONEY SOY GLAZE COULDA MADE A GREAT TEAM!
THAT EITHER SOUNDS *DIRTY* OR *DELICIOUS.*
WHATEVER MAKES YOUR PASSING TO THE OTHER SIDE A LITTLE MORE *PLEASANT.*
RRRRAGGH!
YOU TELL 'EM, PANDAPOOL!
RRRRAGGH!
RAKKABRAKKABRAKKABRAKKA

WITNESS, DEAR READER, AND *TREMBLE!* FOR WE--
YOU THINK THEY *DON'T KNOW* WHAT THEY'RE SEEING?
THEY DON'T NEED *YOU* TO NARRATE.
THE SIGNPOST READS LOUD AND CLEAR, UNCLE SPOOKY.
"THIS WAY TO ENDSVILLE."
ZZZLORRTCH
DEADPOOL THE DUCK...A DEADPOOL T-REX...
A DEADPOOL M.O.D.O.K.?
THE MULTIVERSE SURE HAS A *TWISTED* SENSE OF HUMOR.
EITHER THAT... OR SOMEBODY PUT THE WRONG KIND OF 'SHROOMS ON MY ANCHOVY, PORK CRACKLINGS, AND MUSHROOM PIZZA.
THERE IS *ANOTHER POSSIBILITY* TO CONSIDER, WADE WILSON.
IF YOUR METACIDAL COUNTERPART IS CORRECT IN HIS BELIEFS...
...IF IT IS TRUE THAT *DEADPOOL* IS THE *PROGENITOR* OF ALL THINGS...
...THEN IS IT NOT *CONCEIVABLE* THAT YOUR ENEMY IS FILLING THE RANKS OF HIS ARMY WITH SOLDIERS...
...THAT HE CREATED *HIMSELF?*

WOW.
CRISIS OF INFINITE DEADPOOLS.
INDEED.
AND IF HE HAS THE ABILITY TO *SHAPE REALITY*--
--SO, TOO, DO *YOU.*
THAT'D BE *SUH-WEET.*
BUT...REALLY... IF I HAD THE ABILITY TO CHANGE THE WORLD...
...I WOULDN'T NEED TO SAVE UP FOR THOSE *BUTT IMPLANTS* I'VE BEEN WANTING.
FACE IT, BALDY.
I'M NOT WIRED FOR CREATION.
I'M GOOD FOR ONE THING...AND THAT'S *KILLING CHUMPS.*
AND YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR CHANCE.
PREPARE YOURSELF, DEADPOOLS!
I AM SENDING YOU TO THE WORLD OF YOUR ENEMY!
TO THE WORLD OF *OUR* ENEMY.
AND *HOW* EXACTLY ARE YOU GONNA DO THAT, CHUCKLES?
THE *NEXUS OF ALL REALITIES* ON THIS MUDBALL IS *EXHAUSTED,* RIGHT?
AND DIDN'T YOU SAY THE COST TO USE IT WOULD BE GREAT?
BECAUSE... ME...I'M A BIT *STRAPPED.*

THE PRICE IS NOT ONE YOU CAN PAY, WADE WILSON.
THIS WORLD'S NEXUS OF ALL REALITIES HAS COLLAPSED.
TEARING IT OPEN ONCE MORE WILL REQUIRE THE EXPENDITURE OF GREAT *COSMIC* ENERGY.
WHU--
I HAVE LEARNED MUCH BY OBSERVING YOU, WADE WILSON.
AND IF I AM TO LIVE...IF I AM TO DIE...THEN I SHALL DO SO WITH THE *PANACHE* OF DEADPOOL.
I SHALL PLAY BY MY OWN RULES...
...WITH A CHORUS OF JOE ESPOSITO, JOURNEY, AND WHITESNAKE EVER-PRESENT IN MY BRAIN.
GO.
SAVE ALL OF EXISTENCE.
KICK YOUR OWN ASS.

HE...
HE *SACRIFICED* HIMSELF TO RE-POWER THE NEXUS.
GRRRRRGGNK
YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUTTA MY MOUTH, PANDAPOOL.
WE'RE NOT GONNA LET HIM DIE FOR NOTHING.
ALL OF THEM...
...LADY D... KIDPOOL... DOGPOOL...
...THOSE OTHER GUYS WHOSE NAMES I CAN'T REMEMBER...
...SOMEBODY'S GONNA *PAY* FOR KILLING THEM.
AND YOU AND ME, PANDAPOOL--
--WE'RE GONNA *COLLECT.*

THIS OTHER GUY...*JERKPOOL* OR WHATEVER HE CALLS HIMSELF...
...HE PROBABLY THINKS HE'S GOT US OVER A BARREL...
...DIDN'T THINK WE'D GET OURSELVES A WATCHER JUMP-START.
HE'LL NEVER SEE US...
...COMING.
DEADLALAPOOLOOZA.
COOL.

WHAT'S THAT YOU WERE SAYING?
WE WOULDN'T COME LOOKING FOR YOU?
YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT WE THINK JUST LIKE YOU DO.
AND THAT, MON FRERE, MEANS--
BLAM BLAM
--AMBUSH!
BRAKKA BRAKKA
SHOOM
FIRE IN THE HOLE!
YEEEARRGGH!
NOT IN THE FACE!
'TIS NOT SO DEEP AS A WELL NOR SO WIDE AS A CHURCH DOOR...
YEEESH!
HEARING YOURSELF DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS?
NOT AS MUCH FUN AS YOU MIGHT THINK!
ON YOUR FEET.
THERE WILL BE TIME FOR COWERING LATER.
FOR NOW...

...WE'VE GOT A *WAR* TO WIN.
I AM...
...DEADPOOL!
SQUUEEEE!
WHU...
WHERE *DID* YOU COME FROM?
YOU GUYS ARE ON *MY* SIDE?
I WOULD HAVE SAID YOU WERE ON *OUR* SIDE.
BUT... WHATEVER FLIES YOUR KITE.
FORSOOTH!
WE ARE THE LAST BASTION AGAINST YON *APOCALYPSE!*
LO, WE MAKE READY TO LAY *SIEGE* TO OUR ENEMY'S CITADEL!
WHAT HE'S TRYING TO SAY IS--
--YOU'RE WITH THE *GOOD GUYS* NOW.
GOOD... BAD...
WE'RE THE GUYS WITH THE PANDA.
NOW...

"...LET'S CUT TO THE DAMN ACTION MONTAGE!"

Live

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

EVIL FORTRESS... MARKED IN DRIPPING BLOOD WITH MY VERY OWN TRADEMARKED SYMBOL...
I ALWAYS THOUGHT I WAS MORE OF A TROPICAL ISLAND PARADISE HEADQUARTERS KIND OF SUPER VILLAIN.
FRUITY BEVERAGES...JIMMY BUFFETT...RUTHLESS KILLER SHE-ASSASSINS IN TEENIE WEENIE YELLOW POLKA DOT BIKINIS...
BUT THIS SEEMS LIKE AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO FINISH THE DANCE.
FIRST STEP, ASK HER OUT AND TREAT HER LIKE A LADY.
SECOND STEP, TELL HER SHE'S THE ONE YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING OF.
THIRD STEP, TAKE AIM RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES AND PULL THE TRIGGER 'TIL YOU CAN'T STAND THE SOUND OF DRY-FIRING.
SMACK
LUCY!
I'M--
THOOM

WELCOME, BROTHER!
WELCOME TO THE *MEAT-CHURCH!*
COME FORWARD AND CAST ASIDE THE *BONDAGE* OF *FLESH!*
WHO DO YOU THINK *YOU* ARE?
CRONENBERG-POOL?
YOU'RE THE GUY WHO'S BEEN PEEING ON EVERYBODY'S HUSHPUPPIES?
YOU'RE THE END OF THE ROAD?
WE'RE THE END OF THE ROAD. YOU AND ME...WE'RE THE *LAST.*
ONCE WE'RE GONE... THAT'S IT. FINITO. DEEP SIX.
IT ALL COMES CRASHING DOWN. EVERYTHING DIES.
THE LAMBS STOP SCREAMING.
GAME OVER, MAN.
SO THIS HAS BEEN... WHAT?
SOME SORT OF WEIRD *SUICIDE* PACT?
ONLY...MOST OF THE PEOPLE YOU KILLED NEVER REALLY DRANK THE KOOL-AID, DID THEY?

I KNOW IT'S HARD TO SEE...
...ESPECIALLY AS I TRY TO *DECAPITATE* YOU...
...BUT I'M NOT THE *VILLAIN* HERE!
IT'S THE *CONTINUITY.*
THE CONTINUITY HAS US *TRAPPED*... LIKE FLIES ON A GLUE STRIP...
...ABUSING US...MAKING US SUFFER...MAKING US DANCE LIKE PUPPETS...
...TURNING US INTO GUINEA PIGS...AND...
AND MAMA NEVER LOVED US?
I GET IT. YOU HAD A *ROUGH LIFE.*
YOU KNOW WHO ELSE HAD A ROUGH LIFE?
EVERYBODY!
EXACTLY!
THE WORLD... THE UNIVERSE... ALL OF EXISTENCE... *SUFFERS!*
AND IT'S *OUR* FAULT!
WE ARE THE *SOURCE.* WE GAVE BIRTH TO THIS WORLD.
YEAH...I'VE HEARD THAT I'M-THE-SELF-AWARE-CREATOR-OF-ALL-THINGS-MULTIVERSAL-BABY-DADDY BEFORE.
LEMME ASK YOU *THIS.*
IF WE'RE SO HIGH-AND-MIGHTY, WHY DON'T WE FIX IT? Y'KNOW... *WITHOUT* KILLING EVERYBODY?
WHY DON'T WE DREAM UP A *BETTER* LIFE?

WE *BOTH* KNOW *WHY.*
YOUR *SUBCONSCIOUS* WON'T LET YOU.
YOU *HATE* YOURSELF FAR TOO MUCH!
ALL THE PAIN...ALL THE LOSS...ALL THE LONELINESS...
YOU BROUGHT IT ON *YOURSELF.*
YOU CREATED THIS HELL.
YOU'RE THE *DEVIL!*
I CAST ASIDE THE CHAINS. I *EMBRACE* THE COMING OBLIVION.
I WON'T ALLOW MYSELF TO *REGENERATE.*
BECAUSE THAT'S HOW THIS WORLD-DESTROYER *ROLLS.*
YOU COULD FREE YOURSELF... JUST LIKE ME...
OR YOU COULD WASTE ALL THAT ENERGY ON KEEPING YOUR UNIFORM SO PIMP.
I MEAN, DIDN'T YOU START THIS LITTLE ESCAPADE WITH A *CHAINSAW* THROUGH THE GUT?
YOUR CLOTHES DON'T LOOK THE LEAST BIT BLOODY.
YOU MUST BE A WHIZ WITH A SHOUT WIPE AND SOME THREAD.
HUH?
"NO...I *CHANGED...*
"DIDN'T I?"

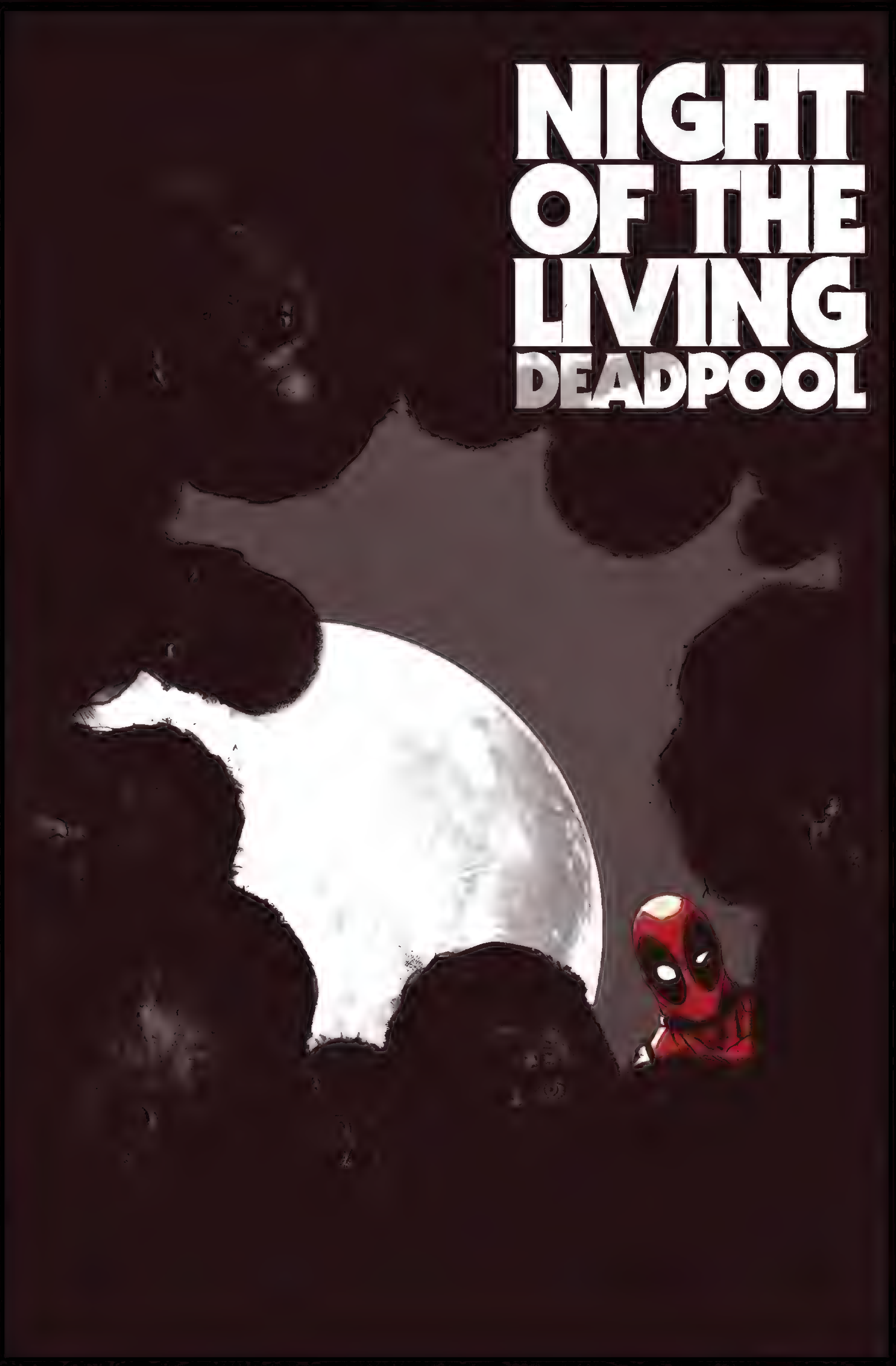
NOTHING--
NUH
NOTHING CHANGES.
THE CONTINUITY WON'T LET YOU CHANGE.
BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO STOP IT.
TO STOP... YOURSELF...
WHAT? YOU GOTTA PROBLEM WITH THE STATUS QUO?
THE MIND-NUMBING, SOUL-CRUSHING REALIZATION THAT NOTHING'S EVER GONNA CHANGE...THAT NOTHING WILL EVER GET ANY BETTER...
...THAT'S HOW I GET GIRLS.
RRHHUUH
SO... NOW I WANT YOU TO ASK YOURSELF.
DID I STAB YOU IN THE HEART WHILE WE WERE WRESTLING?
OR DID I JUST MAKE THAT KNIFE APPEAR...WITH THE POWER OF MY MIND?
SHLUK
KEEPING YOURSELF FROM HEALING...THAT'S A NEAT TRICK.
THERE'S BEEN A TIME OR TWO I WOULD'VE LIKED TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
JUST LET MYSELF GO...LET GO OF ALL THAT WORRY.
I DON'T THINK IT MEANS YOU CONTROL REALITY, THOUGH.
I THINK IT JUST MEANS YOU'RE STUBBORN.
AND IF YOU STARTED TO HEAL RIGHT NOW...WELL... THAT MIGHT BE ME MAKING YOU REGENERATE WITH THE COSMIC FORCES AT MY BECK AND CALL...

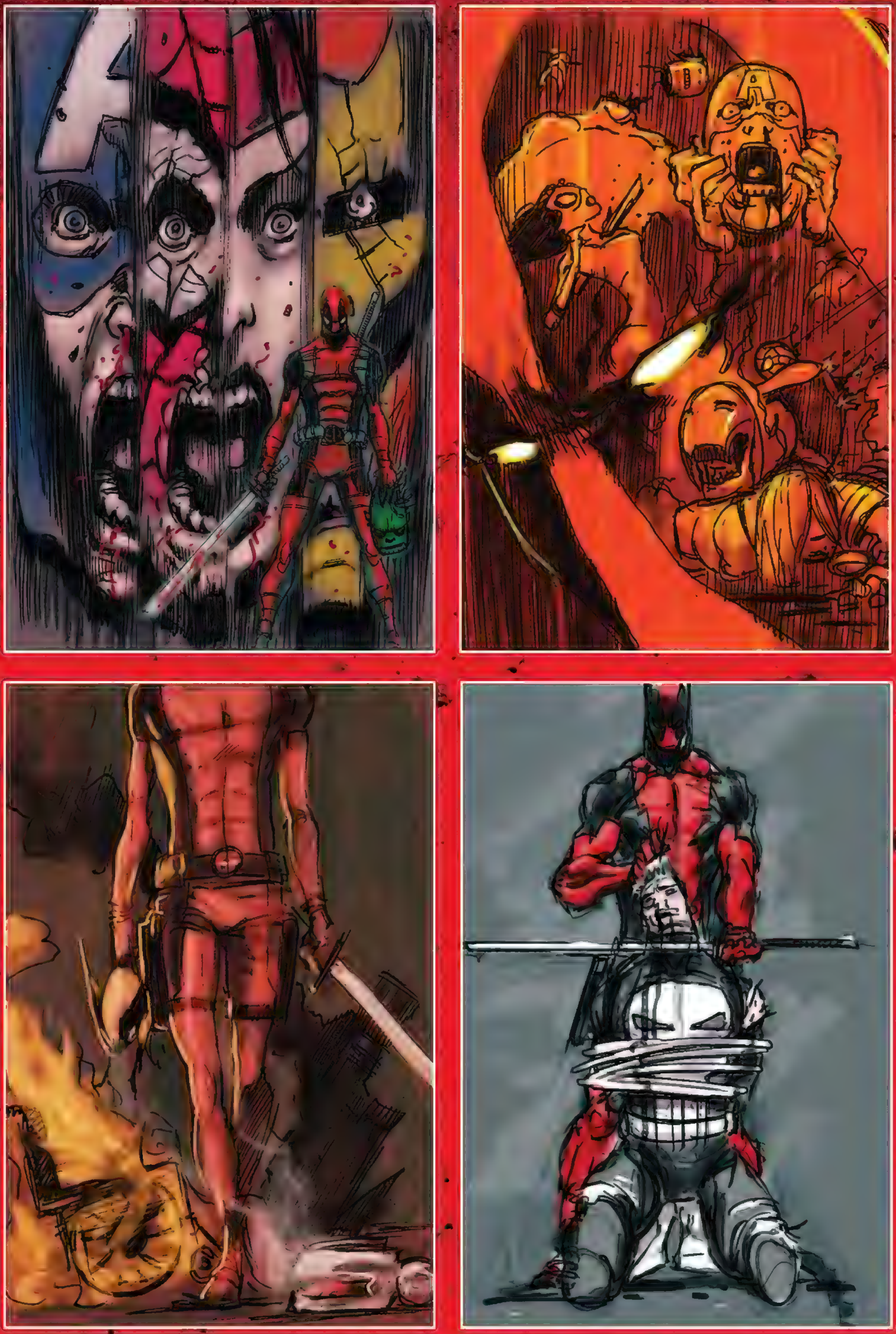
...OR IT MIGHT MEAN YOU SIMPLY DON'T *WANT* TO DIE RIGHT NOW.
HNH?
N-NO...
SEE?
FOR ALL THAT *ZEALOTRY*... YOU'RE NOT AS *DIFFERENT* AS YOU THINK YOU ARE.
IT'S OKAY.
A LOT OF FOLKS GET MIXED UP.
BUT I *JIMINY-CRICKETED* YOU BACK TO YOUR SENSES.
BUT ALL THOSE PEOPLE... ALL THOSE WORLDS...
I *KILLED* SO MANY...
...TRYING TO SET THEM FREE.
WHAT'S *IMPORTANT* IS THAT YOU SEE THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS.
HEEL TO BABYFACE... BABYFACE TO HEEL.
IF YOU SAY NOTHING EVER *CHANGES*, I COULD TELL YA A THING OR TWO ABOUT NIKITA KOLOFF.
I *KNOW* WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.
IN *TIME*, YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE *AMENDS* FOR ALL THE DAMAGE YOU'VE DONE.

LOP
BUT YOU'RE OUT OF TIME, BRO.
THE MULTIVERSE MIGHT'VE *FORGIVEN* YOU, Y'KNOW?
BUT NOT *ME.*
YOU KILLED MY FRIENDS.
YOU DON'T GET A PASS.
HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING TO OCCUPY THOSE LAST FEW THOUGHTS OF YOURS.
SOMETHING TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THIS *UNIVERSAL ACID* I'M DOUSING YOU WITH.
WHAT IF YOU'RE *RIGHT?* WHAT IF GOOD OL' DEADPOOL REALLY IS THE PROGENITOR?
BUT WHAT IF YOU AND ME ARE JUST ANOTHER PAIR OF *VOICES* IN THE REAL DEADPOOL'S HEAD?
I *DID* CHANGE CLOTHES, DIDN'T I?
AW, WHO CARES?
LAST DEADPOOL STANDING!
REPRESENT!

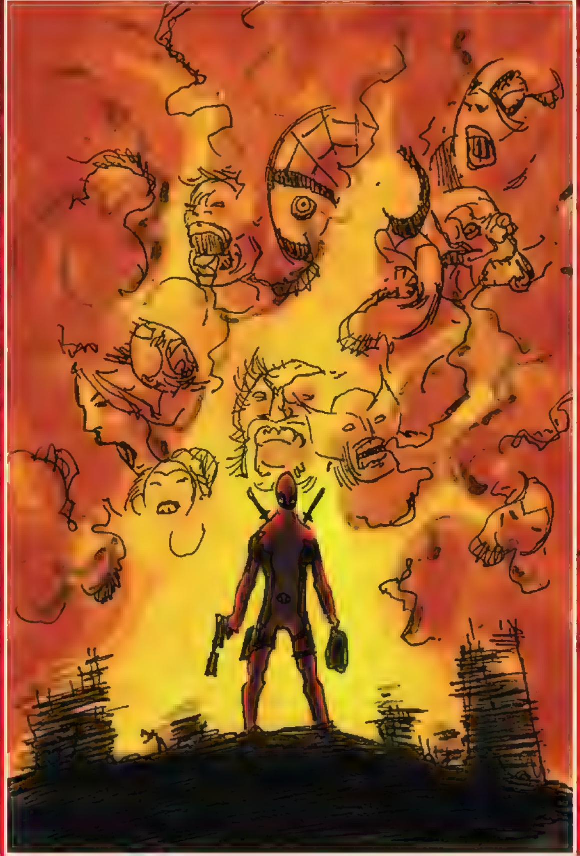
OF COURSE, IF I AM SOME SORT OF COG IN THE CELESTIAL MACHINE...
...THE OIL ON THE MULTIVERSAL GEARS...
...THE SPARK OF CRAZY FUNK THAT FUELS ALL THINGS...
...MAYBE I'M NOT *ALONE* AFTER ALL.
MAYBE THERE'S STILL A *FEW* DEADPOOLS OUT THERE IN THE CABBAGE PATCH.
AND MAYBE... IF THEY'RE *LUCKY*... THEY'VE GOT NO IDEA THAT ANY OF THIS EVER HAPPENED.
THAT GIVES ME THE WARM FUZZIES.
NOW...HOW THE &#$% DO I GET BACK HOME?
HRM
GOTTA HAND IT TO MY BOY.
HE PULLED IT OFF...SAVED THE DAY.
HRM
MEANS I GOTTA THINK OF SOME REALLY *EVIL* &#$% TO INFLICT ON HIM NEXT!
END?

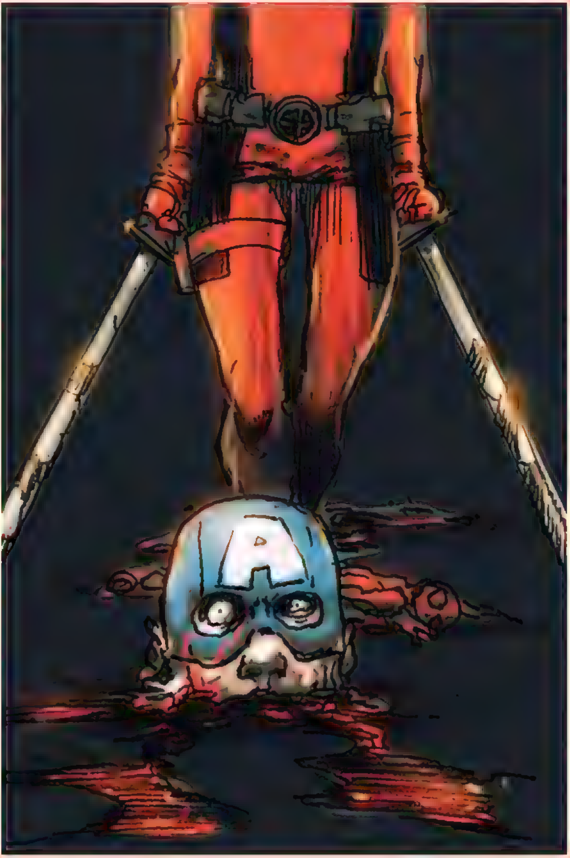
NEXT:

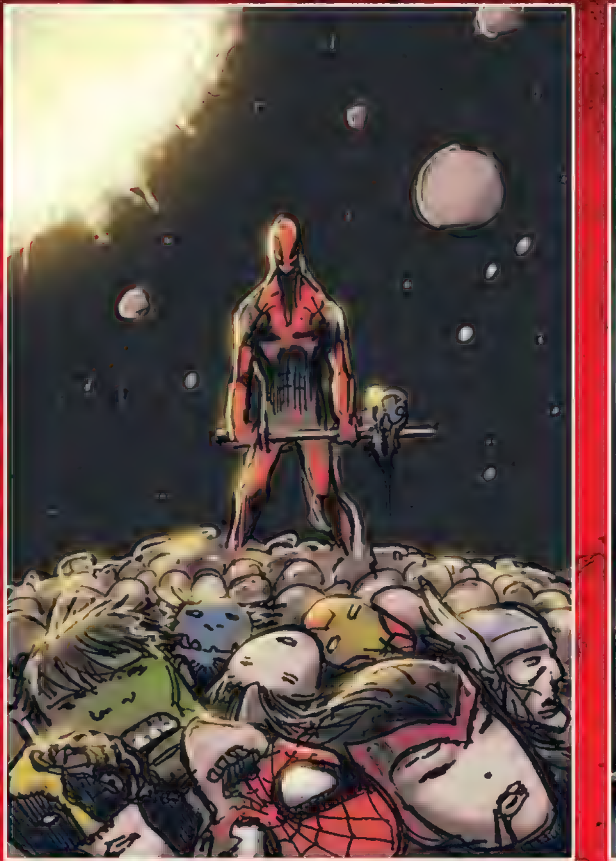

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL

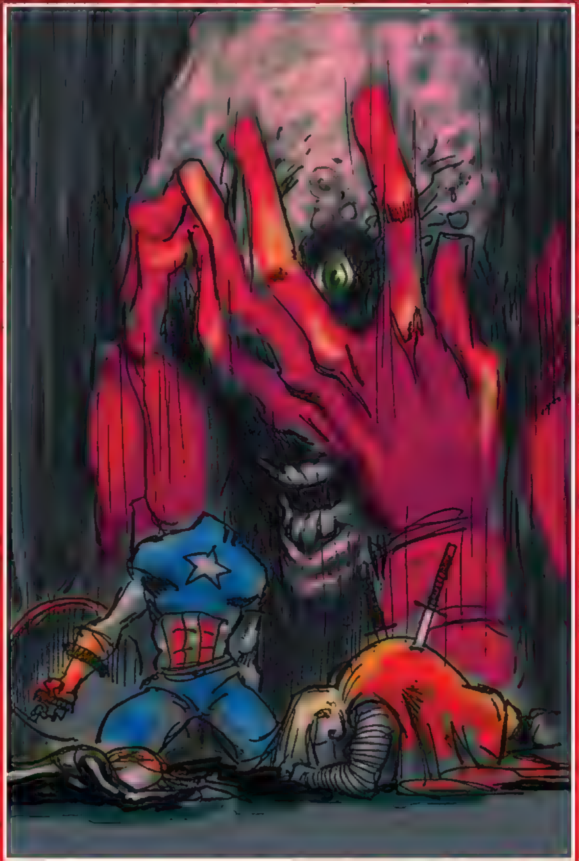


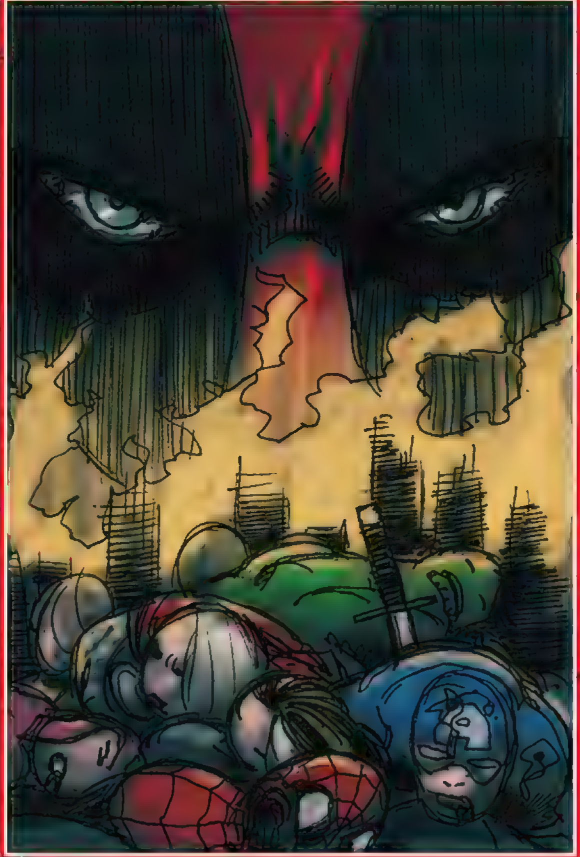
DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE COVER SKETCHES BY
KAARE ANDREWS

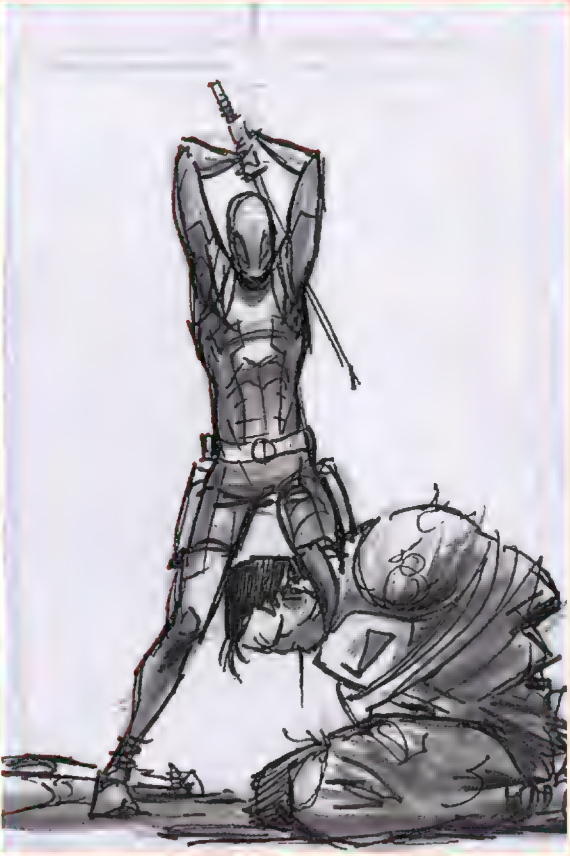


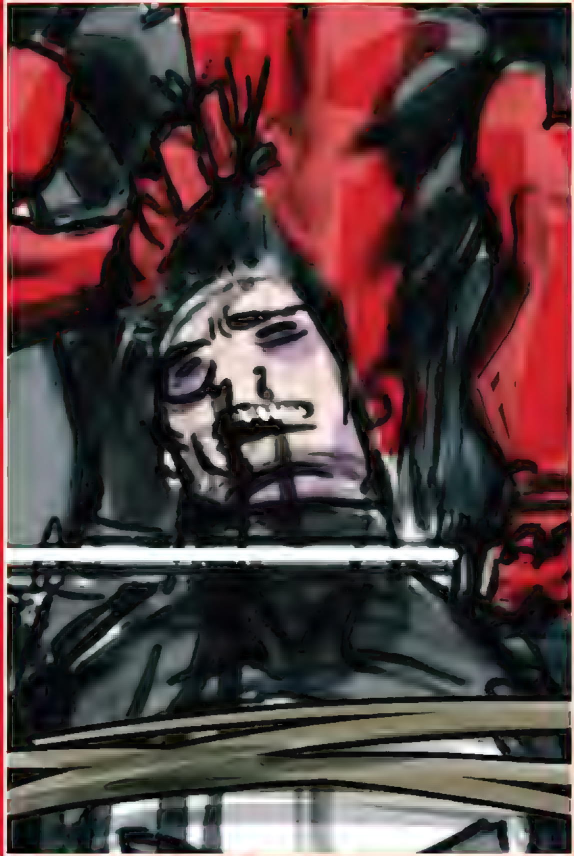


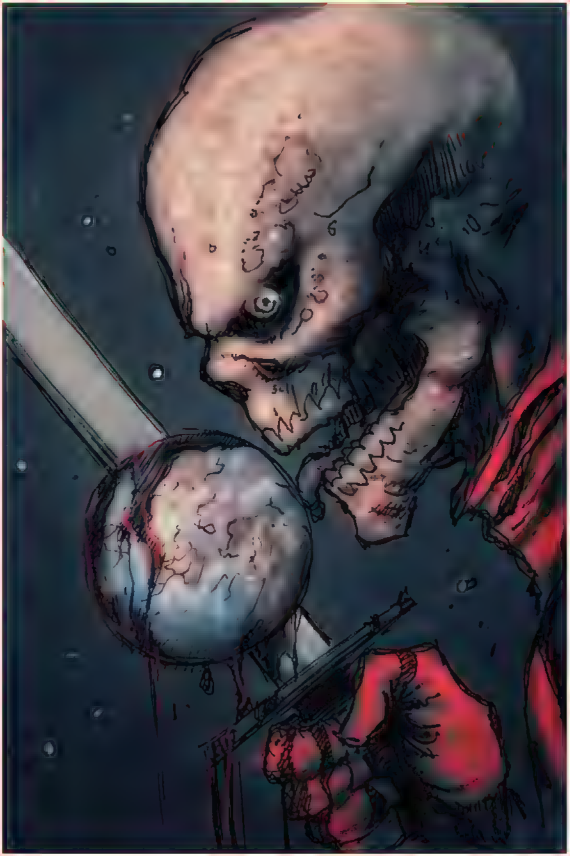












DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE #4

CONCLUDING-SEQUENCE SCRIPT BY **CULLEN BUNN**
WITH ART BY **DALIBOR TALAJIĆ**

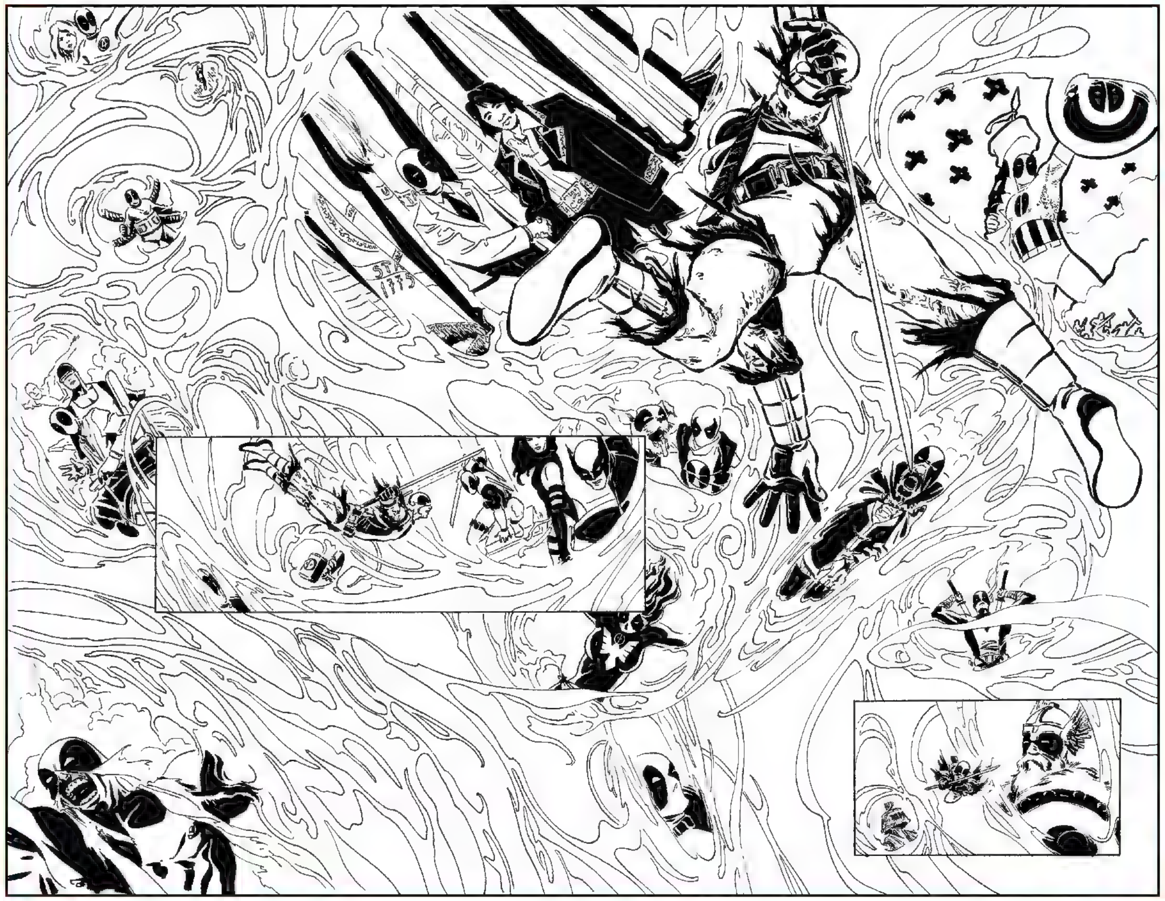
PAGE 17 & 18

Double-Page Spread

17/18.1
Deadpool floats in a cosmic void. Clouds of rippling energy curl around him. His back is to us, and we see dozens of undulating "windows" in time and space rippling open before him. Within each window is a different view of a different alternate reality. Some samples include:

- Kidpool and Dogpool at play.
- Deadpool as a member of X-Force.
- Deadpool Noir.
- Deadpool in a wheelchair and commanding the X-Men.
- Deadpool dressed in a vampire's garb. His mask is torn and he sports vicious-looking fangs.
- Deadpool surrounded by the flames of the Phoenix Force.
- And any other variations of Deadpool you might want to create.

There are many, many of these "windows," stretching back as far as the eye can see, but many cannot be made out clearly. Others may simply have strange close-ups of Deadpool.



1/CAPTION
(Third voice): This is only the **beginning**.

2/CAPTION
(Third voice): You have your work cut out for you.

17/18.2
Deadpool "swims" through the void, moving past the "windows" into other realities. He is moving past some of the reflection of Deadpool, who seem to notice him.

3/DEADPOOL: Aw, c'mon.

4/DEADPOOL: I thought I could just... y'know... stab creation in the heart or something...

17/18.3
Close on some of the windows, the "other" Deadpools watching our Deadpool move past.

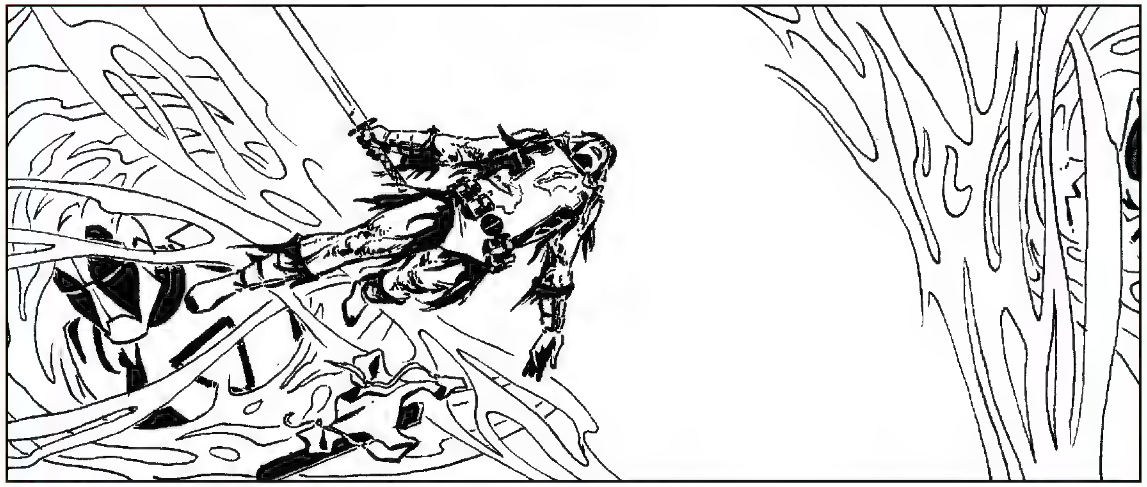
5/DEADPOOL: ...maybe roast some marshmallows as all existence burns down around me.

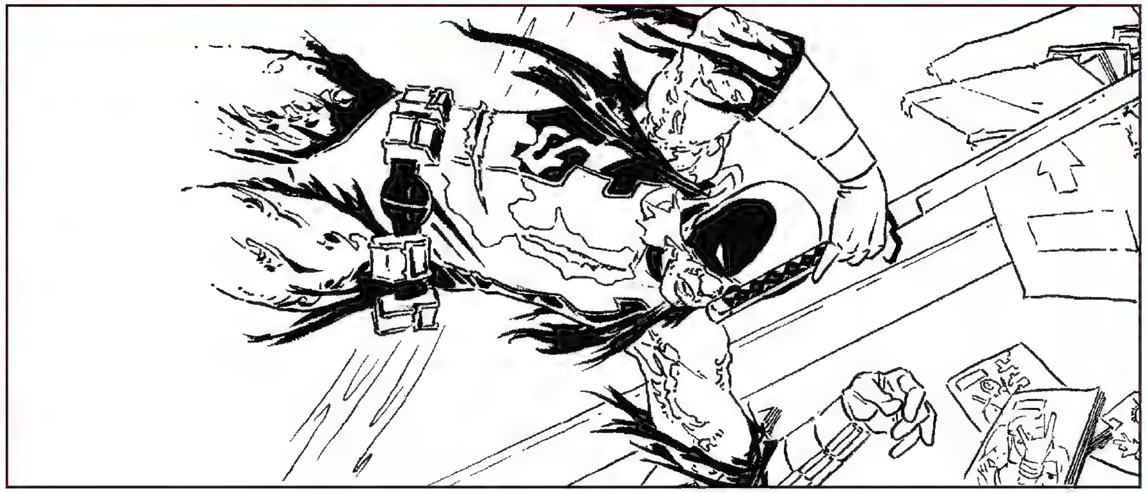
PAGE 19

19.1
Deadpool "swims" through the void toward one of the "windows."

1/CAPTION
(Third voice): Finding the **centerpoint** of existence is no easy task.

2/CAPTION
(Third voice): Even the progenitors of **our** universe may be nothing more than the playthings for other entities.





19.2
Close on Deadpool as he begins to pull himself through the portal and into the world beyond.

3/CAPTION (Third voice):	You can hack away forever and never find the beginning… or the end…
4/DEADPOOL:	Sorta like tape stuck on the spool.

19.3
Deadpool is now on the carpeted floor of a dimly lit room. The portal is closing behind him. He is hunkered down, trembling, as if traveling through the portal was painful and sickening. There are comic books—Marvel comic books—spread out on the floor around him.

5/DEADPOOL (Small, weak):	Hrrggg
6/DEADPOOL (Small):	Let's do that, then.

19.4
Deadpool stands up straight, noticing the comics. Marvel comics are spread out all over the floor around him. He is in a storeroom of sorts. All around are metal shelves filled with boxes (not comic book boxes, but regular shipping boxes) and stacks of loose comics and graphic novels. A tattered poster — maybe of an older Deadpool comic cover — is on the wall.

7/DEADPOOL:	Let's start **hacking**.

19.5
On Deadpool's feet as he walks toward a door. He steps on copies of Deadpool, crumpling them.

8/DEADPOOL:	Sooner or later, somebody important's gonna take note.
9/DEADPOOL:	And when they do…

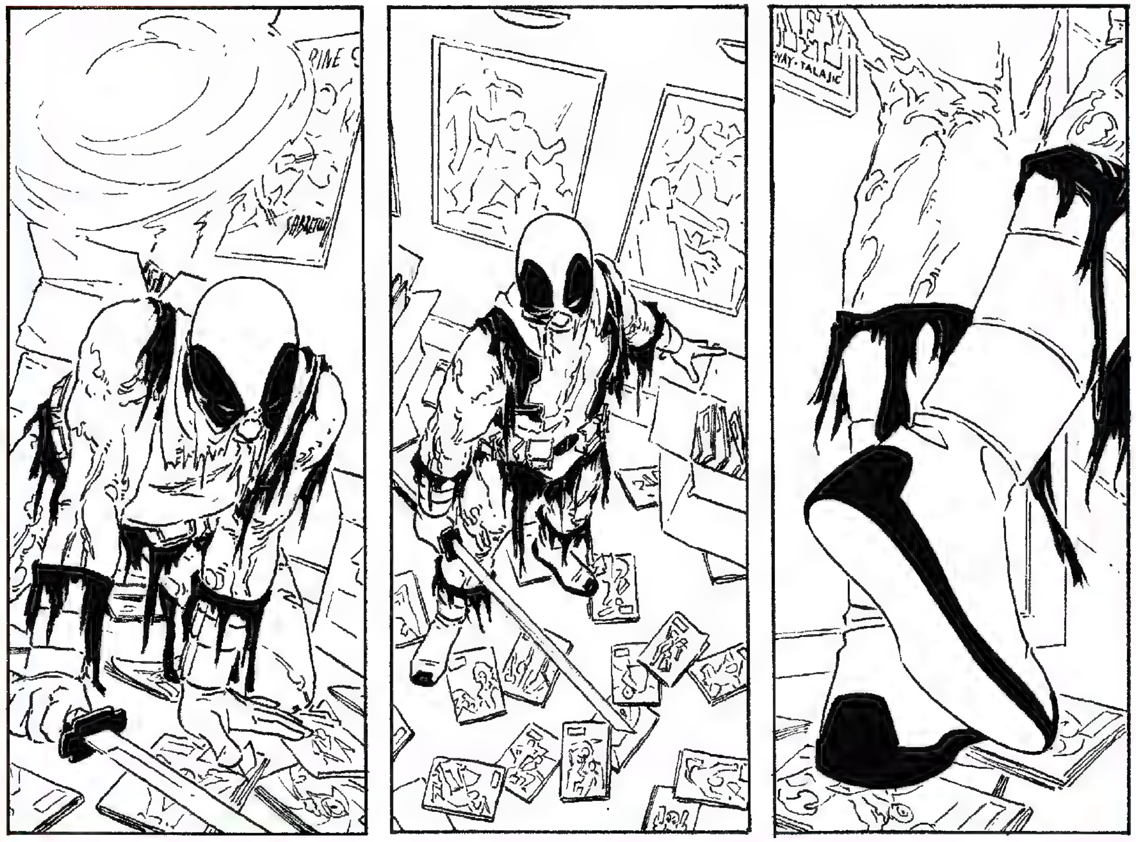
PAGE 20

20.1
In the hall as Deadpool, holding his sword at the ready, moves toward another source of light. The hallway is lined with framed posters for Marvel comic books.

1/DEADPOOL:	Snikt.

20.2
Approaching a meeting room door, Deadpool keeps his back to the wall as he sneaks closer. A flickering light comes from within. Voices come from within the room.

2/AXEL (Off-panel):	All right. All right. How does it end?
3/CULLEN (Off-panel):	Okay… on the last page we'll have a close shot of Deadpool as he approaches the door to one of Marvel's conference rooms.
3/CULLEN (Off-panel):	Like a Viking warrior claiming the rewards of battle, he utters a catch-phrase oft-attributed to his now-dead rival.



4/JORDAN: That's **pathos** there. Fans'll eat that up!

20.3

Angle past Deadpool as he looks into the room. We are looking into a meeting room. AXEL, JORDAN, CULLEN, and DALIBOR are gathered around a conference table. Cullen has a laptop open on the table before him. He types furiously. Dalibor is standing, thumb nailing THIS PAGE on a whiteboard or flipchart. The table is messy, covered in coffee cups and crumb-covered plates.

5/CULLEN: Then Deadpool peers into the room to see **us**—all of us—hard at work.

6/CULLEN: All right… but Dalibor… make sure you capture exactly how handsome I am.

7/AXEL: Me, too.

8/JORDAN: Yeah, me too.

20.4

Deadpool prepares his sword, readies himself to strike.

9/CULLEN (Off-panel): Whatever this team is working on, it's a comic book **masterpiece**!

10/CULLEN (Off-panel): (And we'll **bold** "masterpiece" just so the readers get the **gravitas** of that sentence.)

11/CULLEN (Off-panel): The merc with a mouth raises his sword… ready to strike… when he notices some **otherworldly force** watching him.

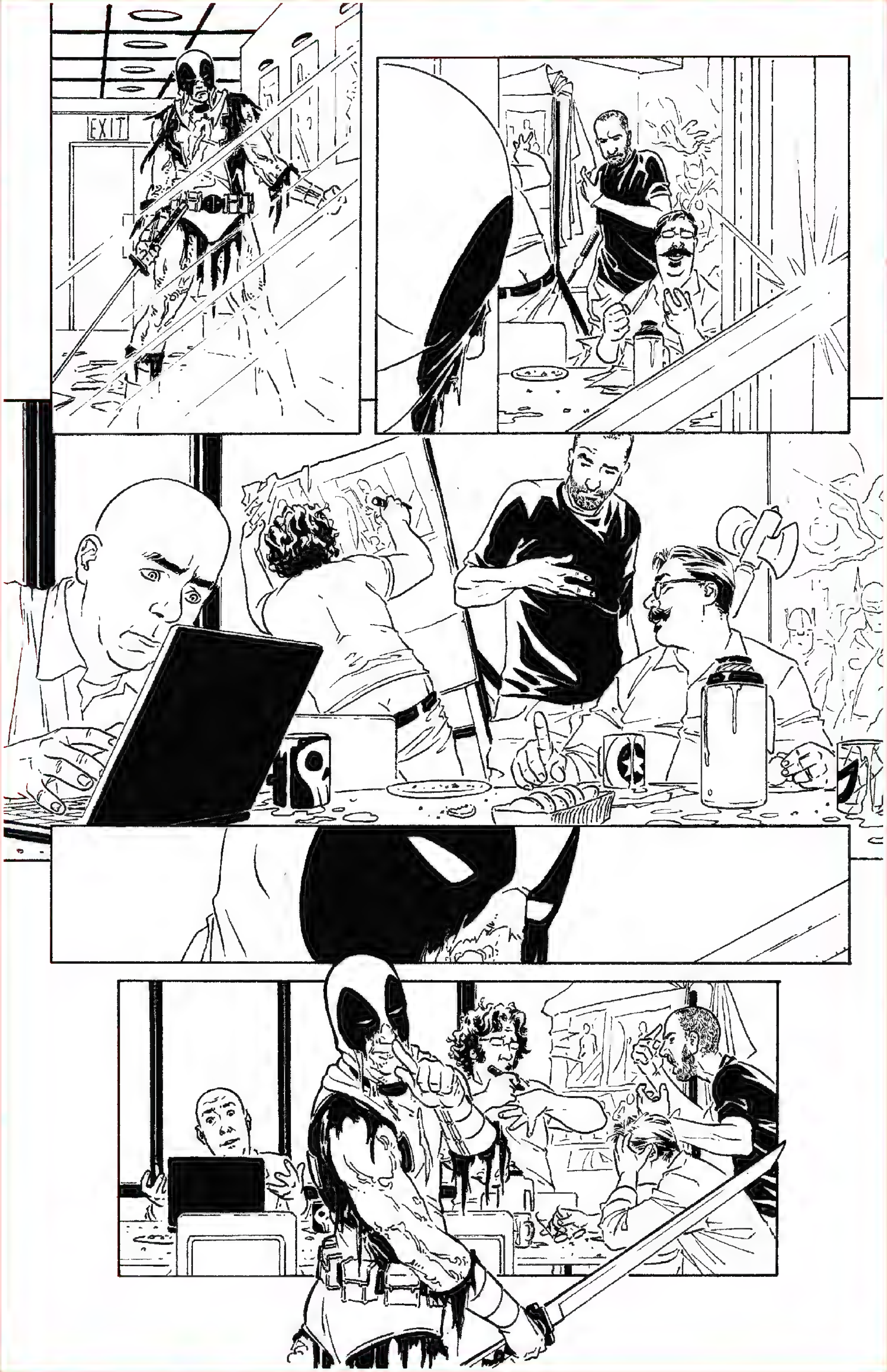
20.5

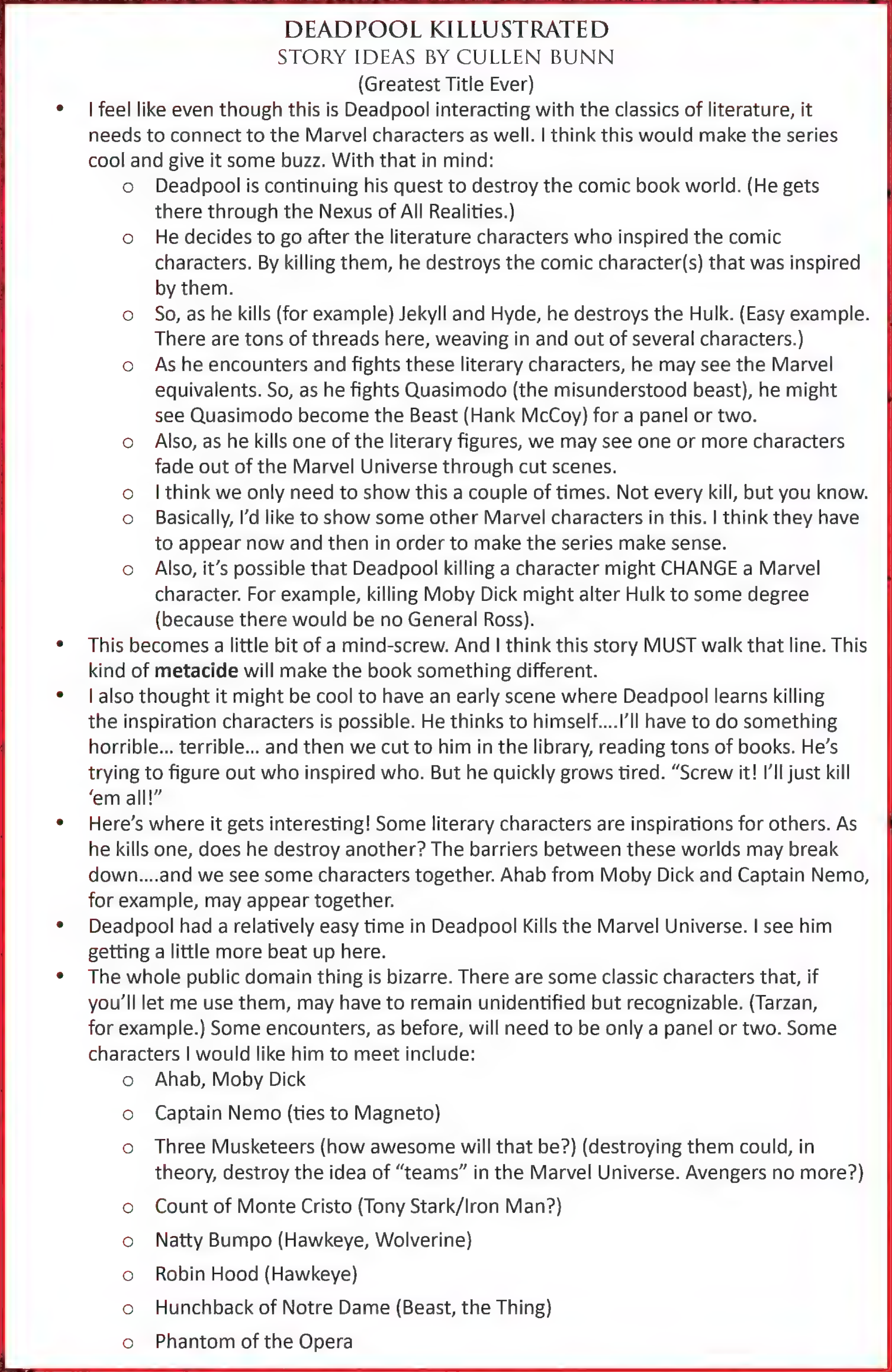
Deadpool pauses, looking right at the reader. He holds a finger to his mouth as if to say "shhhhhhhh."

12/DEADPOOL: Hey… I see you out there… watching…

13/DEADPOOL: Don't worry. I'll be done with these **jokers**… and this **universe** before you know it.

14/DEADPOOL: I'll find **you** soon enough.



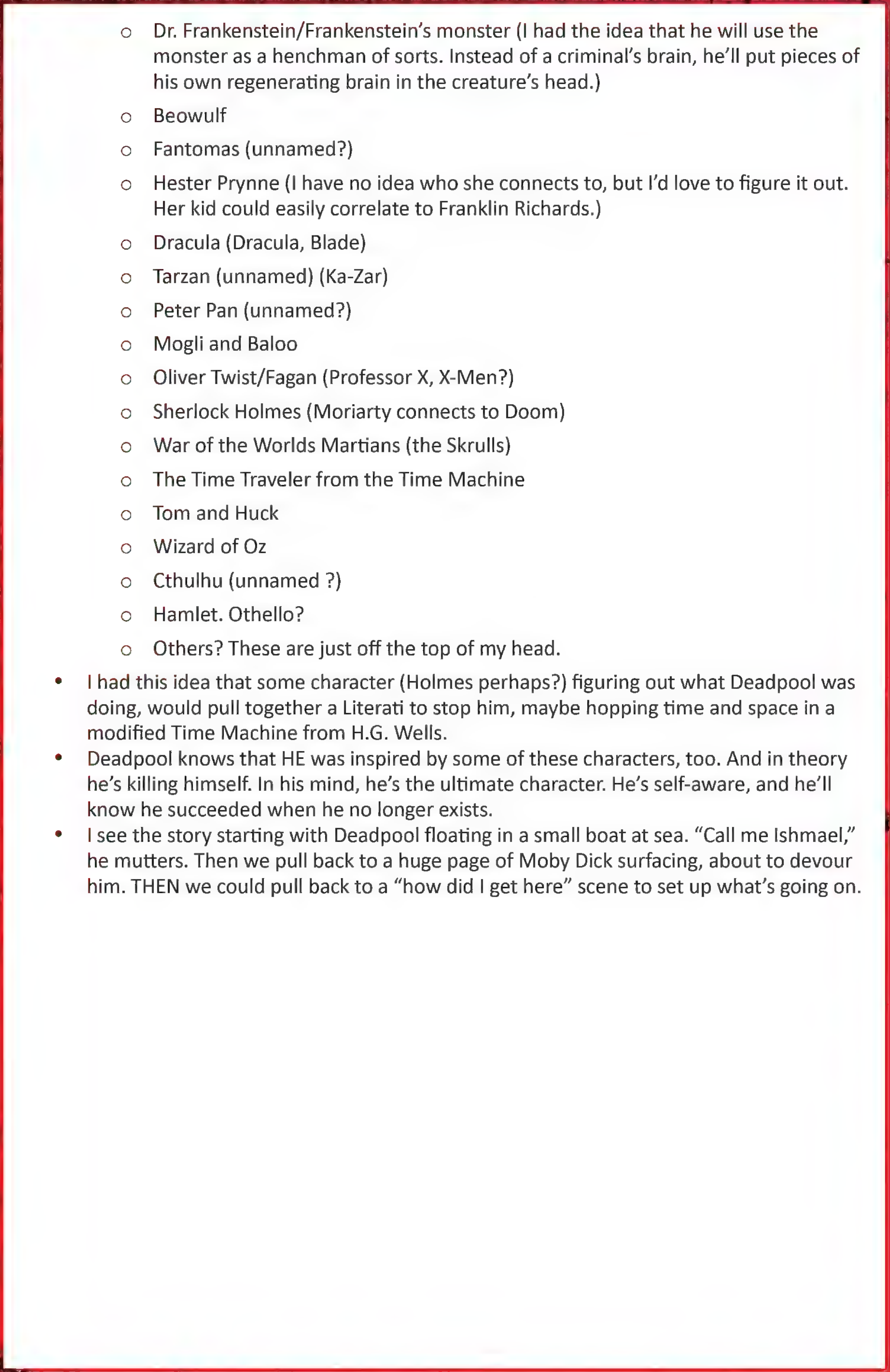


DEADPOOL KILLUSTRATED

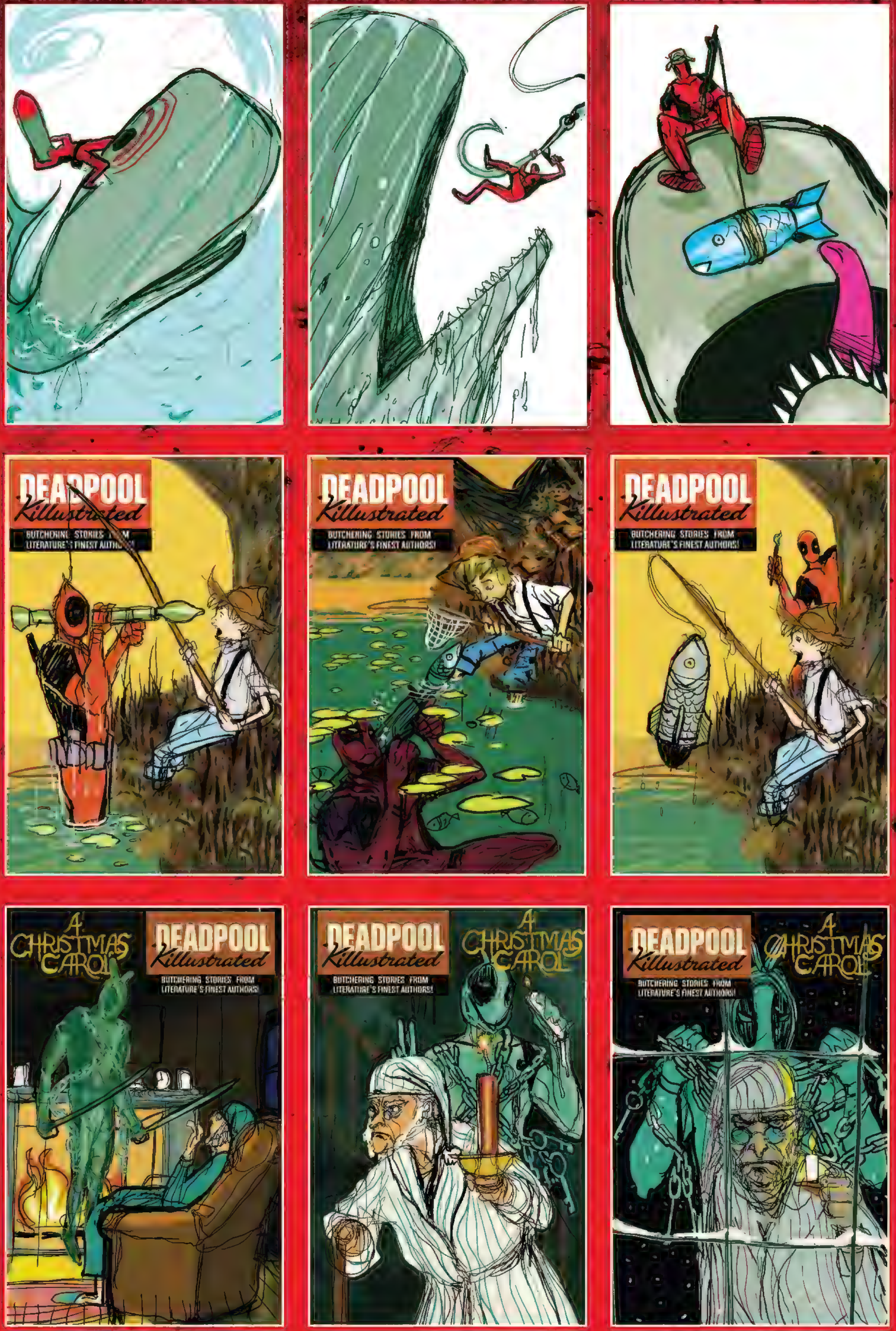
STORY IDEAS BY CULLEN BUNN

(Greatest Title Ever)

- I feel like even though this is Deadpool interacting with the classics of literature, it needs to connect to the Marvel characters as well. I think this would make the series cool and give it some buzz. With that in mind:
  - Deadpool is continuing his quest to destroy the comic book world. (He gets there through the Nexus of All Realities.)
  - He decides to go after the literature characters who inspired the comic characters. By killing them, he destroys the comic character(s) that was inspired by them.
  - So, as he kills (for example) Jekyll and Hyde, he destroys the Hulk. (Easy example. There are tons of threads here, weaving in and out of several characters.)
  - As he encounters and fights these literary characters, he may see the Marvel equivalents. So, as he fights Quasimodo (the misunderstood beast), he might see Quasimodo become the Beast (Hank McCoy) for a panel or two.
  - Also, as he kills one of the literary figures, we may see one or more characters fade out of the Marvel Universe through cut scenes.
  - I think we only need to show this a couple of times. Not every kill, but you know.
  - Basically, I'd like to show some other Marvel characters in this. I think they have to appear now and then in order to make the series make sense.
  - Also, it's possible that Deadpool killing a character might CHANGE a Marvel character. For example, killing Moby Dick might alter Hulk to some degree (because there would be no General Ross).
- This becomes a little bit of a mind-screw. And I think this story MUST walk that line. This kind of **metacide** will make the book something different.
- I also thought it might be cool to have an early scene where Deadpool learns killing the inspiration characters is possible. He thinks to himself....I'll have to do something horrible... terrible... and then we cut to him in the library, reading tons of books. He's trying to figure out who inspired who. But he quickly grows tired. "Screw it! I'll just kill 'em all!"
- Here's where it gets interesting! Some literary characters are inspirations for others. As he kills one, does he destroy another? The barriers between these worlds may break down....and we see some characters together. Ahab from Moby Dick and Captain Nemo, for example, may appear together.
- Deadpool had a relatively easy time in Deadpool Kills the Marvel Universe. I see him getting a little more beat up here.
- The whole public domain thing is bizarre. There are some classic characters that, if you'll let me use them, may have to remain unidentified but recognizable. (Tarzan, for example.) Some encounters, as before, will need to be only a panel or two. Some characters I would like him to meet include:
  - Ahab, Moby Dick
  - Captain Nemo (ties to Magneto)
  - Three Musketeers (how awesome will that be?) (destroying them could, in theory, destroy the idea of "teams" in the Marvel Universe. Avengers no more?)
  - Count of Monte Cristo (Tony Stark/Iron Man?)
  - Natty Bumpo (Hawkeye, Wolverine)
  - Robin Hood (Hawkeye)
  - Hunchback of Notre Dame (Beast, the Thing)
  - Phantom of the Opera



  - Dr. Frankenstein/Frankenstein's monster (I had the idea that he will use the monster as a henchman of sorts. Instead of a criminal's brain, he'll put pieces of his own regenerating brain in the creature's head.)
  - Beowulf
  - Fantomas (unnamed?)
  - Hester Prynne (I have no idea who she connects to, but I'd love to figure it out. Her kid could easily correlate to Franklin Richards.)
  - Dracula (Dracula, Blade)
  - Tarzan (unnamed) (Ka-Zar)
  - Peter Pan (unnamed?)
  - Mogli and Baloo
  - Oliver Twist/Fagan (Professor X, X-Men?)
  - Sherlock Holmes (Moriarty connects to Doom)
  - War of the Worlds Martians (the Skrulls)
  - The Time Traveler from the Time Machine
  - Tom and Huck
  - Wizard of Oz
  - Cthulhu (unnamed ?)
  - Hamlet. Othello?
  - Others? These are just off the top of my head.
- I had this idea that some character (Holmes perhaps?) figuring out what Deadpool was doing, would pull together a Literati to stop him, maybe hopping time and space in a modified Time Machine from H.G. Wells.
- Deadpool knows that HE was inspired by some of these characters, too. And in theory he's killing himself. In his mind, he's the ultimate character. He's self-aware, and he'll know he succeeded when he no longer exists.
- I see the story starting with Deadpool floating in a small boat at sea. "Call me Ishmael," he mutters. Then we pull back to a huge page of Moby Dick surfacing, about to devour him. THEN we could pull back to a "how did I get here" scene to set up what's going on.


DEADPOOL
Killustrated
BUTCHERING STORIES FROM LITERATURE'S FINEST AUTHORS!
A CHRISTMAS CAROL

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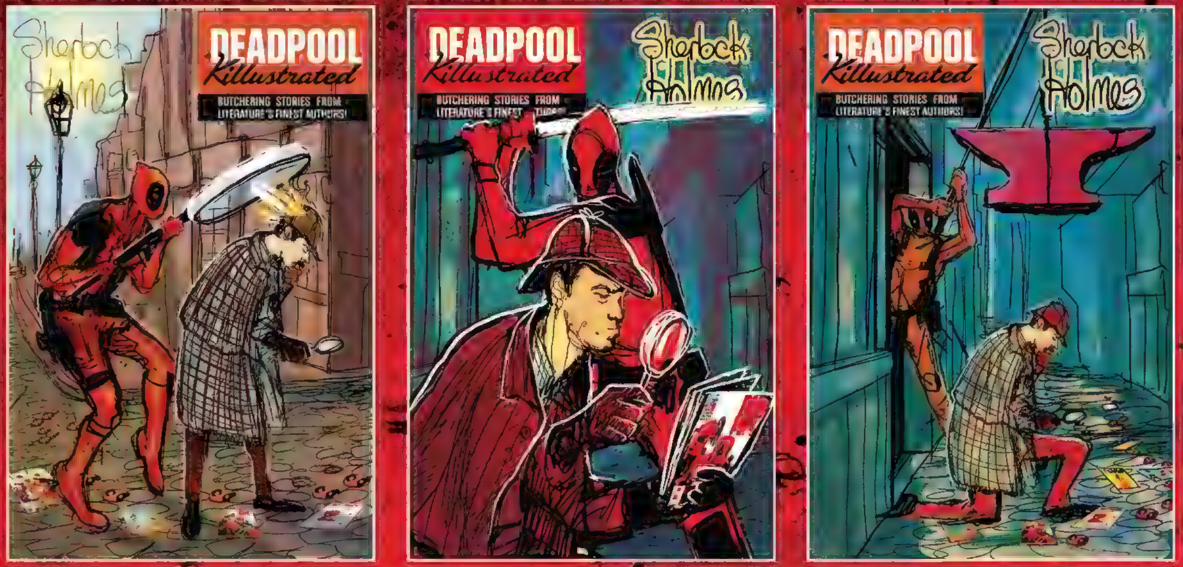
Sherlock Holmes
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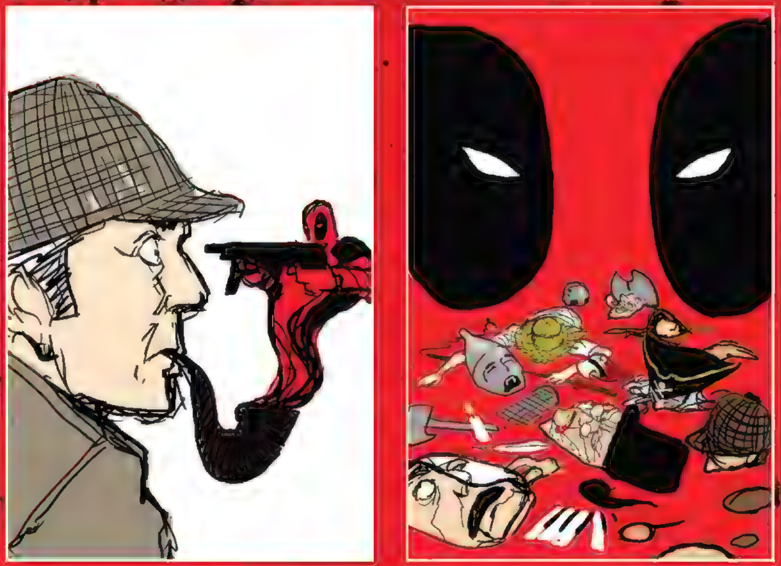

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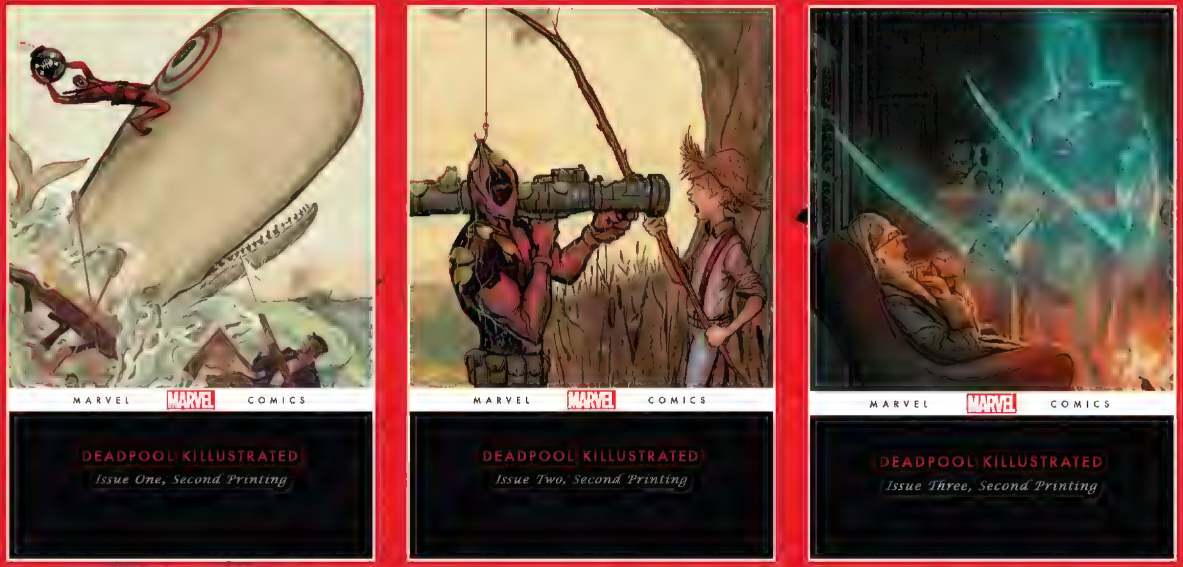
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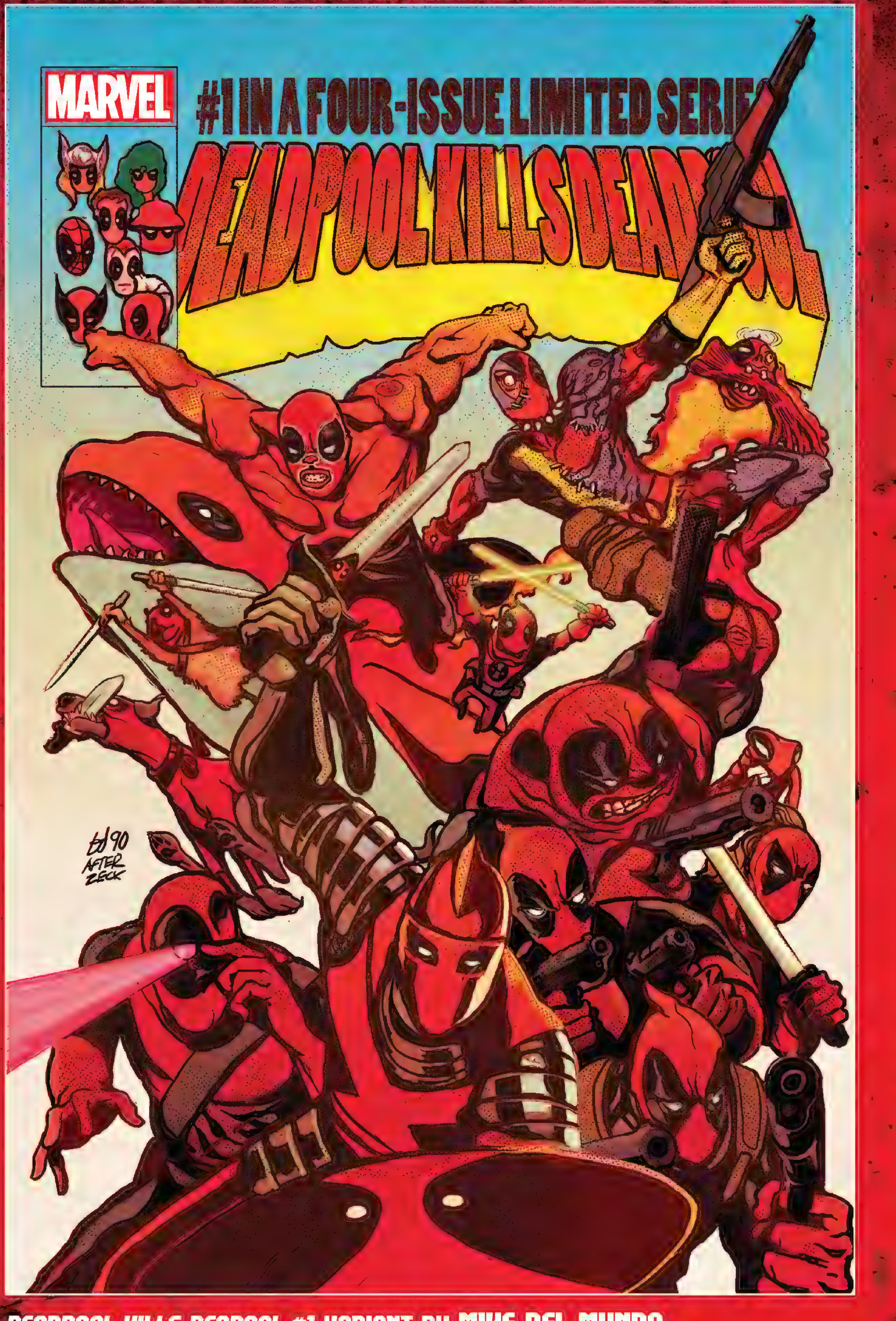
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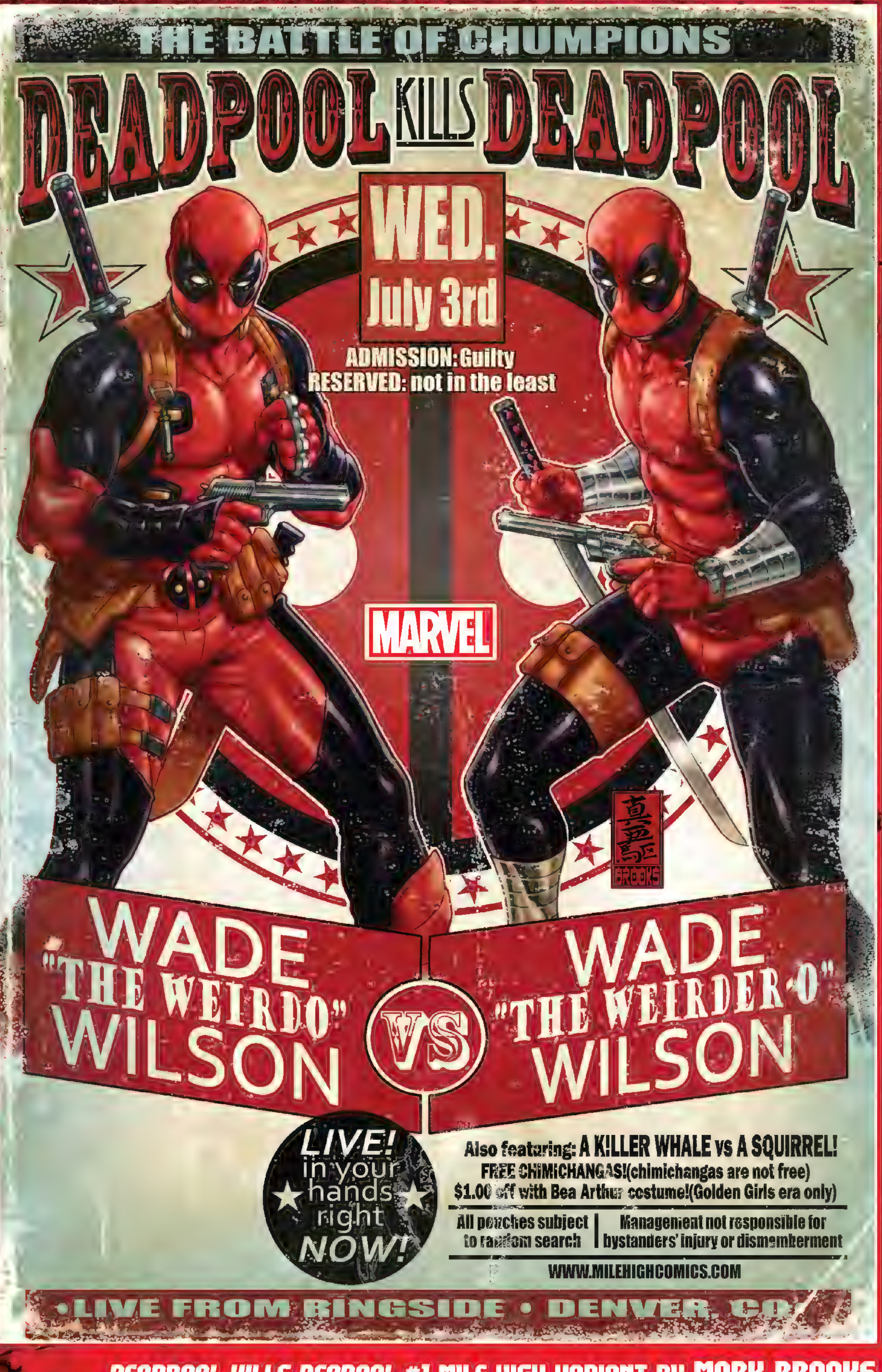
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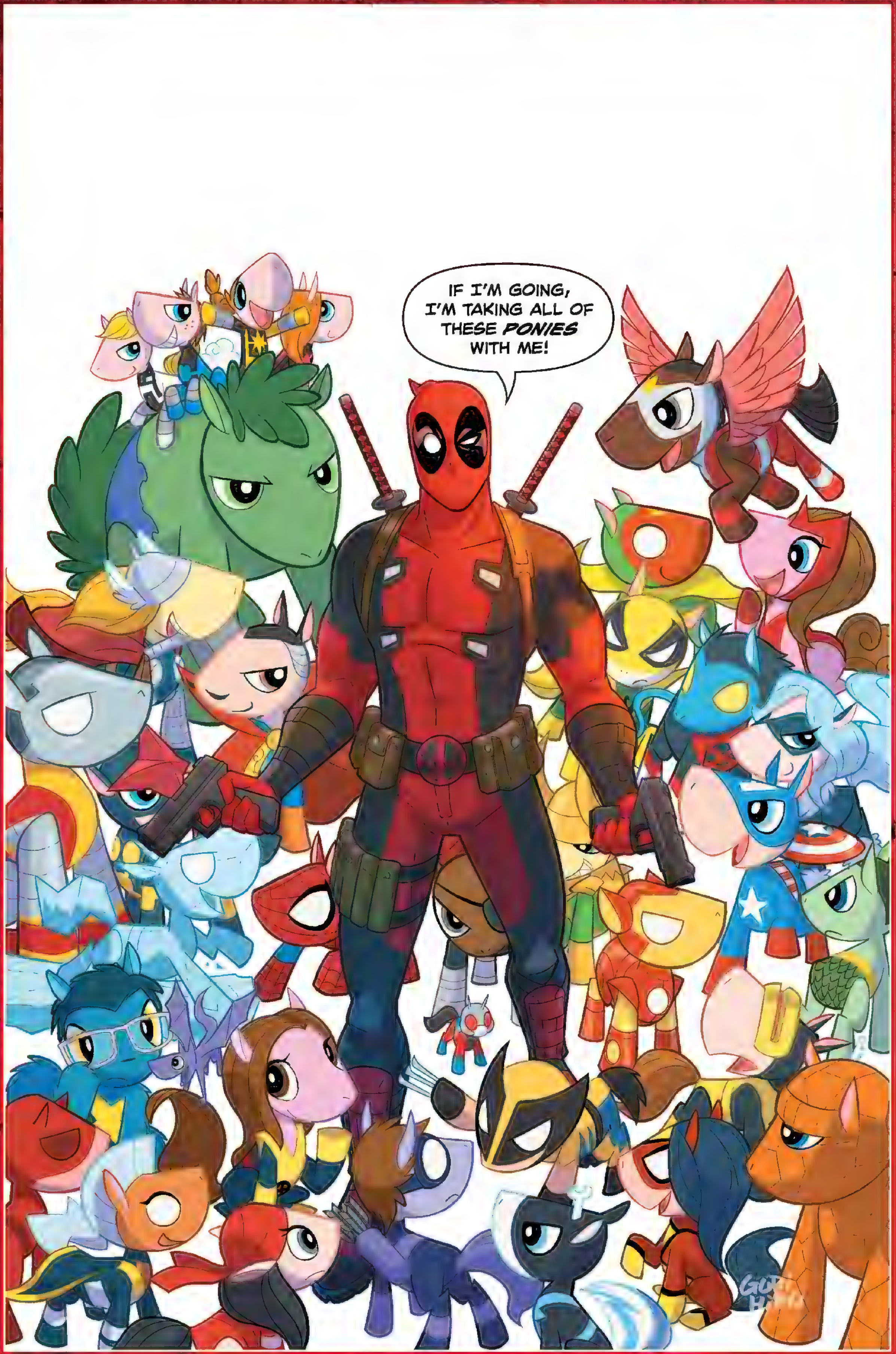
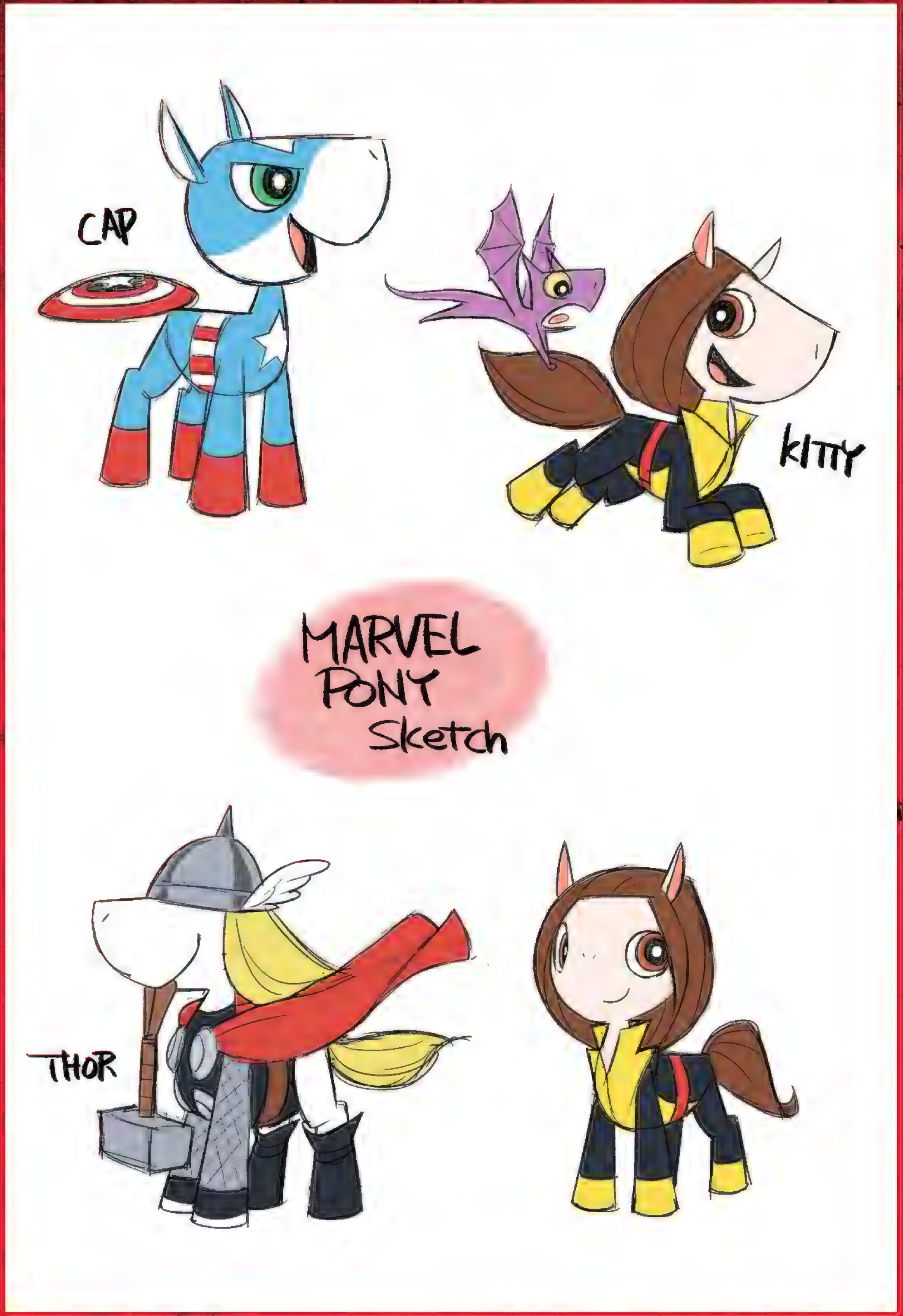

IF I'M GOING, I'M TAKING ALL OF THESE *PONIES* WITH ME!

DEADPOOL KILLS DEADOOL #1 SAN DIEGO COMIC-CON VARIANT BY GURIHIRU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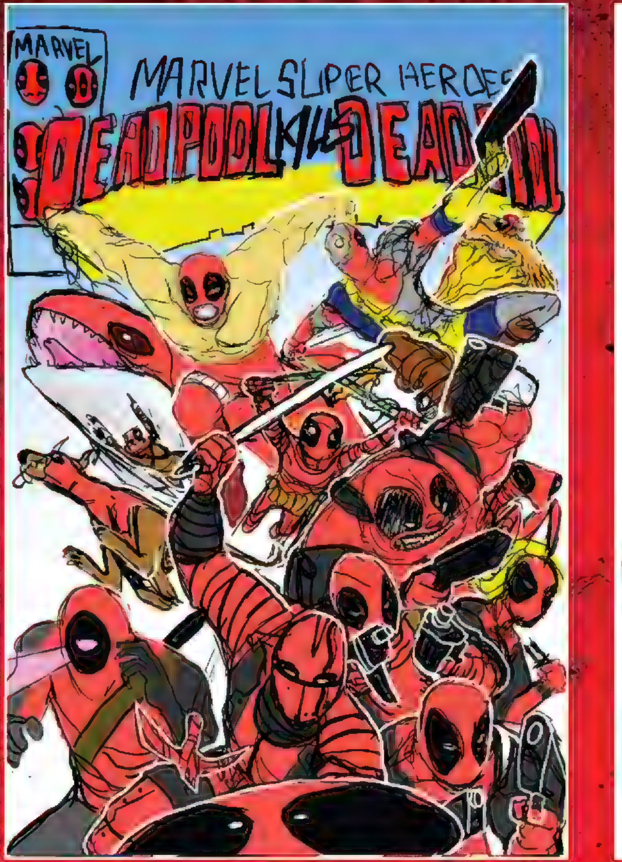
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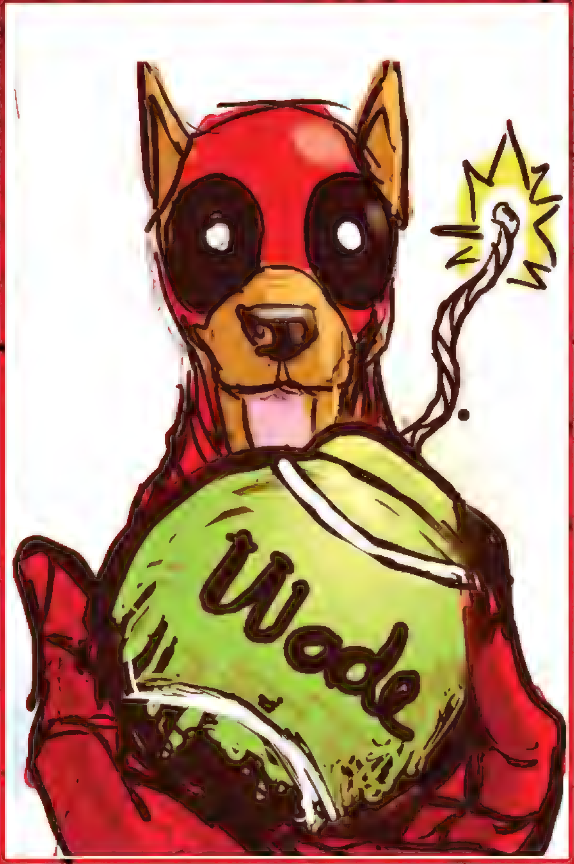
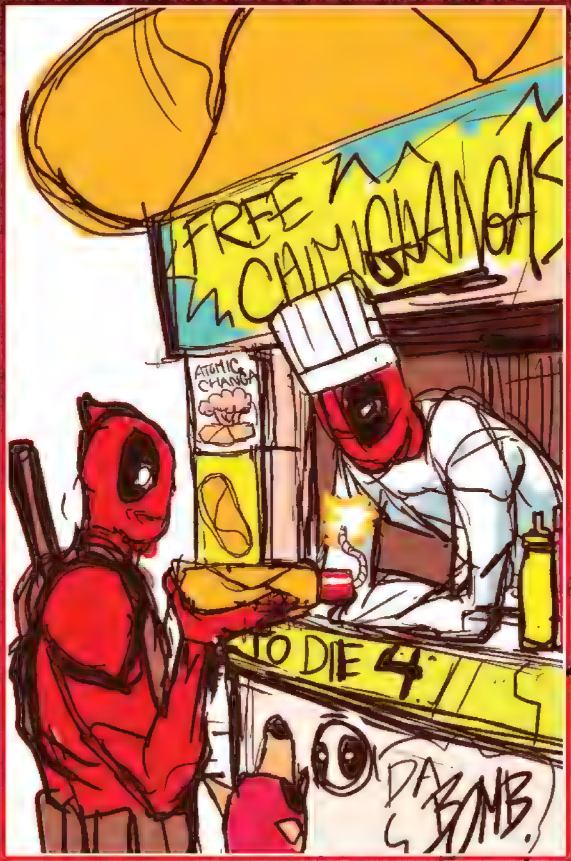
MARVEL SUPER HEROES
DEADPOOL KILLS DEAD

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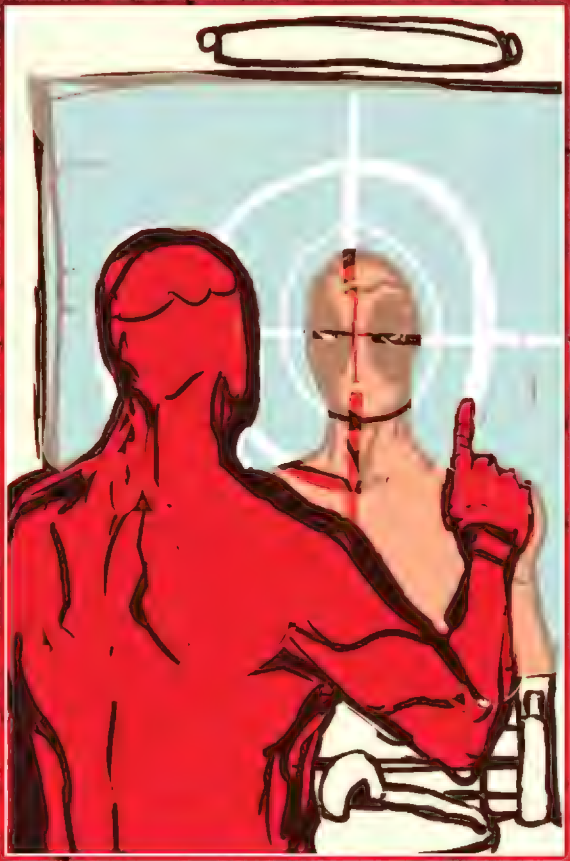

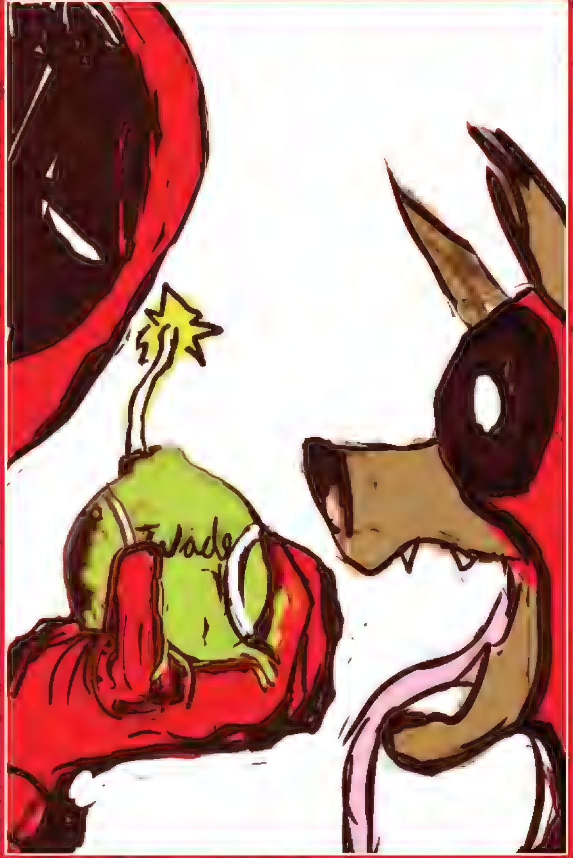

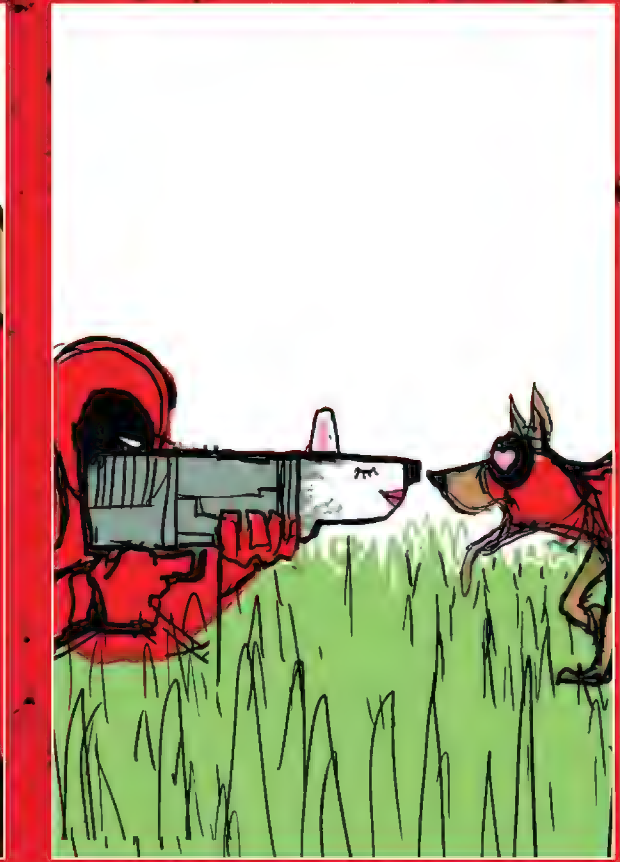

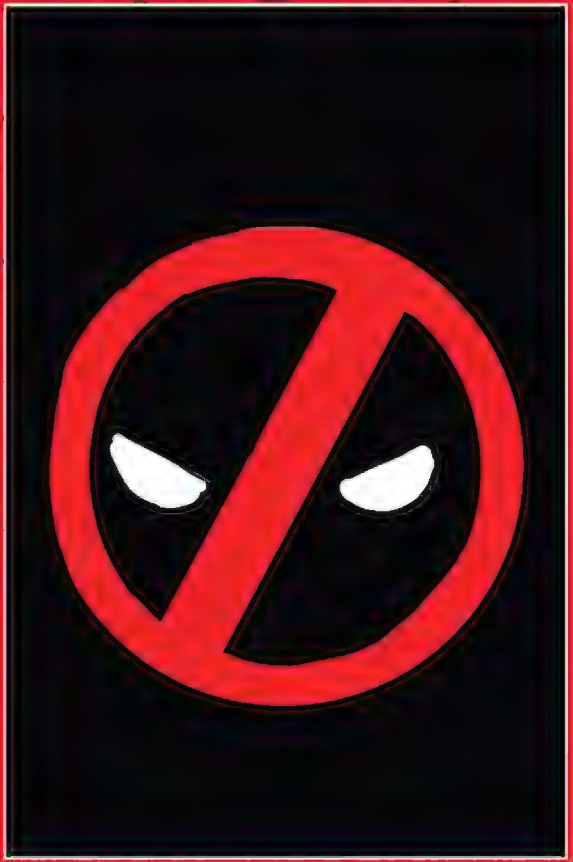

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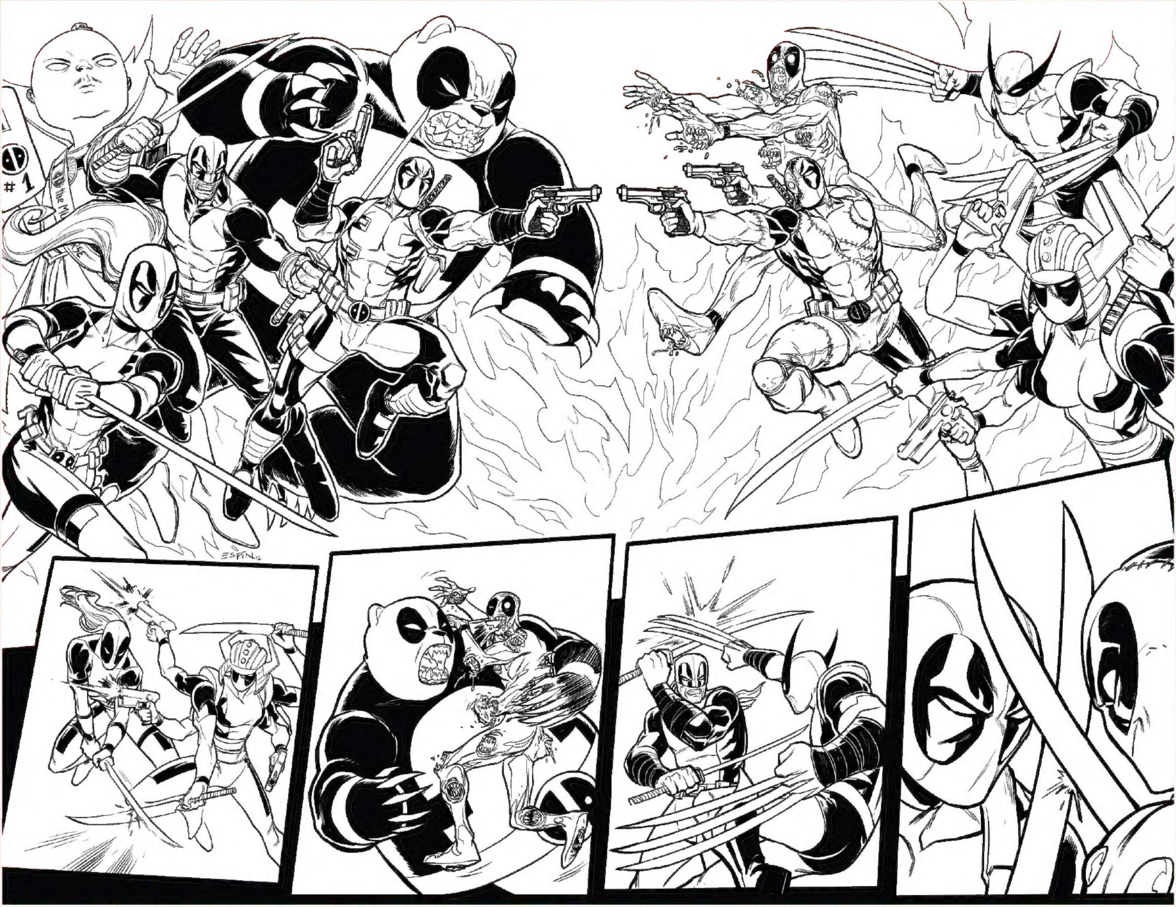

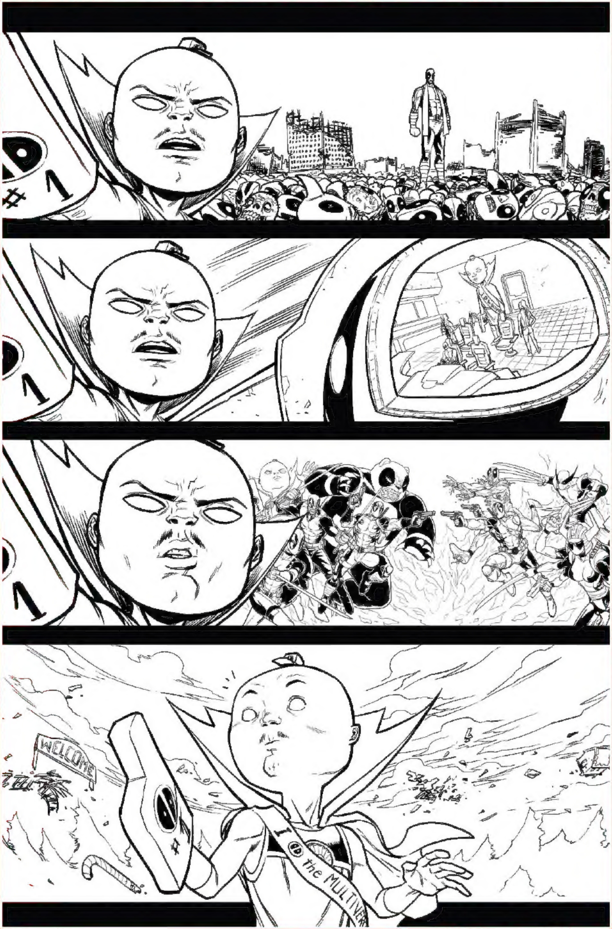
#1
WELCOME
the MULTIV

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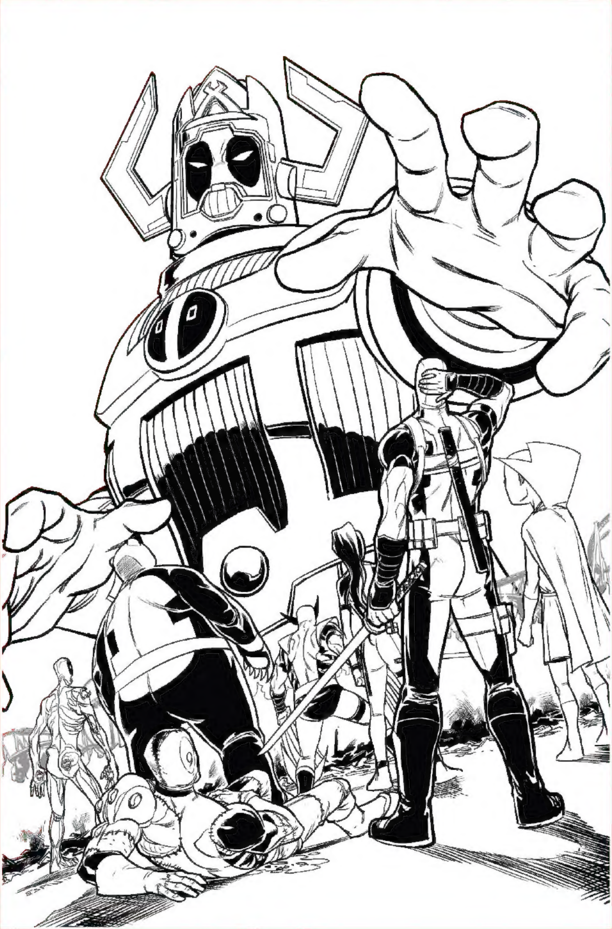

**DEADPOOL KILLS DEADPOOL #2,
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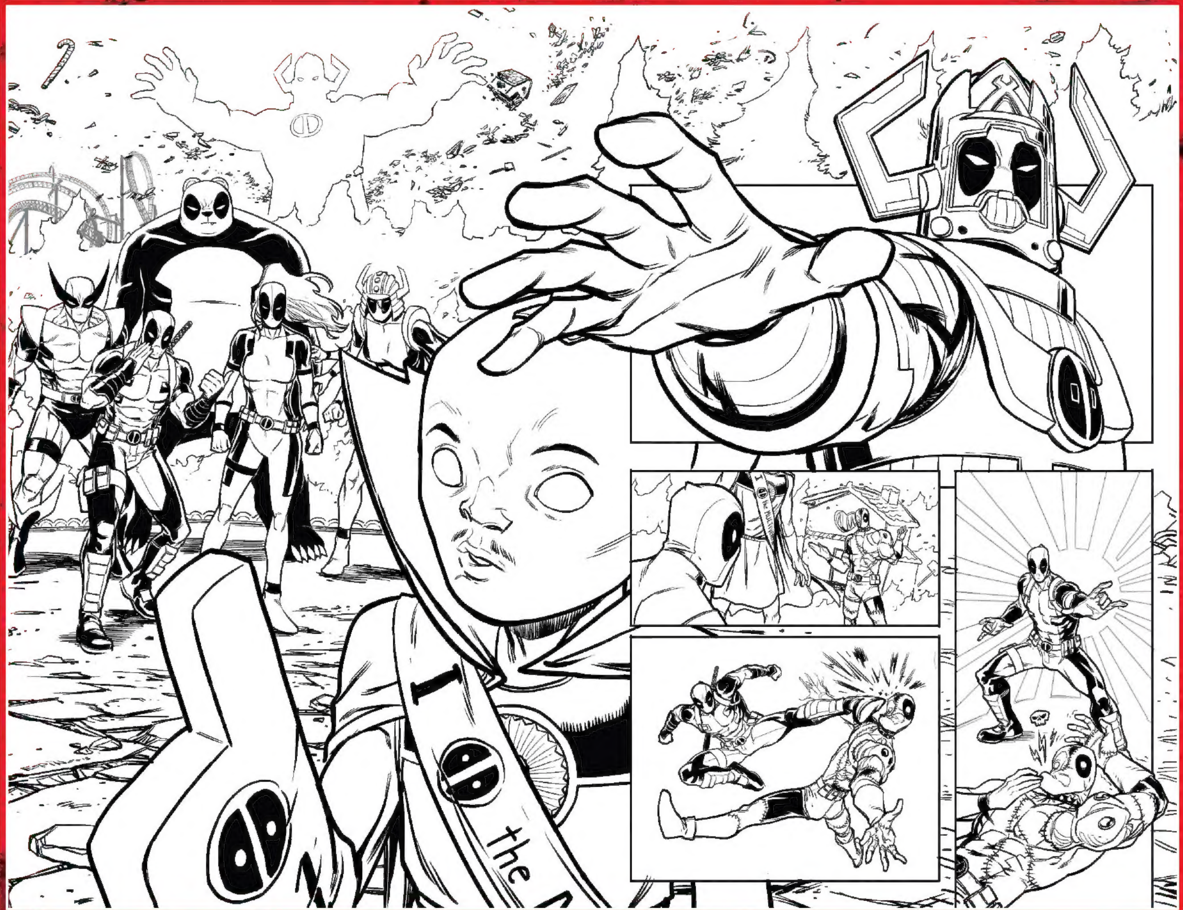

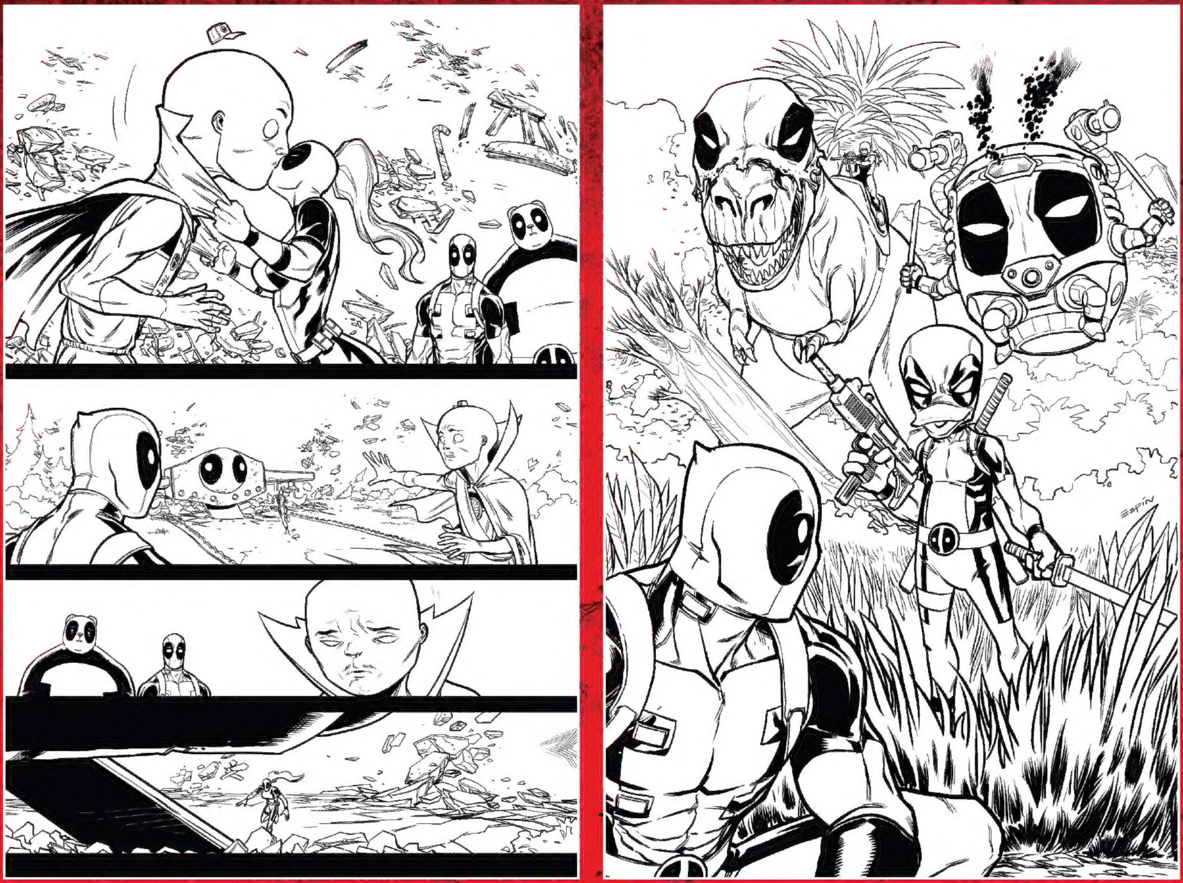

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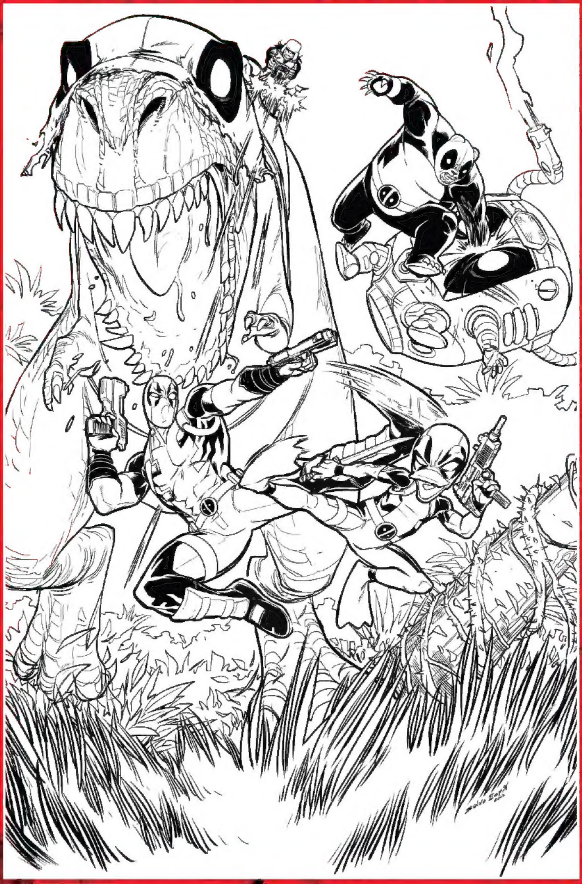

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WADE WILSON STARS IN A KILLOGY OF CHAOS!

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